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Harry Long Book

U. S. ARMY BASE HOSPITAL No. 45
IN THE GREAT WAR

Pvt 1/c Class Harry Long
418 Bass Street
Fort Wayne
Indiana.

The only original member from
Indiana belonging to
Base Hospital no 45
Was stationed on the Toul
Front at Toul France. A.E.F.
Joined Base Hospital no 45 at
Camp Lee Virginia was a member
of the Base Hospital at Camp Lee Virg.

Mr. Harry Long.
418 Bass Street
Fort Wayne
Indiana.

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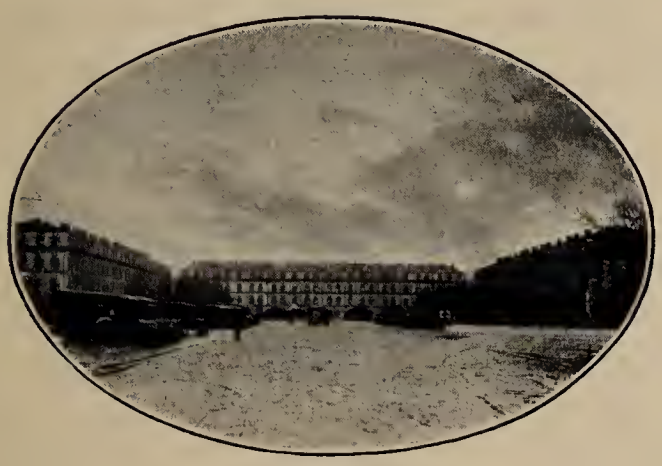
No. 181



Stuart McGuire

HISTORY OF
U. S. ARMY BASE HOSPITAL
No. 45
IN THE GREAT WAR

(MEDICAL COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA UNIT)



RICHMOND:
THE WILLIAM BYRD PRESS, INC.
1924

To

HIM, CALLED DOUGHBOY,

AN HUMBLE BUT GREAT AMERICAN,
THE MEMORY OF WHOSE COURAGEOUS
HEART AND UNCONQUERABLE
SPIRIT WILL, WITH US, OUTLAST
ALL OTHER RECOLLECTIONS
OF THIS WAR.

Table of Contents

PAGE

I. The Unit and Its Career in General Review (*Illustrations*) 17

II. On the High Seas—

1. Camp Lee to Havre 83
2. Camp Lee to Brest 92

Illustration: Map of Base Hospital No. 45 . . *Opposite* 100

3. New York to Liverpool 111

III. Getting Together—

1. Brest to Autun 121

Illustrations: Autun . . . . . *Opposite* 132

2. Autun to Toul 133
3. Liverpool to Toul 137

Illustrations: Toul . . . . . *Opposite* 144

IV. The Hospital in Action—

1. Transformation of a Barracks Into a Hospital 147

Illustrations: The Plant . . . . . *Opposite* 164

2. The Patient 165
3. The Doctor 172

Illustrations: The Staff . . . . . *Opposite* 178

4. The Nurse 179

Illustrations: The Nurses . . . . . *Opposite* 188

5. The Wardmaster 189
6. The Chaplain 194

Illustrations: The Detachment . . . . . *Opposite* 200

7. The Administration 201

V. The Work We Did—

1. Told in Figures 221
2. The Surgical Service 226

Illustrations: The Day's Work . . . . . *Opposite* 244

V. THE WORK WE DID—*Continued.* PAGE

3. The Medical Service 245
4. The Laboratory 256
5. The X-ray Department 261
6. The Eye, Ear, and Throat Clinic 263
7. The Dental Clinic 266

Illustrations: Glimpses of France . . . . . *Opposite* 270

VI. HERE AND THERE—

1. Other Sides of Our Life Over There 273
2. Christmas at the Base Hospital 278

Illustrations: Santa Claus at Toul . . . . . *Opposite* 282

3. Toul and the Armistice 283
4. Our Equipment 291
5. Active Service at Coulommiers 294

Illustrations: Views from the Skies . . . . *Opposite* 298

6. Verdun 299
7. A Trip to Metz 303

VII. HOME AGAIN—

1. The Journey Back 309

Illustrations: Facing Toward America . . . *Opposite* 318

2. Reception in Richmond 319
3. The Veterans' Association 321
4. Recognitions 324
5. J'Accuse La Guerre—A Retrospect 327

Illustrations: The Lighter Side . . . . . *Opposite* 334

THE ROSTER 335

CHRONOLOGY 346

Foreword

THIS book is the product and property of the Veterans' Association of U. S. Army Base Hospital No. 45, familiarly known as the McGuire Unit.

It is presented, not as a literary effort, but as the record of a human experience. If it lacks in style it is certainly not deficient in earnestness of purpose and honesty of statement. It doubtless contains minor errata though every effort has been made to exclude them. The events set down constitute the history of the unit: the opinions expressed are the affair of the individuals who sign the articles. Some of these articles were written in France; others soon after our return to this country; still others quite recently. In each instance the original tense has been retained.

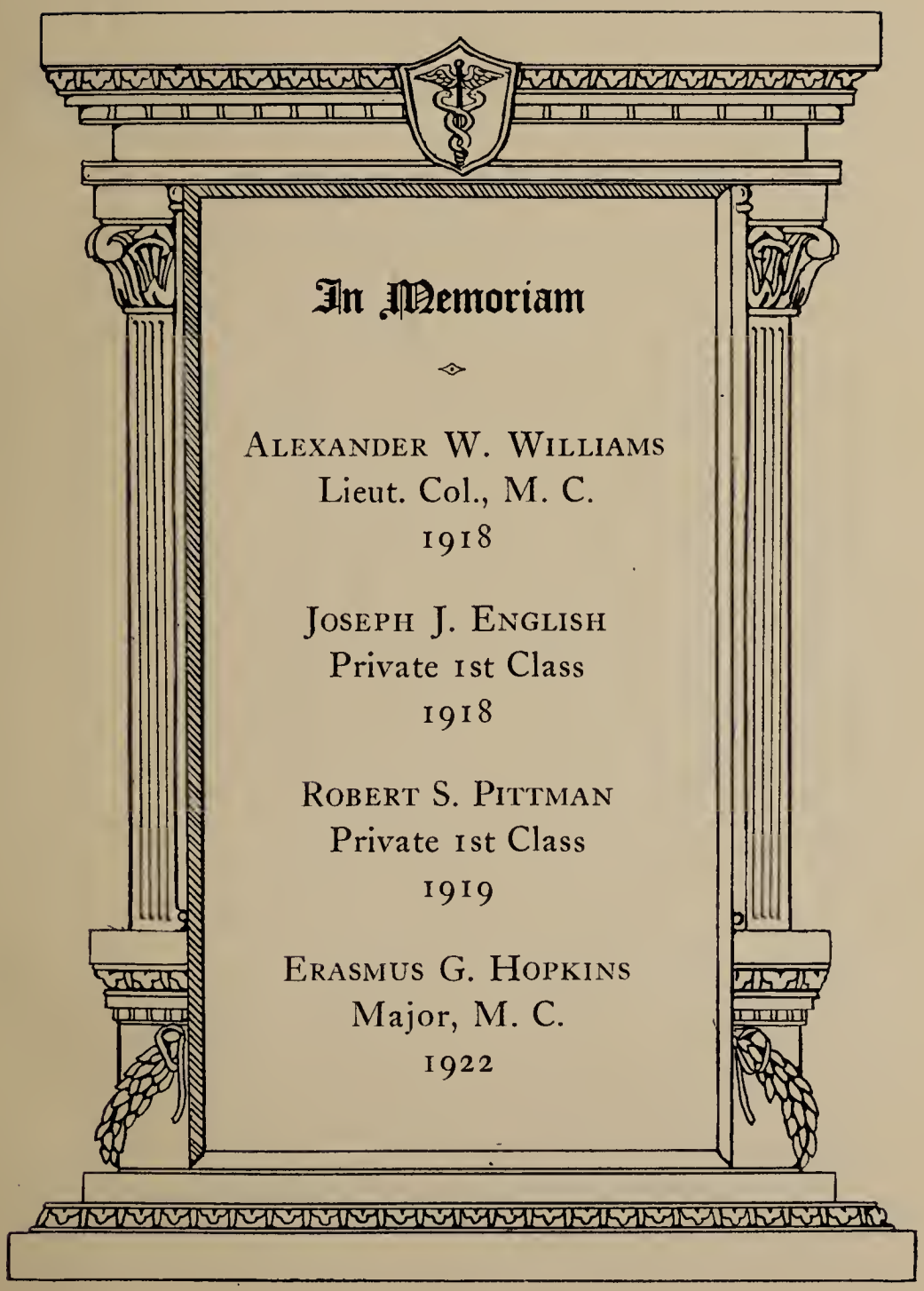
The introductory article was deliberately planned to cover the earlier days of the organization in some detail and the later days in summary only. The detail of these more active days is then set forth in the series of articles which follow. The pictures are practically all originals and the great majority of them were made by our own photographer. Ranks of officers are stated as of the date of the corresponding event and are therefore to some extent variable even in the same article.

In compiling, arranging, and editing the data assembled in the book, I have had the indispensible assistance of an associate editorial board consisting of Mrs. H. J. Winans, Dr. Greer Baughman, Dr. James H. Smith, Mr. Irving May and Mr. Frank Levy. It is impossible to estimate too highly the value of the service they have rendered at

the expense of much time and personal convenience. Without this cordial co-operation the project could never have been completed in its present comprehensive form.

It may be desirable to note that though the book has been seriously planned as a historical document it has been issued primarily for those who shared in the experiences it represents. The general reader, into whose hands it may chance to come, will bear this in mind, we hope, when he crosses some details apparently trivial and irrelevant but to us full of meaning and of memories.

JOSEPH F. GEISINGER,
Editor.



In Memoriam

Alexander W. Williams
Lieut. Col., M. C.
1918

Joseph J. English
Private 1st Class
1918

Robert S. Pittman
Private 1st Class
1919

Erasmus G. Hopkins
Major, M. C.
1922

I. The Unit and Its Career in General Review—

The earliest days unfold a story common to that time of sudden immersion in the whirlpool of War—with everything apparently running counter to everything else, with the ceaseless, seemingly unproductive stir of eager but unorganized millions, with order and efficiency gradually shaping under the master hands that steadied the ship of state in those stormy seas. Out of this turmoil emerged—along with the rest—U. S. A. Base Hospital No. 45, created and sponsored in Richmond, and sent forth from that one-time capital of the Confederacy to do what might fall to its lot in the crisis that united all Americans. When and where and how it met this duty it is the purpose of these pages now to relate. The story—winding through the cantonments, with disheartening months of training and waiting; across the seas, then almost as deadly as the battlefield; into the heart of France and onward to the front—discloses nothing extraordinary and is recorded not for any particular achievement it might be imagined to represent, but because, in times present and to come, we desire, for our own memories, some written account of the days we thus spent together. What we did was no different from what was done by the whole expedition of which we were a minute fraction. It was merely our bit and we can rightly claim for it that it was distinguished by only one thing—the earnestness of the endeavor which produced it. And now as, looking backward, we think of that chapter in our lives, our perspective is still quite clear. In retrospect we witness again the events of those hurried, crowded times and see ourselves as we actually were—a handful of men and women among millions joined in a great cause, the real brunt of which was borne by others of whom perhaps less is being written. And if out of it all must stand for us one thought above the rest, it is this—a great and growing thankfulness that if we did little we at least did no less: and that, in his critical hour, time and fortunate circumstance placed us where we were needed most by him whom we recognize as a real hero of the Great War—the American on the firing line in Europe.

The Unit and Its Career In General Review

IN the early summer of 1917, soon after the formal entry of the United States into the European war arena, a small group of Richmond physicians, with associated nurses and enlisted men, hastily collected their personal equipment, closed their offices or gave up their jobs, and rather furiously prepared for what appeared an imminent departure for the front. Thirteen months later they left America for France—tempered by time, wiser by a year of discipline and training, and, more especially, dignified by incorporation in machines of much wider dimensions than the original construction. Out of Hospital Unit E, Richmond's first organized medical effort, had now come an ambulance company and a base hospital, and it is with the affairs of the latter that the records in this volume are essentially concerned.

The response of the Richmond profession to the call of the President was prompt and creditable. A number of physicians immediately entered the service: others found it necessary to deliberate for a few days or a few weeks or a few months. Eventually the large majority of those who were not compelled by force of circumstances to stay behind got into uniform.

The hospital unit came into existence almost immediately. Appropriately its organization was entrusted to Dr. Robert C. Bryan who had already been in the French service at the front, and who, therefore, added invaluable experience to the influence he would ordinarily have exerted in such a movement.

The unit idea was a development of the Red Cross system sanctioned by the war department. The function of such a unit was to furnish the human materiel for an active mobile hospital which operated in the field and under gunfire if necessary. The working staff consisted of twelve doctors, thirty nurses and fifty enlisted men. Dr. Bryan selected his own professional associates, and at once gathered around him a harmonious group—A. L. Herring, C. H. Lewis, F. M. Hodges, Greer Baughman, J. F. Geisinger, W. B. Porter, J. E. Warinner, W. B. Hopkins, Charles Phillips, J. T. McKinney and F. C. Pratt.

An uncommonly efficient corps of nurses enrolled under Miss Evelyn Page Edmunds. The enlisted personnel came to a considerable extent from prominent Richmond families and were largely college graduates. Enthusiasm was unbounded and Washington encouraged the belief that by the end of June the unit would be sailing the seas.

Then came the crash that brought ultimate good but immediate gloom. The hospital "unit" as a type had been found to have no real place in the surgeon general's scheme of organization, and had been summarily abolished. The war department wanted only the much more pretentious base hospitals, and but a limited number of these were to be authorized. Richmond appeared to have little chance and Unit E seemed on the edge of dissipation. Protest and prayer were of no avail. The department instructed Dr. Bryan that it desired his own services upon a mission of great importance, but that it could not at that time utilize the remainder of the organization as such. Throughout the country similar units were in the same plight.

But other events were pending. By this time the Richmond Red Cross had effected a powerful organization and immediately marshaled its entire force behind a movement to preserve a definite medical organization of some type identified with the capital of the Confederacy. Quick and remarkable success met this effort. The department re-

fused to release Dr. Bryan from the assignment it had projected for him and announced his appointment as chief medical adviser to the commission to Roumania, then about ready to start upon its labors. But, while it could not use Unit E, it agreed to its expansion into a base hospital under Red Cross auspices, and furthermore permitted the simultaneous organization of an ambulance company in Richmond. Dr. Stuart McGuire was made director of the base hospital and in his hands was left also the task of bringing the ambulance company into existence.

So came into being the Medical College of Virginia Base Hospital subsequently to be known as United States Army Base Hospital No. 45. The public meeting at which Dr. Bryan bade his organization farewell and Dr. McGuire assumed command of it was one of the most stirring ever held in Richmond. It had been preceded by a little gathering in the office of Dr. Bryan, where the staff of the unit, all devotedly attached to their chief, offered to resign in a body and enter the service as individuals. This Dr. Bryan flatly refused to permit. He was deeply affected by the separation, but was firm in his determination to have his organization preserved. On the other hand, Dr. McGuire was equally firm in his desire to use it as the nucleus for his base hospital. These determinations met and crystallized at the public meeting. The two leaders had always been the most cordial of friends and they parted as such. Dr. McGuire generously offered to act as director of the base hospital until Dr. Bryan completed his mission in Roumania, and then either retire in his favor or else surrender the command to him and act as his second. But the affairs of war are devious and uncontrollable. Dr. Bryan knew this and realized the unlikelihood of a reunion, once the separation occurred. With his staff still hoping that he might yet some day rejoin them he left Richmond. But the reunion, as he foresaw, never occurred.

* * *

Before he had time to do more than hold a hurried consultation with some of the leading spirits in the affairs of the projected base hospital, Dr. McGuire was summoned to Washington to act as aide to the surgeon-general. This unusual distinction was a source of gratification to his friends, but also a source of some agitation to those who were immediately facing the apparent complexity of the local medical situation. War rumors of every description were rife. It was even intimated that the new base hospital would have to be ready to sail in two weeks. To accomplish this, gigantic efforts were necessary and the enforced absence of the director was a matter for some concern.

But there could be no parleying with the situation. Dr. McGuire donned a uniform and went to the capital as Major McGuire, leaving Dr. Joseph F. Geisinger in charge of affairs in Richmond. The next two weeks were full of strenuous moments. Physicians from a dozen different states immediately sought an association with the new organization which, in spite of the efforts of the director, soon became known throughout the country as the McGuire unit. Scores of prominent young men applied for enlistment as privates. Nurses trooped to the standard. The city arose solidly behind the base hospital and, especially, its Red Cross chapter began that herculean effort which finally represented one of the finest achievements in America.

It soon became obvious that haste was not so necessary as at first assumed, but in spite of this there was no relaxation. When, after ten days, Major McGuire, who had kept in constant touch with the local situation, returned to Richmond, the framework of his organization had been erected and, if circumstances had demanded it, a quick get-away could have been made—on the Red Cross basis as it then existed. Later on, as will be seen, this basis was to undergo some very radical changes.

Upon the return of the director, Dr. Geisinger gave up his practice and went into the office of Major McGuire to

act as his adjutant until the base hospital organization was perfected; a short time later he was called into active service but permitted to remain in Richmond as aide to Major McGuire. By incessant work the latter not only devoted a large share of his time to supervision of the base hospital organization, but also continued his private practice and executed his duties as dean of the Medical College of Virginia and chairman of the Virginia section of the medical division of the Council of National Defense. The announcement that he actually intended to accompany the base hospital to Europe—which meant the dissipation of his private practice and the closure of his hospital—caused something of a sensation and, if the fact must be stated, aroused a good deal of incredulity which events have sufficiently answered without further comment.

From now on the organization of the base hospital steadily progressed in the teeth of numerous perplexities. The exigencies of the war and the gradual evolution in Washington of an entirely new scheme of medical service, made many readjustments necessary. The numerous drafts decimated the enlisted force, which had to be undergoing a continual process of reconstruction. Many problems connected with the nurses arose. The remainder of the professional staff—a dozen men—had to be picked from nearly 200 applicants and without regard to any other consideration than the best interests of the unit and the college. Simultaneously the ambulance company, a big undertaking in itself, had to be hammered into shape; at the beginning its problems closely resembled those of the base hospital, with the exception that it had to assemble no nurses; later the character of work for which it was designed led it into a different path which it is not the purpose of this history to follow in detail.

From time to time some unexpected thunderclap, representing a radical change in governmental policies and requiring a radical readjustment in base hospital affairs, shook

the new-built foundations, but they stood firm in the main and gradually the structure grew. Dr. C. Howard Lewis, of the original unit staff, was chosen to organize the ambulance company, and the selection proved a happy one; he went at the task with great vigor and finally produced an outfit the worthy career of which it is hoped will some day be described by himself and his coadjutors in other pages.

About the time the general situation began to assume something like satisfactory shape, came from Washington announcement that each base hospital organized under Red Cross auspices would be expected to raise $40,000 for its own equipment, and furthermore, under general war department supervision, must purchase this equipment itself. New and bewildering difficulties at once arose. The actual securing of the money was a small matter and was immediately accomplished. But to translate dollars into surgical instruments, beds, stoves, automobiles, stretchers, ice plants, etc., ad infinitum, was another matter. The government demanded an equipment, but was not prepared to state what it should be; the market was not prepared to furnish it even if it had been stated. For a time willing hands were growing weary and anxious groping in the dark. The hospital was projected first on a 1,000-bed basis, and then on a 500-bed basis. Its expendable supplies, such as drugs, had to be accumulated in such bulk that it could exist within itself an entire year, then three months, then one month; finally not at all. It must have a laundry and an electric plant of its own, and then must not have them. It must do this, that and the other and then undo it all and start afresh on some new basis. A Richmond delegation went to New York in search of ideas and minutely inspected model base hospitals. The purchasing agent, the acting adjutant and the director made frequent visits to Washington begging for information. Everything seemed to be in a state of the utmost confusion.

In the meantime nurses were being chosen and rechosen.

The enlisted personnel were being selected with a view to providing the hospital with every type of service it would need—cooks, barbers, plumbers, carpenters, tailors, stenographers, clerks, ward attendants and what not. Periodically the draft boards descended upon this band and then, after vain negotiations and pleas with secretaries of state, major generals, justices of the peace and others, numbers had to be released and their places promptly filled. A colonel stood nowhere in importance beside a cook. Generals fought for them; base hospital adjutants lost them and got others only to lose them, too. The director was especially concerned with the selection of the remainder of the staff—a difficult and delicate task. Once chosen the men had to be carefully placed here and there for the training that would be most useful to the organization. All this took time and volumes of correspondence. Complications arose with Washington in the selection of the chief nurse and prolonged negotiations with the Red Cross corps authorities ensued.



Mr. Coleman Wortham, President of Richmond Chapter of Red Cross.

* * *

But war cannot be made by diagram. The government was just feeling its way and getting its bearings. To the layman, it was singular that Washington apparently was so

meagerly informed as to what was needed in France; demanded so much and was so inadequate in its description of what it wanted. But that is neither here nor there. Much money and energy and time were wasted, but everybody was working hard and doing his best, perhaps.

In the medical department order gradually evolved out of chaos and Base Hospital No. 45 participated in the change. Authority was obtained to recruit the enlisted personnel, thus protecting it from further draft invasions; the list of nurses began to be maintained at a steadier level; the complications in connection with the head nurse were smoothed out; the professional staff was completed and dispatched to work in various schools, camps and cantonments; more specific instructions began to issue from the equipment chiefs and the purchasing agent was at last in position actually to begin his work. The situation as a whole was directed by Dr. McGuire, assisted by his acting adjutant; the recruiting of the enlisted personnel was done by Dr. John Garnett Nelson, now in major's uniform; the nursing problems were handled by Miss Ruth I. Robertson; and the assemblage of the equipment was left in the hands of Mr. Richard Gwathmey, a Richmond business man of wide experience.

It has been said that the actual production of the $40,000 required by the government was the easiest of the many problems confronting the base hospital organizers. The simplicity of this task, which otherwise would have been of staggering proportions, was due entirely to the attitude and achievements of the Richmond Chapter of the American Red Cross. The success of this chapter in raising an almost unparalleled sum in the first Red Cross "drive" had already become a matter of national comment. The chapter now adopted Base Hospital No. 45 and turned all its energies toward the production of tons of surgical dressings and other supplies. Prominent Richmond women led the groups that devoted days and nights of incessant

work to this big job. Equally prominent Richmond men left their offices in the care of secretaries and clerks and made every business appointment secondary to the Red Cross activity. When the $40,000 demand came through, the acting adjutant, by direction of Dr. McGuire, appeared before the executive committee of the chapter and made a brief statement; two or three days later he went to Washington and astonished the equipment treasurer by laying a Red Cross check for $40,000 on his desk. This procedure was necessary in order that the sum be taken up on the Washington books and administered from that end. It was promptly certified back to Richmond to be actually expended by the purchasing agent to be chosen by the chapter.

Almost as promptly it became evident that the $40,000 was but a beginning. Upon the basis ultimately adopted it would not by any means be sufficient for an adequate equipment. Dr. McGuire again consulted the executive committee. The matter was very speedily disposed of. Dr. McGuire was soon in position to notify Washington that so far as money was concerned he was prepared with equipment whether it was to cost $40,000 or a quarter of a million. As a matter of fact, the final outlay was nearly $140,000 for the base hospital and $40,000 additional for the ambulance company.

This represented the chapter's contribution in cash: otherwise it gave still more. Its president, Mr. Coleman Wortham, was constantly at work in the interests of the infant organization. His associates, both men and women, spared nothing of time and worry. There were many possibilities of misunderstandings but none arose. The utmost cordiality marked the inception, the progress and the completion of the project. And with the utmost cordiality still the personnel of Base Hospital No. 45, now and without more ado, but with profound sincerity, wish to share with these Richmond men and women any satisfaction it may be entitled to feel as a result of its career after it left the

chapter's mothering care and became a war department machine.

Upon the shoulders of Mr. Gwathmey fell a colossal load. The necessary funds were in hand. The Washington office was now able to state with a certain measure of clearness what the equipment should be. All that was left to do was to take the money and buy it. This Mr. Gwathmey did. After several months of continuous service, during which his own private business in some miraculous way took care of itself, Mr. Gwathmey had fourteen carloads crated and ready for shipment to Europe. That a dozen or more committees, of which he was the storm center, were in the italics of exhaustion and beginning to greet a madhouse with affection was an incident of the time.

Supply houses were already groaning under orders they could not fill. It was a seller's and not a buyer's market. The cheapest commodity of all was money. The immediate available stock had already been requisitioned by the government. Foreign sources were cut off by the war. A surgical needle was more precious than an equivalent of gold. But the thing had to be done somehow—and it was done. Business associates with powerful connections rallied behind Mr. Gwathmey, and not only opened up sealed channels to him, but often gave him maximum qualities for minimum prices. The experience and assistance of the members of the firm of Powers & Anderson were of great aid in securing the requisite equipment of surgical instruments. Touring cars, ambulances, beds, tables, blankets, chairs, drugs, kitchen outfits and the thousand other necessities of a modern hospital began to gather. Elaborate records of expenditures had to be kept. At last it was finished. By this time the professional staff, the nursing force and the enlisted personnel were also complete.

Base Hospital No. 45, thanks to its own efforts, but especially thanks to the Richmond chapter of the Red Cross

and its purchasing agent, now stood squarely upon its feet and, come what might, was ready.

* * *

Thereafter came long full months of training, of impatient waiting for the call to the front, of bitter doubt if the call would ever come—months that dragged painfully along but that steadily led toward ultimate realization of the dream that brought the unit into existence. For the time being Dr. McGuire continued his work in Richmond with the assistance of one or two of his officers. The remainder were either already on active duty elsewhere or were speedily sent here and there throughout the country—into camps, cantonments, war colleges, or wherever else they might contribute their service to the needs of the moment and at the same time themselves become better fitted for the sterner stuff ahead of them in Europe. As far as practicable these assignments, through the co-operation of the surgeon-general, were made with special reference to the future demands of the base hospital. Here and there weird mischance took a hand and odd duties, then annoying but now in the main amusing, fell to the lot of a few of us. But generally speaking, the system worked well, and eventually each fell more or less accurately into his groove and



Mr. Richard Gwathmey, Purchasing Agent for Base Hospital No. 45.

there gathered bits of experience which in the aggregate proved of immense value at a later day. Appropriately the lines converged toward Camp Lee, the nearest cantonment to the home of the base, and one by one the officers, after periods of duty at other posts, began to gather there. Early in the history of this great camp Major Peple became chief of its surgical service; Major Nelson, assistant chief of the medical service; Captain Smith, assistant adjutant; Lieutenant Warinner, registrar; Captain Baughman, registrar and later commanding officer of the contagious hospital; Captain Geisinger and Captain Herring, operating surgeons; Captain Wright in the nose and throat clinic; Captain Harrison and Captain John Bell Williams in the dental department. Some of them had already been through the acid mill of Oglethorpe; others through pleasanter days under special instruction in the great cities. Captain Hodges was learning and teaching in Richmond and New York; Captain E. G. Hopkins and Lieutenant Phillips studied war bacteriology at the Rockefeller Institute and then passed on to other fields; Captain Anderson was at the Neurological Institute in New York; Captain Porter was moving here and there and finally landed in England; Lieutenant Carrington Williams was holding things in shape at the Richmond headquarters; Lieutenant R. G. Willis and Lieutenant Q. H. Barney were at training camps.

In the meantime the nurses had been scattered across the country on duty in thirteen different cantonment hospitals. They went in small detachments here and there, and were in many instances immediately face to face with work more arduous and problems more serious than they had ever before encountered in their lives. The cantonment hospitals were huge barn-like affairs that later reached a stage of great efficiency, but that in these early days presented a scene disheartening to those accustomed to the smooth machinery of the metropolitan plant. Cold, cheer-

less, surrounded by mud, scantily supplied with equipment, stuffed with patients, swept by frightful epidemics, buried under tons of army paper and entangled in miles of army red tape of which civilians knew little and cared less, the cantonment hospital, at the outset, was a thing to try the soul and break the spirit of the most willing. To the nurse fell not only much of the burden of this but also much of the correction of it. At that time assignment to service was not always distinguished by intelligent direction and numerous bizarre and sometimes awkward misfits resulted. Medical officers trained in one direction were dislocated from their accustomed spheres, where they could have been of great usefulness, and suddenly thrust into lines of work where, for a time, they were completely at sea. But grim determination and incessant labor ultimately gained the upper-hand and by the time these pioneers—nurses, doctors and wardmen—were beginning to be inured to hardships and to be masterful of handicaps and army technicalities, the supply lines were also functioning more smoothly and the final result was a real hospital—clean, comfortable, efficient —which gave to the late recruit but little idea of what had preceded this phase. These were hard days, but were full of lessons that perhaps made more endurable days still harder that were yet to come.

* * *

In the last week of February of 1918 the enlisted personnel were called into active service and the news sent a thrill of expectation through the entire organization. Surely this meant business at last. The detachment was mobilized at Richmond on February 28th and went through all the experiences of a green outfit confronted with its first attempt to get into military form and comportment. Trifling details that seem ludicrous now were then matters for profound thought and much concern. Other details were

not so trifling. The solemn service at St. Paul's Church will always linger in the memory of those who attended it; so also the little intimate household scenes that one can imagine with husband, son, or brother leaving for service that might take him into warring lands far away. A few stirring days passed and then the detachment, under the temporary command of Captain Smith, assisted by Lieutenant Warinner, was delivered on March 1st at Camp Lee, safe and sound, and in a state of miraculous integrity of life, limb and temper. As the boys, after a self-conscious march across the camp full of "veterans," were lined up for dismissal at the hospital, a warm glow settled upon those of us already there. One smiled, perhaps, at the huge, bulging suit cases some of them brought, or the casual attention they were now giving to certain formalities; and thought of the time, soon to come, when they would be stripped lean of baggage and would feel the pinch of precise attention to detail. But for the moment these were matters for little consideration. At last we were beginning to assume the dimensions of an organization. These boys belonged to us—and no more promising lot had ever set foot in that camp.

The detachment was promptly absorbed into the personnel of the Camp Lee hospital and immediately went to work. At first they were apprenticed in a way to the more experienced wardmen already there, but very speedily their uncommon calibre began to assert itself independently and soon they were in complete charge of many of the activities about the hospital—particularly the kitchen police! With them added to the group of officers who had already for several months been in responsible positions there, our unit became recognized as the backbone of the Camp Lee organization and continued in this status for a considerable period of time. During this period the hospital went through some of the most strenuous sieges in its history and if the men of "45" bore the brunt of much of this they

received in return a training which was of appreciable service at a later date.

The question of a commanding officer for the base hospital had been one of the utmost interest for many months. Though Dr. McGuire was designated as director of the unit and was recognized as its guiding spirit, it soon became known to be the intention of the surgeon-general to place at the head of each base hospital organization some regular army officer who combined with medical skill knowledge of army methods and regulations then known to the reserve forces in only a vague and indefinite fashion. Who would this officer be? Much depended upon the answer to this question. Our organization was a peculiarly well-balanced and harmonious unit. This harmony, and with it the efficiency of the unit, might easily be wrecked by a commanding officer lacking in congeniality or in a comprehension of the spirit which held this command together. So greatly impressed were we with the vital importance of this consideration that in the earlier days we had tentatively attempted to make a selection of our own and had allowed a few hints from us to find their way to Washington. These suggestions were tolerated, but it was easy to see that they were not particularly welcome and that the surgeon-general would, in his own time, appoint whomsoever he pleased. Thereupon we withdrew from all activity in this direction and simply marked time, awaiting developments of the future.

* * *

In early April of 1918, without any preliminary notification to prepare us for so significant an event, Major Alexander W. Williams reached Camp Lee and presented himself as the commanding officer of Base Hospital No. 45. For a day but a few of us were aware of this momentous news and speculation ran high. Curiosity in the personality of our new chief shared a midnight debate with the con-

viction that now for a certainty we must be headed for the front. By the morrow the former had assumed the ascendency and we were busily—and foolishly—attempting, after a few hours' acquaintanceship, to reach estimates which only months could unfold. His apparent youth surprised us, his grasp of army customs immediately impressed us; his determination to be an actual commander and not a figurehead was obvious from the first moment. We learned that he was a Southerner, which encouraged us; we were informed that he had spent most of his time since graduation in the regular army, which we took as a matter of course. The rest was the grossest speculation.

Within a few hours after the arrival of Major Williams it was evident that he contemplated an early move toward the establishment of his organization as an independent unit. He made a trip to Richmond for a conference with Dr. McGuire and the two leaders there met for the first time and discussed plans for the immediate future. Returning to Camp Lee Major Williams established his office and gathered about himself a small force sufficient to satisfy his needs for the time being. Captain Smith was withdrawn from the Camp Lee hospital and became adjutant of Base Hospital No. 45. To have called out the entire Richmond contingent at one swoop would have seriously crippled the camp hospital. Instead they were detached in groups large or small as circumstances indicated from time to time. Simultaneously, many of our officers not at Camp Lee, including Major McGuire and Captain R. C. Fravel, began to report there with assignments to duty with Base Hospital No. 45. In a few weeks practically the entire original outfit, except the nurses, had been assembled under our own standard and the base hospital had become an actuality instead of a paper organization composed of two hundred widely scattered individuals.

Our duties, previously largely professional, now became largely military. Now and again some of us would be

ordered back to the camp hospital for temporary duty in an emergency, but, in the main, wards and patients passed from our purview, and army regulations, drilling, technical classes loomed larger and ever larger until finally they filled the whole horizon. Major Williams speedily proved himself to be a stern disciplinarian, insistent upon precise attention to detail in every particular. He personally conducted daily classes for the minute study of army regulations. He drilled the officers and then sent the officers out to drill the men. He had regular inspections and exacted the most painstaking compliance with every requirement. The work was dull and tedious, but it seemed necessary, and out of it eventually came something resembling a military machine—and with this added to what we already had our equipment seemed about complete.



Lieutenant-Colonel Williams (right) and Major McGuire (left) at Camp Lee.

The situation, with two independent organizations side by side, and almost within the same household, invited friction and friction arose. The commanding officer of the Camp Lee hospital and his adjutant were regular army men of a type we subsequently came to know quite well. They had spent most of their careers within a narrow horizon bounded by army regulations and technical military details. Suddenly this horizon was expanded to embrace

most of the civilized world—and the average regular army officer failed to expand with it. He seemed unable to understand that regulations and technical details are but means to an end and not ends themselves. He was therefore disposed to look with something like contempt upon the civilian soldier, who, though confessedly ignorant of military customs, was often, in the essentials of the service he was to render, far the better of the two. The attitude of the commanding officer of the Camp Lee hospital was imperious from the outset and now showed a tendency to extend over into the period when we had begun to exist as an independent outfit. There, however, he met a shock. Major Williams was also a "regular" and perhaps himself had no very high opinion of the military knowledge of the new army; but he recognized the amenities due to gentlemen engaged in a duty of patriotism. The polite but firm and unyielding front with which he met the encroachments of this officer, older in years, longer in the service, and higher in rank, compelled our admiration and aroused our hearty co-operation. This was not the only factor influencing the situation, but as a result of all the factors combined the Camp Lee hospital soon found itself under the direction of a new commanding officer.

* * *

Transferred into barracks of our own in the woods adjacent to the camp, our life was not unpleasant, particularly when we include in it the occasional authorized and unauthorized absences from bounds. Of delightful memory yet are the hurried sorties to Richmond for a glimpse of mothers, sweethearts, wives and children; or those other days when Richmond came to the camp—brave, cheerful, well-loved faces, hiding heartaches behind smiles and huge boxes of every conceivable thing fit to eat. As the weeks dragged on the lines tightened and permission to leave camp was increasingly difficult to obtain. But by means fair or

foul we went, by daylight, dark, or dawn, not infrequently spending two hours on the road to secure thirty minutes at home—until the scampering Nelson Ford, with its antiquated license camouflaged with mud, became an apparition of the pike, rattling its old bones along at a speed that time is still quickening and that eventually will doubtless become swifter than lightning itself.

The camp theatre, the hostess house, the Y. M. C. A., the K. of C., the canteens and post exchanges, where we bought innumerable unnecessary articles—all these contributed to a needed and wholesome diversion. Religious services were available for those who chose to attend them, and for all of us, whether we chose or not, a peculiar but effective type of spiritual regimen was enforced by "Bob" Nelson, of blessed memory—that radiant person who one day, lonely and unknown, strolled into the camp, and who, through sheer force of his personality, was at a later day preaching by order of the commanding general, to ten thousand men at a time. Our own chaplain had not yet arrived, and "Bob" Nelson, without the formality of a consultation of our desires in the premises, constituted himself the temporary guardian of our souls—and whether he saved our souls or not he certainly won our hearts. He was not a member of this organization but no record of it would be complete without this thought of him, of his tireless devotion, of the astounding influence he wielded, of the genuine heartache with which we left him behind.

Meanwhile other events were pending or shaping. Major Williams, who had now become a lieutenant-colonel, was in frequent communication with the Richmond Red Cross leaders and especially with Mr. Gwathmey over the important matter of equipment. A detachment of twelve men under the general supervision of Captain Baughman was sent to the fair grounds in Richmond where the equipment was actually assembled and there the huge task of crating and packing was accomplished so thoroughly that

the work received official commendation from many quarters. Without solicitation on our part the war department added about forty men to the detachment. They came from Camp Meade and from General Hospital No. 1 in New York. Among the number were many whose unusual ability and character we promptly recognized and whose subsequent work and unfailing loyalty justified the cordiality with which we received them into our little family. But while we gained we also lost and were forced to give up several members of the original outfit. Among them were Parker Burbank, who had done a wonderful job in collecting our kitchen equipment; R. C. Wight, who was even then in Richmond working day and night with the squad at the fair grounds; Elmore Hotchkiss and Harold Calisch, who secured commissions in other branches of the service; J. A. Tignor, V. A. Gravatt, R. L. Gray, and a few others.

The staff was also undergoing some changes and receiving some additions. The army scheme of organization provided that an officer of the sanitary corps should be adjutant of each base hospital. Lieutenant Thomas C. Boushall, S. C., now arrived to assume this position with us, and Captain Smith went over to the medical staff. Captain Page Mauck was released as orthopedist to accept an appointment elsewhere and was succeeded by Captain Raymond Voisinet, of New York. From a Northern post came to us Lieutenant B. F. Eckles, an old friend whom we were glad to see. Lieutenant C. J. Corcoran and Lieutenant F. G. Scharmann, of the Camp Lee staff, were transferred to our service, and Lieutenant T. H. Van Camp came in from Iowa; Lieutenant L. F. Barrier from Georgia and Lieutenant Perry J. Manheims from New York. For a brief time Lieutenant John Boyd, of Roanoke, was also with us, but, much to his regret and ours, was suddenly detached and sent elsewhere. The chaplain, the Rev. Russell Bowie, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church in Richmond, arrived and assumed command of our morals. Lieutenant C. O.

Jenson became quartermaster of the unit and Captain W. W. James took over the vital job of feeding the outfit. Here also we lost Lieutenant J. E. Warinner, one of the original twelve, a valued member of the staff, who, without his wish and certainly without our consent, was transferred to another service; it was with no ordinary regret that we let him go and we have always considered him a member of this organization and still consider him so.

* * *



Miss Ruth I. Robertson (Mrs. Stuart McGuire), Who Organized Nurses.

So far as we could tell the cogs were now all in place and the machine was ready for its task. With one or two exceptions the entire staff were on the ground, booted and spurred, eager for a try-out in the field. The detachment was well rounded out and looking like a real military unit. The entire equipment, personal and institutional, was quite complete. But the days dragged on and on and still nothing happened. There was a surfeit of drills, exercises, lectures, inspections, physical examinations—a dull program which soon became nauseous by its repetitions. We wrote our wills, addressed post-mortem letters to our families, stole home along the pike when we dared, talked interminably of the hour when we would move on, and always wondered if there would ever be such an hour. What Lieutenant-Colonel Williams knew he studiously kept to himself. The

preparation he had given us was admirable, and his efficiency in army affairs and his self-sacrificing devotion to his work were matters of frequent comment among us. But even then he was exhibiting that quality of mind and habit which was later to prove so disastrous—inability to relax, unwillingness to delegate duties to capable subordinates, exclusion of his staff from confidential orders affecting the organization, a grim determination to execute, or at least to oversee, everything to the minutest detail.

So we knew little or nothing until the afternoon of July 1, 1918, when we were electrified by sudden orders detaching seventeen of our officers "for extended field service." And even then we knew very little. Was the base hospital beginning to move or to be broken to pieces? The place was in an uproar. The outmost mystery enveloped the whole proceeding. Furiously the seventeen packed for a quick get-away and then slept upon the floors to await the hour dictated by an abrupt change of orders. At 5 o'clock the following morning they left, carrying hearts no heavier than those they left behind. The thrill of the long-awaited summons to duty in the field was all but wrecked for the time being by the thought of a separation perhaps permanent. There is no way of describing the emotions the dawn of that day brought us. "Bob" Nelson warmed us a bit with hot coffee, and then, from the top of a soap box, bade us farewell with words that choked our throats and blinded our eyes. Then we were off—for heaven knows where. A few of the wives had made a midnight ride to the station in the camp or at Petersburg. For the others there was only a hurried word over the 'phone, a catch in the voice at the other end—good-bye.

The remainder of the organization turned back to camp —and there met orders for the entire outfit to move. Promptly the storm broke again. A day of intense excitement ensued. A thousand duties fell to every hand and as many thoughts crowded every mind. Gradually the stir

calmed and shape began to emerge from the chaos. At 2 o'clock the following morning, with packs ready to be slung, each of the men marched out with his straw mattress on his head. A huge pile was built and an instant later was ablaze. It was an eerie sight—with the flames leaping into the darkness and the silhouetted figures of the detachment moving about. Then the fourteen officers and one hundred and ninety-seven men constituting Base Hospital No. 45 turned for a last look at the sleeping camp, and swung into line with faces turned toward the question mark that was the future.

The seventeen who went in advance proceeded to Newport News and in the early morning of the following day were aboard a Chinese freighter, the Hwah-Jah, pushing up the seaboard to New York, where they joined a large convoy bound for Europe. The organization proper also went to Newport News, reaching there on the afternoon of the day the others left. In some way, news of the movements of the larger detachment leaked out, and many friends and relatives followed the party to the port of embarkation where, at Camp Hill, the base hospital was kept interned for seven days. At last, after an exasperating week of uncertainty, of camp restrictions, of oft-repeated farewells in expectation of embarkation on the morrow, the outfit, with two new enlisted men, at 2 A. M. on July 10th began a march through the silent streets toward the U. S. S. Aeolus and a few hours later was upon the sea.

* * *

Thus departed Base Hospital No. 45 to meet the second phase of its existence. The day of preparation was at an end, and the dawn of the day of action was about to break. Between the two lay some thousands of miles of an ocean under whose restless surface skulked an army of invisible but alert and deadly foes. As we watched the friendly shores of America fade into a dim horizontal haze the hour of

reckoning had come—that heart-searching, heart-breaking moment which for months we had been resolutely putting off to another day. Many of us had never before been where the territory of the United States did not rest beneath our feet—to feel now that it had slipped away from us, out of reach and out of sight, as if into vast space, left with us a sense of unspeakable loneliness, of a sort of foreboding. Back yonder in the ever-increasing distance lay all that was dear to us save one thing—careers halted in the middle, homes torn by the separation, mothers, sweethearts and wives whose brave faces and misty eyes still haunted us, children, waving careless farewells, happily ignorant of what it all meant. It was not pleasant to think that when we met again some of these mites would be perhaps of quite an age and would look upon their own fathers as strangers.

For it must be recalled that though the end of the war came within a few months none foresaw it then and indeed the time was the blackest yet faced by the allies. The best that even the most cheerful could say to us as we left was that Germany would eventually be crushed, but that it would require perhaps five years more fighting. On every hand the possibility of a stalemate was being discussed—with the opposing armies dug into the earth, glaring at each other for months across a neutral strip, neither able to move, each counting on the gradual inroads of gunfire, gas and disease to wear the other out. We were all figuring, therefore, on a probable absence of five years, to say nothing of other possibilities—and so the parting had its real elements of tragedy. In so long a time much might happen—to us, to them.

But crowded into the same ship with us, peering at the same shores from the decks of hundreds of other ships scattered along the coast-line, were thousands—even millions—in the same plight. We were but a few among many, all joined in a great cause, and each boat-length away from the land that bred us carried us that much closer to

another land where men's work was waiting to be done. Voila! as we learned later to say. No use crowding one's weary brain with speculation of this and that. The need was clear, the call urgent, the duty too obvious to require definition. Nothing to do but go and go with a will—to do one's bit. In those days no man could tolerate the thought of doing less.

Other hands will record more fully the story of the journey and of all the subsequent activities of the base hospital. Here we see it from now on only in broad outline with less regard for chronological order than for the emphasis of significant events and impressions.

In the memory of many of us nothing stands out more vividly than the zig-zagging cruise that landed us finally upon the shores of France. The main party were eleven days on the water; the others eighteen. On the Aeolus the men were herded in the baggage hold in the bottom-most depths of the ship, crowded almost to the point of suffocation; the officers fared somewhat better; the food, fortunately, was good. On the Hwah-Jah there were staterooms for all, but the food was almost uneatable, the crew were untrained, and the trip was a harrowing experience. Both traveled in convoys, and the sight in mid-ocean, with dozens of ships riding along together, was a peculiarly impressive one, particularly when one adds to the mere numbers the crazy-quilt effect of the camouflage, distorting the perspective and causing a vessel often to appear to be riding in a direction quite the reverse of what was actually the case. At night impenetrable blackness often shrouded the ocean. Now the enemy submarine, hidden from the watchful eyes of the gun crews on constant vigil in every ship, was wont to thrust a nose upward in search of prey. Even the glow of a cigarette was dangerous and was known to provoke a sharp reprimand from the commodore in a distant vessel. A bright moon usually lighted up the waters for the Aeolus and brought with its beauty a wretched home-

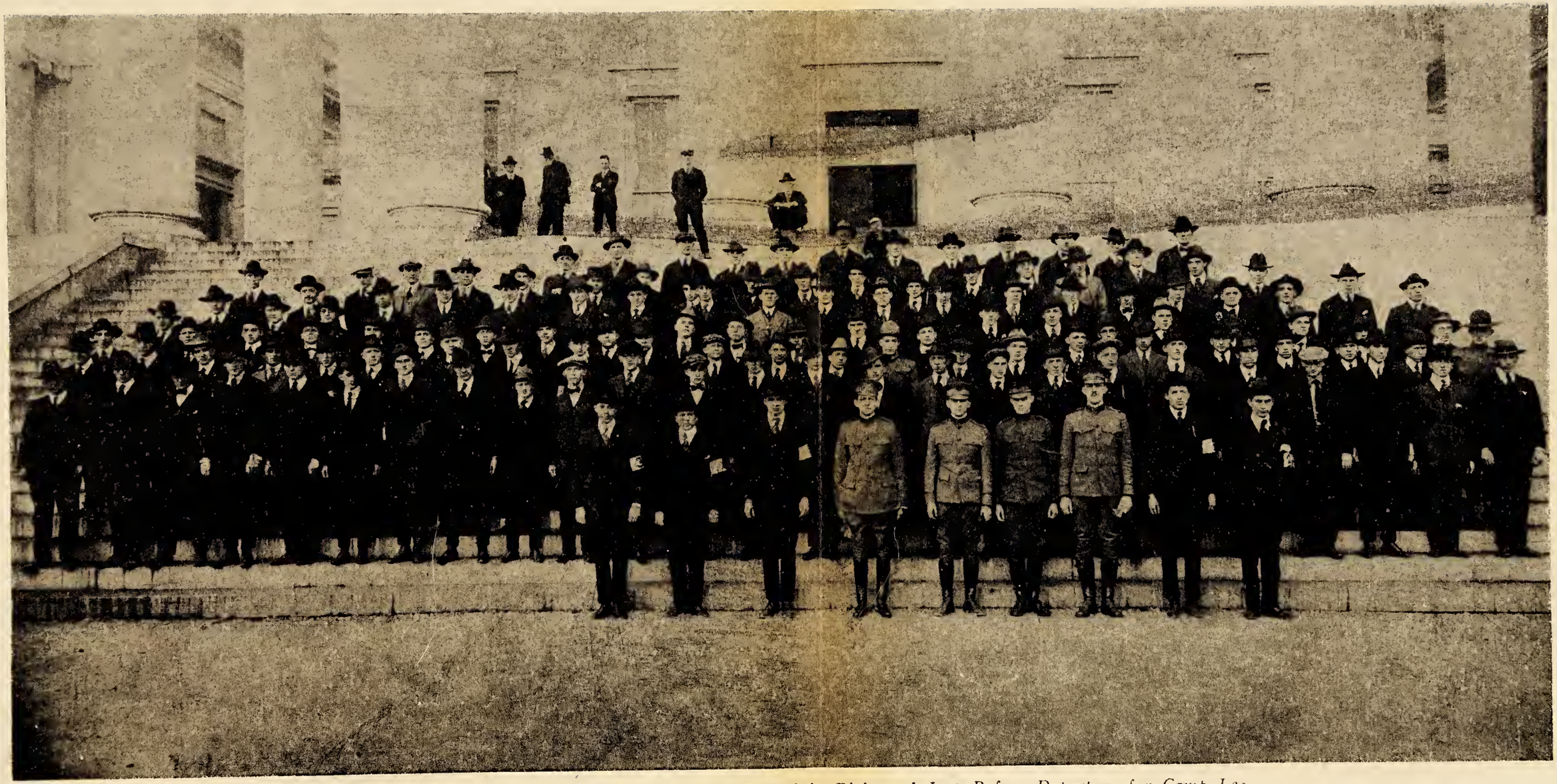
sickness—and incidentally silhouetted the ship for the benefit of any periscope that might chance along the way. For the most part, there was no moon for the Hwah-Jah and except for a phosphorescent glow here and there, ocean, sky and space between melted into an inky curtain. Into this wall of blackness ships sailed, closely huddled, and equal almost to the threat of the submarine was the danger of collision. In the convoy carrying the Hwah-Jah two freighters crashed in the night and both eventually sank, though their crews were saved. Upon a memorable evening the Hwah-Jah herself was abruptly pulled up within almost an arm's length of the stern of another vessel.

Radio-operators were constantly picking up submarine warnings and occasionally bits of wreckage from some unfortunate ship floated by. One slept in his clothes and either in or upon his life belt, and frequently rehearsed the scenes that would be precipitated by a submarine attack. Incidentally, also, one compared the size and capabilities of the life boat with the huge and venomous looking waves crashing against the sides. Left in such a sea while the other ships scurried to safety that little shell might perhaps last a few minutes and then ——. But steadily we rode onward, apprehensive but unharmed. What was under the sea remained there, and presently upon the horizon toward which we were steering appeared a fleet of specks that with almost incredible speed was suddenly upon us. Darting here and there, circling the entire convoy dozens of times, suspecting everybody (even the strange Chinese flag of the Hwah-Jah), taking nothing for granted, investigating every unusual swirl in the water, racing about like greyhounds, the diminutive destroyers of Uncle Sam immediately conveyed to every man of us a sense of pride and security it is impossible to describe. We were now approaching the shores of Europe, and were in the most dangerous of all the submarine zones, but with this business-like escort

MOBILIZATION IN RICHMOND

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Enlisted Personnel Assembled on Steps of State Capitol in Richmond Just Before Departure for Camp Lee

stripped for instant action we were inclined to cast our life-belts overboard.

A faint line that meant land appeared in the east and gradually grew until France lay before us with the cliffs of Havre facing the Hwah-Jah and the embattlements of Brest the Aeolus. Singularly enough, though one left a week behind the other, both reached port upon the same day—July 21st. What we felt as at last we reached this goal had best be left among those things that one reserves for thought but spares from expression. We had traveled far and sacrificed much for this; now we were here.

The tremendous stir at once engrossed us—troops, armament, mountains of supplies, unending movement, restless activity everywhere. The gigantic hand of Uncle Sam was visible wherever one turned—pouring men, guns, food, equipment of every conceivable variety into dumps of unheard of size; casting up warehouses overnight; building railroads in a week or two; thrusting obstacles aside with resistless force. No American could stand in the midst of it without a feeling of awe and an upwelling of real patriotism. As never before we realized then the magnitude of the thing and thereupon fell into our proper relationship to it—with our personal discomforts and dangers shrunk into the insignificance to which they belonged. When we say that there came now to us our first full conception of *The Cause* for which we labored, and remained thereafter completely under its dominance, those others who were there will understand what we mean, perhaps.

* * *

In a few days the two detachments, each unaware of the whereabouts of the other, began to move toward the interior of France. The survivors of the Hwah-Jah, fed to the point of explosion, proceeded in a leisurely, almost luxurious, fashion, passing through Paris and a beautiful strip of country, but always disturbed by the thought that

they were perhaps cut off permanently from the rest of the outfit; after a time they reached Autun, and there halted to await realization of the promise at Havre that there or thereabouts they would overtake or be overtaken by the main body of the organization. In the meantime, the party from the Aeolus were experiencing all the hardships of camp life in the war zone, and were becoming acquainted with the prevailing French method of transportation, associated with a vehicle constructed to accommodate either forty men or eight horses, according to which were delivered as passengers. Long marches on sea-sick legs, close confinement to mud-covered bounds, hurried scrambles to get on the march again, rough food and rougher travel, made their first acquaintance with France anything but inviting, yet happily led to the same destination. On the evening of July 30, 1918, they pulled into the little station at Autun, and were at once enveloped in the thankful arms of the wandering seventeen.

At that time Camp Hospital No. 47 was stationed at the Caserne Billard in Autun and Base Hospital No. 45 was directed to relieve this organization, which had been ordered elsewhere for duty. On July 31st this transfer was effected, and we now had apparently begun to function as an active unit. There were no patients to be cared for and we began at once to utilize our time in an exploration of the town and its environs, and a survey of the buildings and equipment which we were expected to convert into a base hospital.

The caserne, we found, was a hoary monastery, quaint, picturesque, probably admirable for the purpose it had served during several hundred years, but rather poorly adapted to reconstruction into the modern business-like hospital we hoped to conduct. But by now we had begun to learn another of the great lessons the war taught us—to take what was at hand and by one means or another shape in into the thing it was supposed to be. Oftentimes in this

army game, as we saw more specifically later on, one was appalled at a curt order demanding what appeared the impossible—asking much, providing little or nothing for its accomplishment, summarily requiring results and quick results at that. Doubtless more judgment could have been displayed in some of these orders; but one always recalls that in war the enemy fails to await the convenience and complete and leisurely preparation of his antagonist. Hence, one may suddenly find himself required to act with speed and precision before he has had an opportunity to adjust himself, and not infrequently with partial, sometimes total, absence of accessories which in civilian life are considered absolutely essential. It is not long, therefore, before one becomes accustomed to view huge obstacles with some degree of aplomb and to rely rather confidently upon the ingenuity and resourcefulness the emergency will develop in himself and his fellows.

Our task at Autun was trivial to the point of absurdity as compared with what came later; and it is important in this record only because it marked our first experience with serious difficulty and because it developed a critical chapter in what subsequently culminated in a tragedy. We had little to do, but at first thought it was much. If there had been a rush of patients, the work of getting the hospital into condition would have become an undertaking of some magnitude. But the beds were empty, and the work of reconstruction could be approached with attention undivided. It was promptly begun, and quite shortly we were prepared to meet such eventualities as might arise. None arose. A half-dozen patients from organizations stationed nearby came in and we fussed over them mightily. But of battle casualties we saw nothing. We made dressings, counted beds, planned the details of our organization, counted beds, engaged in much paper work, counted beds, worked at times quite hard to correct some glaring physical defects in the place, counted beds, strolled about the exquisite country-

side, mooned amid the ancient ruins of the delightful old city, made erratic attempts to acquire some knowledge of French, cultivated many acquaintances among the kindly, hospitable people, and soon began to wonder if this was all we would see of the Great War.

When we first arrived at Autun, we had but the vaguest conception of its relationship to the front, and rather expected to be caught quickly up in the storm. But we soon realized that we were buried in the center of France, where only a faint echo of the battlefield could ever reach us, and where the most we could expect was an occasional trainload of wounded, already half well and on their way to the rear. With this realization came discontent and restlessness to be up and on. The place was charming, the life promised ease and comfort—but we had not traveled to France for that.

But how to accomplish the dislocation was the question. In the army one cannot wire one's superiors suggesting such a change. Fortunately there are other ways about—and here, as in many other situations which met us, the influence of Major McGuire put it over. The day after their arrival at Autun, he and Captain Baughman were ordered to Evacuation Hospital No. 7 at Coulommiers, behind the Chateau Thierry line, for a week's observation. While away they saw some very strenuous service, but above all things, established contacts with certain high officials, who happened to be old friends, anxious to do something for "45," and quite powerful enough at the time to do pretty much what they pleased. They promised Major McGuire a more active location than Autun—and before long the wheels which shot us onward began to revolve.

* * *

In the meanwhile a situation, embarrassing at the time, distressing beyond measure in its ultimate result, was developing. Previously in this article, a comment has been

made upon the apparent inability of Lieutenant-Colonel Williams to relinquish the care of details to his subordinates. In his organization were men eager to work, capable, under general direction, of assuming any degree of responsibility, accustomed in civil life to the direction of affairs of some scope. All they needed was authority and encouragement. But this it seemed quite impossible for Lieutenant-Colonel Williams to see. As the volume of detail accumulated, and responsibilities gradually grew larger, he became more and more obsessed with the belief that it was necessary to give his personal attention to the minutest problem. Finally this reached such a length that we became seriously concerned for the future of the organization; and worst of all we saw the mind and heart of the commanding officer himself breaking under the strain. The load was too heavy for him or any other one man to carry.

Putting aside proprieties, certain of his officers remonstrated with him, begged him to shift the burden to the shoulders of the staff, and concern himself only with the general direction of affairs. The effort was futile. Days went on and we witnessed the pathetic picture of a young man, elevated to high rank, facing the opportunity for which he had doubtless yearned, and by some capricious mental habit unable to meet it in the only way in which it could be met. The organization suffered as a result, it is true, but more than anyone else he suffered himself. Honest, able, fearless, tireless, he lacked nothing but the ability to let go, and because of that he collapsed. By the time we were ordered into more active duty, his nervous condition was such that he could no longer correctly visualize his own command. He conceived the idea that we were unfit for service and requested an inspection of the outfit by an officer from general headquarters. The officer came on August 17th in the person of Colonel Hansell, and immediately and cordially approved the qualifications of the unit. At the same time he inquired into the nervous condition of Lieu-

tenant-Colonel Williams and directed that he be placed in a hospital at Dijon for treatment.

Under these circumstances, Lieutenant-Colonel Williams left us on August 17th, and we did not meet again. After a period in the hospital at Dijon, he was returned to active service, but was relieved of his assignment to Base Hospital No. 45 and placed in charge of Camp Hospital No. 27. About October 10th, we were inexpressibly shocked to learn of his death. The news cast a gloom over the entire organization; and for all time each member of this unit will think with sorrow and immense regret of this untimely end of an officer, broken by the magnitude of a mistaken but earnest and conscientious endeavor.

Our stay in Autun developed nothing else of any importance except the addition to the staff of two new officers, who came directly from the States for duty. One of these was Second Lieutenant Frank A. Sullivan, S. C., who became detachment commander, and who subsequently was transferred to another organization. The other was First Lieutenant Joseph T. McKinney, M. C., an old friend whom we welcomed into the unit, where he remained until the outfit was discharged from the service.

On August 20th we bade farewell to the old town. As, in the early morning, we marched, for the last time, through the winding, quaint streets, our satisfaction in the thought of getting closer to the scene of actual warfare was decidedly tempered by regret at leaving behind so many new but cordial friends. Brief as had been our stay, we had already begun to find our way close to the hearts and firesides of these people, and we were pleased to feel, as many of them waved their farewells at the station, that the reluctance at parting was not wholly on our side.

It is difficult to picture Autun in a few words; there is no counterpart of such a place in America and no basis of comparison. The place is very ancient, and with so rich a store of history, one soon becomes steeped in the atmos-

phere and inclined to let his mind turn away from the things of today and linger in the romantic haze of the past. It is commonplace here to stumble upon some relic of the days of Augustus Caesar, some pile erected to a Roman deity, some monastery a thousand years old, some scrawled name upon the cathedral tower, put there, just as you were now putting yours, by some other visitor who had preceded you by five centuries. Add to this the cordiality of a people marked by the fine simplicity of real culture, and it is easy to understand how the memory of Autun still lingers pleasantly with us—all the more pleasant because in such sharp contrast to some other phases of French life we were soon to encounter.

* * *

Now under the temporary command of Major McGuire, we traveled on toward Toul. What and where the place was we knew only vaguely, but everywhere we were assured that we would find it sufficiently near the front to satisfy our bellicose tendencies. At first we were disappointed that it carried us into the relatively quiet Alsace sector, rather than into the vicinity of the Verdun or Chateau Thierry hotbeds, for then we could not know that the torch which was to set the salient ablaze was already lighted, and an American torch at that. Later we were to realize that of all the locations available in France we could have been placed in none more satisfying to the ambition of our base hospital—real service among the fighting armies of Uncle Sam.

At 9 P. M. on August 21st, after about twenty-one hours en route, we detrained at Toul, lost in the darkness that shrouded the zone of the advance after nightfall. Guided by friendly hands we set off for the Caserne La Marche, to which we were assigned, and were immediately and dramatically introduced to a form of entertainment, soon to become commonplace, but for the moment discon-

certing to say the least. There was a whir of motors overhead, the noise of bells and sirens rent the air, guns began to flash and bark from a half-dozen different directions, and such of the local population as had been visible suddenly vanished. Later on, and for many weeks, we set the clock by the hum of the Boche bombing plane and paid very little more attention to it. Just now it was all new and seemed very warlike. The trucks carrying the officers raced for the barracks; the marching detachment were hurried into dugouts. In a few moments the anti-aircraft barrage calmed down, the sirens signaled "all's well," with Fritz moving off, the streets filled up again, and before long our outfit, safely through our first "battle," were domiciled in a new home, and very soundly asleep upon its dusty floors.

With daylight Toul lay unfolded before us—encircled by forts, a stronghold of great strategic importance, but as a city ugly and forbidding of aspect, distinguished for its lack of everything that Autun possessed. Nothing here of the serenity and charm we had left behind at the C'ote d'Or but everything of what we sought. Roads stuffed with moving troops and caravans of munitions and supplies; the steady boom of cannon at the front but a dozen miles away; overhead, fleets of airplanes circling, with now and again floating puffs of smoke telling of a skirmish in the clouds; the air filled with rumors of a big push; everywhere preoccupation, hurry, the stir of war.

At last our work seemed at hand.

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The caserne was a huge barracks, consisting of three large four-story main buildings and numerous smaller outbuildings, all enclosed within a high wall. The grounds were quite spacious, the main buildings forming three of the sides of a quadrangle used for the maneuvering of the French infantry who had previously occupied the place. At the time of our arrival, Evacuation Hospital No. 14

was in the central building, Field Hospital No. 355 in the east building, and a French hospital in the west building. On August 21st the evacuation hospital departed, three days later the field hospital left, and a week after that the French moved out. Thereafter Base Hospital No. 45 was in command of the entire plant.

Immediately we were faced with a critical situation. Orders came instantly, warning us that an American drive was about to begin in the Toul sector and instructing us to prepare for it; that of itself was sufficient to tax all our resources to the uttermost. But worse still, for the moment, was the picture confronting us in our own household. From Autun we had brought nothing except ourselves, our packs, and enough food to sustain us on the journey; the rest, including a meagre equipment and a few patients, we had left in charge of Lieutenant Phillips and a detail of ten men. It was our understanding, and we believe the understanding of those in authority, that the evacuation and field hospitals we displaced at Toul should leave for us such equipment as they carried, or at least should stay until we could acquire some of our own. They did nothing of the sort. They departed at once and everything in the shape of army property departed with them, except 300 patients in the east building, who became our charges; 350 more in the "contagious annex" a half-mile distant down the road, and at the latter place a staff of 5 officers, 30 nurses, and 60 enlisted men, who became automatically attached to us for temporary duty.

Without even the semblance of an equipment—without kitchen utensils, thermometers, drugs, surgical dressings or anything else except a set of ancient French beds, mattresses, and sheets, and a few old French cooking stoves—we had to feed and care for 650 sick American soldiers, and incidentally prepare for the possible immediate influx of a stream of wounded who would require of us 2,500 beds and every conceivable emergency, in a barren barracks, utterly

innocent of electricity, a heating plant, a water system, or toilet facilities save of the crudest type. It seemed an impossible task. But the lesson we had begun to learn at Autun we continued here, expanded, finally mastered. Within the bounds of reason nothing is impossible.

Somewhere in France lay the magnificent equipment assembled by our Richmond sponsors—but there was no way to locate it now. Somewhere between New York and Toul were also 100 nurses trying to reach us—but we could not wait for them. For thirty-six hours even the vital question of food was acute. The quartermaster at the railhead asserted that we were out of bounds—a base hospital in evacuation hospital territory—and refused to furnish supplies, claiming a lack of authority. We bought our own rations as best we could until this situation could be straightened out. Of the departing French outfit we also bought everything we could, and paid liberally for it. The surgical instruments were mostly junk, but better than nothing. The rest was a miscellaneous and sparse assortment of antiquated stuff, with the exception of a small store-room of precious surgical gauze. Some of this had been donated by the American Red Cross to the French and a few parcels actually bore the imprint of the Richmond chapter. It was somewhat disconcerting to be buying back our own gift—perhaps an accidental oversight in the hurry of the times.

With this slim layout we began our work, caring for the sick and at the same time fitting up the place as best we could for the threatened battle. An immense amount of administrative detail required the undivided attention of a number of the officers and a considerable portion of the detachment. Herein began to appear the consummate skill of our adjutant, Lieutenant Boushall, who now had full opportunity to exhibit that personality and ability which soon won for him an affection and admiration that permeated the entire organization and that persist to this day. Behind him was marshaled a small administrative army containing many—

THE UNIT AT CAMP LEE

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Base Hospital No. 45 at Camp Lee After it was Set Up as an Independent Organization—Several Officers Absent from This Group.

officers and members of the detachment—whose excellent work would entitle them to special mention if time or space permitted. The result was prompt and striking.

The remainder of the outfit fell to upon the task allotted to them. Departmental lines were abolished. The 650 patients were chiefly medical, and so far as the reconstruction and equipment of the hospital was concerned this was chiefly a matter of housekeeping, bargaining, begging, and thieving. Neurologists and nose and throat specialists became internists overnight; the hand that usually wielded a scalpel now swung a stethoscope, a broom, or a jimmy; the dental service suddenly became expert in epidemiology; nobody from the highest to the lowest knew just what he would be doing the next day, but always knew there would be plenty of it, whatever it was. Out of the riot of work and apparent confusion gradually arose order. Just how it was accomplished others will tell if they can, but it is doubtful if anybody really knows—or cares. It came somehow. The 650 patients were cared for—that two thermometers, six tin cups, and a few basins perhaps constituted the equipment of a ward holding 200 sick men was a mere incident. The 2,000 or more beds demanded of us were set up in rooms freshly swept and scrubbed—that weary men almost dropped in their tracks from fatigue was also a mere incident.

* * *

Over us, as over the entire zone, hung always the daily, almost hourly, expectation of the advance. The movement was considered one of immense importance, not only because it affected a vital salient, with Mont Sec and Metz as distant objectives, but even more particularly because it marked the first independent action of an American army at the front. The entire area was keyed to the highest pitch. The eyes of all France were focused here to see what the khaki doughboy would do when he started forward

with his own officers under his own flag. Days crept by and nothing happened. Some began to doubt the rumors of an impending battle. And meanwhile the supplies poured onward, day and night, in an unending stream.

For each day's delay we were thankful. Our confidential information was such that we could not question the authenticity of the projected advance, but we were glad of the opportunity, slim as it was, to fortify ourselves for the shock that would come with it.

At that time the line was only about twelve miles distant and we were the closest base hospital to the front in France. In fact, we were in evacuation hospital territory, and our function then and thereafter, though we were known as a base, was that of an evacuation hospital. As such we were warned that we would bear the brunt of the St. Mihiel drive, and would catch a full tide of wounded and sick direct from the field. Happily we soon learned that we would not stand alone in this responsible duty, but would be joined by a number of other base and evacuation hospitals, the whole constituting what was to be known as the Justice Hospital Group, with a total capacity of some 15,000 beds.

Bit by bit we gathered some sort of scarecrow equipment. The gauze was transformed into surgical dressings and stored, operating rooms were arranged, wards fitted up, staffs outlined, administrative details perfected, and everything else possible done to brace the hospital for the stormy hours to come.

In working out these plans for the future, Major McGuire, with characteristic insight, took his officers into his confidence, and laid down a principle which contributed more than any other one thing to such success as the base ultimately accomplished. Instead of undertaking to have personal direction of every detail of the work, he determined the broad lines of his administration, vested large responsibilities in his subordinates, and then let them alone. As long as they measured up to these responsibilities they were

in no danger of meddlesome and discouraging interference from headquarters. Every activity of the hospital was under his eye and subject to his frequent inspection, but he pointedly refrained from any attempt to shape departmental minutiae, or to compel his officers to follow any prearranged and rigid route to a given end. He specifically demanded results, but left the method of their accomplishment to those who had to do the work. That he secured these results to his own complete satisfaction, and incidentally developed an *esprit de corps* which still lingers in this organization, is abundant justification for the course he pursued.

The other base hospitals were not slow in arriving, and soon the group was rounding out, each unit facing essentially the same problems that had met our own, except that now the question of equipment was becoming less acute. Shortly after September 1st, Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Maddux, M. C., arrived as commanding officer of the entire group, and established his headquarters at Base Hospital No. 45. It was a singular, and a happy, coincidence that he was a Virginian, a graduate of the University of Virginia, and a former interne at the Memorial Hospital in Richmond, where he had become well known to several of our staff. As an old army officer, familiar with the ways of the service, he was able to open channels not yet tapped by us, and soon had messages flying all over France, pointing out the vital importance of this group in connection with the coming advance, and demanding supplies and equipment. The response, though not adequate, was prompt and helpful. The transportation lines were choked with troops and munitions, and everything had to yield to these. But every here and there a package was hitched on for us, and soon we had a little store laid by. This was then distributed among all the hospitals in the group, and though, when spread in this way, it became distressingly thin, we managed to acquire at least some of the bare necessities of existence.

For us, however, the most momentous event of this period came on September 9th, with the arrival of our nurses. Their whereabouts unknown to us, and even the likelihood of their ever reaching us being seriously questioned, they had mobilized in New York in July, sailed on the Adriatic on August 24th, and, after a trip fortunately pleasant in the main, had landed at Liverpool on September 5th, and almost directly received orders hurrying them on to Toul. In the party were the chief nurse, Miss Ruth I. Robertson (now Mrs. Stuart McGuire), ninety-nine nurses, and six civilian employes. Fifteen of the nurses were immediately detached and sent to the gas hospital adjoining, and ten others were assigned for temporary duty at Evacuation Hospital No. 14. The remainder stayed with us.

Never were women more welcome anywhere or at any time on this earth. It is difficult to express the emotion and relief with which we saw that plucky little band march through the gate. Here were not only old friends, whose safety had concerned us, but willing and capable hands sorely needed.

For in the days that had now passed the pressure had grown steadily greater until it was almost beyond endurance. As the hour actually set for the big push drew closer, the front lines were combed of all liabilities in the shape of sick men in the field hospitals, and in addition the exposure incident to the trench life brought many down with influenza and pneumonia. As a result trains of ambulances were unloading at our doors constantly and the hospital was overflowing, with every bed filled and army cots stuck in every crack, so that one could scarcely walk about the place. We were then carrying about 1,500 patients, sick in all degrees, with a little handful of doctors and wardmen to attend them. And at any moment might come—and actually did frequently come—orders to evacuate hundreds of them to make room for hundreds of others crowding behind, meaning that many more examinations, diagnoses, records, baths, drug

orders, beds to be made, and what not. Small wonder then that we greeted with joy and loud acclaim those womenfolk of ours.

Soon they, too, were in the thick of it—instantly, earnestly on the job, contending cheerfully with harassing difficulties and discomforts. What we went through in those days it is useless to put down here in detail, and is intimated only because it is part of the record, not because there is anything unusual about it. Others were undergoing the same thing elsewhere. If we worked—nurses, officers, and enlisted men—until our brains reeled and our bodies doubled up with weariness, it was a mere incident of the times. And always before us, making our lot, even at its worst, seem so easy by contrast, was the vision of the American doughboy, cold, wet, and wretched in his mud-choked trench, steeled for his first charge over the top into the hell of bullets and death beyond—a vision to be so splendidly visualized in but a few hours.

* * *

Came the day and night of September 12th. At the zero hour, it was said, the charge would begin. The hospital had to be stripped of all patients except those too ill to be moved. We staggered through this task and then, with all the rest of the sector, waited, expectant, through the foreboding lull. In the pitch blackness of midnight we stood in our courtyard or at the hospital windows and counted the minutes as they crept by; and as we stood, thought yet more of that American boy over yonder in the darkness, of his home on the other side of the sea, of his country for which he was about to do his bit, of the stout heart in the body he was thrusting at the enemy. A rotten business, it seemed, to have him mangled, wiped out in this way—and yet thrilling to think of him there, facing the sublime issue of all his days, an unromantic figure, perhaps, in his hob-nailed shoes and baggy blouse, a mere atom

among countless others of the same stripe, but about to offer, as his part, a life as precious to him as that of any starred general or mighty prince.

The minutes passed on, and then over in the distance a flash in the sky, the thunder of guns, and after that a steady roar that was to fill all the rest of the night and the day to come. The zero hour had struck. The battle was on. An American army was sweeping through the inferno of No Man's Land.

We went back to our posts. Some of us had been ordered out for service in an evacution hospital at the "front"; the journey consisted of a walk of about 200 yards down the road. The rest stayed at home. The scenes at both were practically identical, and one description will serve for both. The evacuation hospital filled up first, then "45," and then the others—which, in such a rush, meant that all were immediately filled to the limit. The work, previously chiefly medical, now became chiefly surgical. Operating rooms were in continuous service for many days. But little time was wasted upon food or sleep. As fast as the hospital was filled up, it was evacuated to make room for others, and filled again and again. Except for those too seriously hurt to be transported, men were operated upon tonight and in the morning were in hospital trains speeding to the bases in the rear. In this month 8,000 patients passed through our hands at "45" and the bulk of them were congested in the few days preceding and succeeding September 12th.

Thus came back to us that doughboy over whom we had pondered—unless he was still on the march or had "gone West" in the charge. I have often wished for the opportunity and the power to put into words our impression of him as we saw him then. But it has been impossible before and is impossible now. Those who saw nothing of him would scarcely understand what we mean; those who did, need no such expression. Of course they were not fault-

less; of course there were here and there those who whined or who wilted in the crisis. But as a class they, and the officers who led them, were so irrefutably the men we had visioned them, that we felt an immense pride in our kinship, an immense satisfaction in the thought that we were close at hand to give them such relief and comfort as we could. The average American boy is perhaps not a particularly impressive figure, and we had heard much, and concerned ourselves much in other days, with the stories of his callow immaturity as compared with the polished refinement of the European. But the searching light of a great crisis reveals many things, alters and corrects many crooked perspectives. And to us came in such a light, realization that such things as immaturity are but things of the moment, and that in the eternal things of the soul and the spirit, the American boy stood shoulder to shoulder with the finest manhood of the earth.

It was almost with a feeling of awe that we watched his reaction to this first great test. How he behaved in the field others have told and all the world knows. The angle from which we studied him was rather different. The buoyant impulse and adventure of the charge was gone. Crippled, racked with pain, cast aside, unable to share with his buddies the glow that comes to the victor at his goal, it was a time for black depression, for surrender of spirit and courage and hope. It was a time for that but we saw none of it. In its stead we saw that which stirred in us a new patriotism—one no longer simply national, but now and for all time to come, individualistic, as one might say, placing the American man where he belongs, in that great company, which, whatever may appear to be its faults and follies at other times, will always in times of vital need come straight and clean and strong.

Ambulances brought them direct from the field dressing stations and piled them high around us. Receiving wards, shock wards, corridors were choked with them. During the

worst of it, the yards were strewn with litters upon which they lay awaiting their turn. In the operating rooms and tents the surgeons worked with the upmost possible speed, each having two tables and turning from one directly to another with scarcely a pause between. Patients now as they were soldiers an hour ago, they came under the knife with the stoicism with which they had met the bullet which brought them down. Their blind faith in their doctors cut into us deeply. Rarely was a question asked. It was not uncommon to find that a fresh arrival, while awaiting the anaesthetist, had gone soundly to sleep upon the operating table upon which he lay stretched, a witness to all the ghastly surgery going on around him, some of it harrowing in its details, and, so far as he knew, to fall to his experience in a few moments. Most of them were cheerful, and begging to be "patched up" quickly so as to get back to their outfits before the advance came to a halt! Their comprehension of where this advance would carry them expressed in a way the determination with which they went over the top. Nobody mentioned anything short of Metz. Some were talking of Berlin. It is no wonder that with this wild crowd charging them the Germans took to their heels, and the American gunners had some difficulty keeping their barrage out of our own ranks, which seem at times to have been traveling as fast as the shells.

It is no wonder either, perhaps, that with this picture before us, and this service as our duty, we are reluctant even to mention the trivial hardships through which we passed ourselves—the crowded days and sleepless nights and never-ending work. It is pleasant to recall that the machine we had built slipped no cogs. Whatever his task each man and woman did it to the best of his ability, and with the utmost of cheerful acceptance, whether he liked his particular job or not. And when the storm swept by us, and times grew calmer and we steadied down into a still busy but somewhat more orderly existence, we felt that at least we had done

all we could upon his day of days for him whom we now knew as a real hero of the Great War—the American doughboy, for whom we shall always stand in respectful salute.

* * *

The work of the base hospital, though it fell naturally into certain phases, followed no orderly routine, and was continually undergoing a series of readjustments to meet the shifting conditions at the front. War takes no account of schemes of organization, and plans, however scientifically and carefully elaborated, will suddenly be found wretchedly inadequate to meet an emergency, unless they are elastic enough to permit instantaneous revision.

We soon learned this lesson, and it was well that we did. We were supposed to have the personnel to conduct a hospital of 1,000 beds; actually we had for most of the time about twice that number of beds. We had expected a large preponderance of surgical cases; in fact, the medical cases greatly outnumbered the surgical. We had to give to the administrative service the time of officers and men we had hoped to have in the professional service where they were so sorely needed. We had pictured the difficulties of 100 nurses attempting to handle a hospital of the size we had anticipated; we witnessed the success of seventy-five nurses handling a hospital twice that size. We had imagined clearly defined duties, with work hard but more or less systematic; we found ourselves swaying back and forth, here and there—starting each day with the uncertain feeling that the doctor of surgery of the morning might be a doctor of medicine before night-fall; the wardmaster of today, a quartermaster clerk tomorrow, a litter-bearer the day after that. All of this, though it added variety to the life, increased its problems, but it was so obviously necessary that it never occurred to anybody to complain when he awaked to find himself suddenly detached from his accustomed

haunts and thrust into situations strange and momentarily embarrassing to him.

The period antedating the St. Mihiel drive was concerned chiefly with the work of reconstruction of the hospital, preparation for the battle, and the care of an ever-increasing stream of medical cases. During the engagement, and for a time after it, the surgical situation, of course, became predominant and imperative. Then, just as we were beginning to emerge from this stormy period, Evacuation Hospital No. 3 packed up, followed the army forward, and unloaded its patients upon us. We were then so utterly overrun that it was necessary to close our gates; the limit had been reached; there was not an unoccupied bed or cot in the hospital.

About this time we accomplished the miracle of recovering the magnificent equipment assembled for us in Richmond, and enviously eyed from many quarters as it lay stored at St. Nazaire. The story of the diplomacy with which Lieutenant Charles Phillips rescued this precious assignment, filled a French train with it, brought it to Toul and delivered it at our back-door, constitutes a bright chapter in the history of the unit. So that while, with the avenues shut to new admissions, we worked over a hospital stuffed with patients, we put in every possible moment with hammer, axe, crowbar, and what not, breaking into the huge boxes, setting up the contents, and distributing it as rapidly as possible over the plant. And when the job was done, we had, at last, a real hospital.

But before it was done another drive was on, there was a rush of evacuations, a corresponding rush of admissions, and the pressure on the surgical service again became acute. After a bit, relative quiet came once more for a spell, the hard-pressed operating teams got some relief, and something resembling an orderly service was instituted. Soon, however, we were buried beneath an avalanche of casualties of another type. An American command was gassed

NURSES AT NEW YORK

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Mobilization of Nurses of Base Hospital No. 45 at New York, Preparatory to Sailing for France. Flag Presented by Richmond Chapter of Red Cross.

by the Germans, and now the hospital was cleared again, and promptly filled up with the pathetic figures of the victims of this venomous new refinement of modern warfare. Thus we became suddenly a gas hospital, and for the moment all energies had to be concentrated here, with the ear, nose, and throat department bearing the brunt of it. Barely had we come through this siege when another wave of influenza and pneumonia swept the armies. The medical men, always with their hands full, were now doubly pressed, and departmental lines had to be wiped out again, all the wards being thrown open to chest cases. At all times the rumor of some new drive kept us on the alert, ready at a moment's notice to shift the stage in preparation for it.

Then began to fill the air strange, almost unbelievable, stories of a collapse of the German resistance, followed shortly by the sensational news of a possible early armistice. Stirring days these, with hope bounding in every breast, and with visions of home beginning to loom large upon the horizon.

The work, now chiefly medical, went on apace, and occasionally came some event of more than ordinary personal interest to us. In mid-September Major McGuire had been changed from the status of temporary to that of permanent commanding officer; and a short time later he was advanced in rank to a lieutenant-colonelcy, which was vastly pleasing to us, of course. The contagious annex was set up as an independent hospital under Captain Barrier (October 1st), who took with him the five casual officers, the thirty nurses, and ninety-five of the enlisted men from our own personnel, which had now been increased by the addition of 136 special training battalion men attached for temporary duty. On October 28th the Justice Group Medical Society was organized, with Lieutenant-Colonel McGuire as its first president.

* * *

The morning of November 11th dawned, and France

and all the world stood in expectation. Strangely, still came to us from the distance, the faint roll of a cannonade, as if in mockery of our hope. Wondering, we went half-heartedly about our wards, dreaming of dear ones far away, trying to comprehend the astounding thing soon to occur, picturing the great generals bending over that momentous scrap of paper, bitter with the thought that perhaps it was all a hoax. Still the guns rolled, and an ambulance or two began to come with the wounded. Assuredly men who would lay aside their arms within an hour would not be fighting now for mere lust of blood. Belief that the armistice was a delusion began to spread. From an upper-story hospital window, I looked in the direction of the front, and held a watch in my hand. At 10:59 A. M. the cannon were still in action. What could it mean? Eleven o'clock. Ears almost burst with the strain. No guns now, but a strange sound—maybe guns after all. Then more plainly—the chant of bells ringing from every church in France that had a belfry left. Thank God! The end at last.

That day we gave up to celebration. Toul, usually so sombre and bleak by day, so black and forbidding by night, was at once thronged by a joyous crowd, curiously mixed up of various nationalities. Throughout the afternoon the festivities continued, and in the evening the town was ablaze with lights for the first time since we landed there.

The relief of the French in the thought that the terrific strain of the long war had been lifted was pathetic and spoke eloquently of the ordeal through which these hard-pressed people had passed. Now they relaxed with a shout, and some of their antics brought a wan smile even to the faces of the black-clad women, who here and there mingled with the crowd. From a kiosk in the town square, an American negro band dispensed a full repertoire, consisting mostly of jazz; and at our behest finally broke into the strains of "Dixie," which, of course, set us into a sort of frenzy. Mellowed by the freely flowing vin rouge, doughboy and

poilu, with arms about each others waists or necks, marched in pairs, sextettes, or long lines, up and down the city, squawking in jumbled French and English, "Tipperary," "Madelon," or any other old thing that came into their lightened heads. Hundreds of little groups gathered for dinner parties, or other manifestations of holiday spirit. All in all, a day never to be forgotten—full of merriment, but underneath it a spirit of deep thankfulness that the war was over and the enemy on his knees. Fini la guerre! Great words!

With the next day came reaction. It was hard to realize, but we were promptly face to face with the fact that the American legion would not immediately board ship for home, and that, in fact, the problem of transportation, leaving everything else out of consideration, was one of huge dimensions. Not days or weeks, but months must pass—perhaps even years—before all the armies could be gotten across the ocean and disbanded. In the meantime work, and plenty of it, remained to be done.

The time dragged along at a snail's pace. The urge of war had passed. The stimulus of combat was gone. There was nothing to fire the spirit with zeal, and strengthen the tired body with an imagination's vivid picture of the battle-fields ahead of us. Over there were no longer the flash and roar and turmoil of men at arms. In No Man's Land doughboy, poilu, and Boche were smoking cigarettes and swapping souvenirs. Casualties were no longer the affair of guns and bayonets, but of disease and automobiles and careless handling of ammunition.

To many of us these were the hardest days of all. Homesickness laid its heavy hand upon us, and, as the laureate of the gang hymned his plaint, one felt inclined to go out and sit in the mud and the unending rain and howl with all the dismal zest of a hound baying at the mid-night sky.

Immediately after the armistice, we caught a stream

from the belated drive that took the Second Army over the top, and a busy spell over these kept our minds and our hands occupied. "Wounded at 10:59 A. M., November 11th." Not infrequently did this appear on the patient's card. It has been said that commanders in the field did not know of the impending armistice, and continued fighting as a matter of course—a simple explanation if one overlooks the inefficiency which made such ignorance possible. It has been said, also, that the wilful stubborness of certain high officers was responsible for these American lives and limbs uselessly sacrificed. Circumstantial stories came to us then, and have been repeated to us since, of peremptory commands to advance, though the whole line knew that within a few moments the war would be at an end—and for all practical purposes was ended then. One officer, who, judging from the attention he received from certain headquarters, must have attained some distinction, solemnly told the writer that he now had one main ambition in life—to return to his law office in New York, remove his uniform, and spend the rest of his days, if nceessary, in an attempt to bring into publicity and suitable punishment those who, to feed a bloated vainglory, had driven American troops into guns even then being stacked on the field. Whether he, and the numerous others who were of the same mind, tried and failed in the attempt; or whether, once home again, they forgot it, we have never heard. The simple fact remains with us—unexplained, certainly unadorned.

* * *

Gradually the work dwindled. Lieutenant-Colonel Maddux was sent into Germany with one of the armies (November 14th) and Colonel R. M. Thornburgh succeeded him in command of the Justice Group. On November 23rd the maximum number of patients in the hospital was 1,908. On December 1st, "45" was designated as a "clean surgical" hospital, and the medical service was prac-

tically discontinued. On the same day a group triage, consisting of a series of tents, was established in the court of "45," which meant that the admissions for the entire group were presented here, assorted, tagged, and distributed among the various hospitals. To us came the "clean" surgical cases, and for some time the number of these was quite sufficient to keep our staff rather busy. On December 17th our bed capacity was reduced from 2,300 to 1,400.

Slowly and drearily we moved along, snatching at every rumor, meticulously dissecting every sign that might be taken to indicate an intention on the part of headquarters to order us back to the States. Disappointment after disappointment left us dispirited, tired of the guesswork, but always returning to it with a lingering hope.

Christmas brought a welcome break of the monotony. We had all been secretly dreading it. The thoughts it would bring of the fireside scenes dear to our hearts on this day—of the wives, children, and mothers over yonder, waiting and praying—were rather terrifying to the homesick band. But a miracle occurred. Some genius proposed the decoration of the entire hospital, and a full stocking at the bedside of each patient. The idea spread like wildfire. Soon we were in a delightful maze of work from which the hospital emerged a rare and beautiful picture which visitors came many miles to see. Every ward was in gala dress, with streamers, evergreens, Christmas trees, ornamental devices of strange but enticing vintage, wall pictures and what not—mostly home-made (except the trees), and much of it manufactured out of bits of paper by patients in their beds. Competition promptly developed and wardmasters began to vie with one another, until the place ran riot with color and enthusiasm. Incidentally the edge wore off the wretched longing for home, and, in the wave of activity to produce something like a real Christmas for the sick boys in the hospital, the organization found a real Christmas for itself. To all of us the day will remain a glowing

spot in our memory, with a strange sort of peace and happiness all over the place, reflected in the thankful smiles of a thousand men chained to their beds.

A week later came a new thrill. As so often happens after worry and watchfulness have worn one down to a state of almost hopelessness, sudden realization comes of the thing so ardently desired. So came to us on this New Year's Day, with a galvanic shock, orders from the chief surgeon of the A. E. F. to prepare to return to the United States, and to be relieved by another hospital. Instantly we were in an uproar. There was much useless haste, much wasted talk, energy, wine, song, and hilarity. In a few days we were back in the slough of despond. Somebody was meddling and throwing obstacles in our way. Many days passed. Somehow the machinery for the transfer could not be set in motion. Some underground influence was at work balking us.

Lieutenant-Colonel McGuire and several other officers were detached and started for home leaving Major Nelson in command. Passing through Tours, one of these officers, disregarding all the intervening "military channels," slipped into the office of the chief surgeon, and reported what appeared to be an attempt to circumvent the instructions to "45" to leave Toul. A peremptory order was dispatched at once, and thereafter things began to happen more definitely. Finally, after some unpleasant incidents with the incoming organization, the transfer was effected, and on February 16, 1919, the Base Hospital No. 45 waved a farewell to Toul and without regret saw it fade into the distance.

The journey homeward carried the nurses and the detached officers through Brest and the rest of the organization to Nantes for a stay, and finally landed both in America where all were speedily discharged from the service. Others will tell that tale. Any hardships on this journey were soon forgotten in the thought of what awaited us on the other

side. The detached officers landed several weeks ahead of the others. The organization proper went out of uniform at Camp Lee on April 29th. The nurses returned on the Agamemnon, landed in Hoboken on March 11th, and within ten days were practically all at home once more.

* * *

Such in brief constituted the major activities of Base Hospital No. 45 in Europe. The details will be found in other pages. A glimpse of the plant, also more explicitly described elsewhere, can now be added to the picture.

The main hospital buildings, as stated, were large four-story affairs, erected with the solidity which seems to be characteristic of French construction. They were probably admirably suited to the purpose for which they were designed, but for the care of the sick their arrangement could scarcely be considered ideal. The floors were symmetrically divided into rooms extending the depth of the building, except at the ends, where they extended half the depth of the building, with a short corridor between. There were on each floor eight of the larger rooms and four of the half-size rooms. The rooms were grouped in pairs by intervening stairways, of which there were six. There were no central corridors. Once on the floor, to reach a patient at the other end, one had to pass through every room, opening and closing thirteen doors—not a trifling consideration in times of stress.

There were no elevators. Removing a patient to or from the ambulance or the operating room meant his transportation the full distance on a litter borne by two men. The evacuation of several hundred patients too sick to use their legs—and such an evacuation was liable to come at any moment—introduced, as can be imagined, a huge problem. Too much praise cannot be given to the litter bearers who dragged their weary limbs up and down those stairways. Many of them collapsed under the fearful strain;

but all of them hung on as long as an ounce of strength was left in them.

There was no running water, except in the operating room, where it was installed by our own plumbers after great difficulty. All other water for whatever purpose—and tons of it were needed—had to be carried by hand from without the building. So also with the meals, three times each day.

There was no sewage system. Refuse of whatever sort had to be collected in containers, which likewise had to be dragged up and down the stairs and across the lot.

There were, at first, no lights, but American engineers stationed in Toul wired the place and gave us a perfect electrical equipment.

There was no heating plant. Each ward contained in the center a stove, from which the smoke was carried through a long pipe, and eventually through a hole in the window. The fuel was brought each day in scuttles and boxes by the wardmen. There was never quite enough of it—sometimes almost none. On those days the patients, who were not forced by sickness to do so, stayed in their beds to keep warm.

There were no scullery-maids, scrub-women, janitors, or orderlies. The work indicated by these names had to be done by our enlisted personnel. One of the latter was assigned to each ward—twenty patients—and over the group presided a floor chief, an overworked individual, who had to shoulder many real burdens, swallow many affronts, and bear the brunt of many stormy hours. For each floor—eight large and four small wards—there were three nurses, with one designated as head nurse. This constituted the day force. At night the numbers were reduced.

Under such circumstances we did our work—while from other quarters was administered the executive side of the hospital, requiring the services of a large part of the entire force. One of the things which continually complicated our

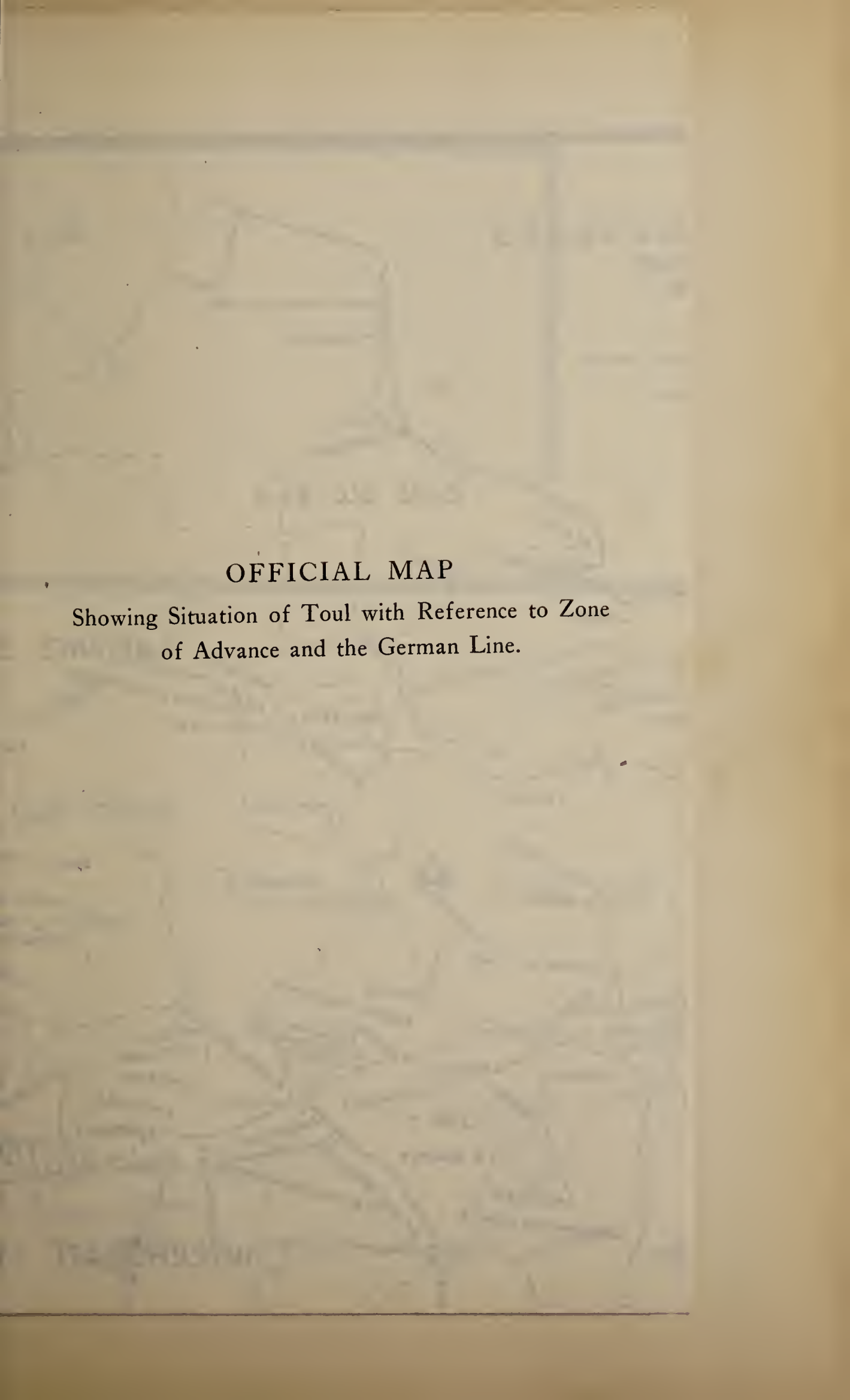
daily schedules was the frequent shifting of assignments, especially among the wardmen. It was not uncommon, upon beginning the day's work, to be met at the door by a frantic floor chief, whose main helpers had suddenly been commandeered for duty elsewhere, with the substitution of a green group, whose value for the time being was less than nothing.

The normal capacity of each floor was 200 patients; during a push, by crowding cots into every corner, the number was run up to about 250. The capacity of one floor of "45" therefore was greater than the entire capacity of any one hospital in Richmond; and the care of such a floor was in the hands of one man in the medical service and two men in the surgical service. The capacity of all the floors combined was far greater than the capacity of all the hospitals of Richmond, private and public, combined. If it can be imagined, therefore, that the professional problems of the largest hospital in Richmond, with every bed occupied by medical cases, were entrusted to one individual, who had to examine, diagnose, and prescribe for each case, make some record of the data on a separate slip for each, maintain a ward book showing at a glance, for instant use, the condition of each with reference to possible evacuation—some comprehension may be possible of the daily life of the doctor in charge of a medical floor in Base Hospital No. 45. Then add to this a series of operations to be performed, and a long list of dressings, sometimes as many as a hundred, to be done—frequently involving a half-dozen different complicated manuevers on the same case—and the picture of the duties of the two ward surgeons on a floor will begin to appear. Now add to both a sudden evacution of a third or a half or three-fourths of all the beds and the immediate refilling of all of them with new cases to be freshly listed, examined, diagnosed, prescribed for, dressed, operated upon and recorded, and one can better grasp our meaning when we say that life at Toul was constantly astir to say the least.

Whether or not we did our bit worthily the records will have to show. All that we undertake to say for ourselves is that we did the best we could, earnestly, conscientiously, not only with willingness, but with pride in the opportunity to render service in such a cause. It will perhaps be permitted to us to note that the commanding officer of the group, at first harsh and unsparing in the words with which he drove us on to almost superhuman efforts in the great push, soon adopted us as a model for the group and officially commended our work. He established a central staff of departmental overseers and put officers of "45" in practically every one of these places—Captain E. G. Hopkins for the laboratories; Captain Hodges for the X-ray services; Captain Harrison for the dental branches; Captain Anderson for the neurologists; Dr. Bowie for the chaplains; Lieutenant Jenson for the burial officers. It has been impossible in this review to go into all the ramifications of the work, and little has been said of these essential departments. But the pressure on them was as great as it was anywhere else, and the efficiency with which they met it is best described in the signal recognition they received in this assignment to supervision over the work of their corresponding departments in all the hospitals grouped about Toul.

* * *

It must not be inferred from what has been written that we spent our days with body and spirit bent beneath an overload of toil and woe. Actually the situation was quite different from that. Days were long and work was hard—but in those times men went to Europe to work and not to play, and we simply worked like all the rest. To our lot fell some things sterner than fell to others, but on the other hand, many that were easier. We had roofs over our heads always. We were sometimes chilly, but never frozen. We had beds to sleep in. We had food which, though monotonous to the point of distaste, was yet nourishing and



OFFICIAL MAP

Showing Situation of Toul with Reference to Zone of Advance and the German Line.

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AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF SURGEON
HOSPITALIZATION DIVISION

REFERENCE MAP

SHOWING LOCATION OF FIXED MEDICAL DEPT. UNITS

FOR DETAILS CONSULT ATTACHED INDEX

CORRECTED TO

BELGIUM

GERMANY

SWITZERLAND

ITALY

SPAIN

BASE SEC. No. 4

BASE SEC. No. 5

BASE SEC. No. 1

ADVANCE SECTION

TOUL

INTERMEDIATE SECTION

AUTUN

B.S. No. 7

BASE SEC. No. 2

BASE SEC. No. 6

BOULOGNE-S-MER
CAMIERS
TREPORT
CHERBOURG
ETRETAT
LE HAVRE
ROUEN
CAEN
BREST
KERHOUN
LANDERNEAU
RENNES
ALENCON
LE MANS
LA SUZE
MONTOIRE
CHATEAU-DU-LOIR
QUIBERON
PLOUHARNEL
AURAY
VANNES
MEUCON
COETQUIDAN
MONTOIR
ST. NAZAIRE
SAVENAY
LA BAULE
BRAIN-SUR-L'AUTHION
NANTES
ANGERS
TOURS
AVOINE
LOCHES
REIGNAC
ST. FLORENT
CLION
LE BLANC
POITIERS
MONTMORILLON
ST. MAIXENT
LA ROCHELLE
ANGOULEME
SAINTES
PONS
LA ROCHE BEAUCOURT
LIMOGES
BAULIEU
PERIGUEUX
VAUCLAIRE
BEAU DESERT
BASSENS
GENICART
BORDEAUX
ST LANDRE DE CUBZAC
ST SULPICE
JOUGE
LA COANEAU
DAX
PAU
LOURDES
ANGELES GAZOST
BAGNERES DE BIGORRE
BELLEVUE
MALABRY
ST DENIS
PARIS
JUILLY
VILLIERS SUR MARNE
JOINVILLE
DOURDAN
FERRIERES
ORLEANS
BLOIS
COUR CHEVERNY
MOYERS
ROMORANTIN
PRUNIERS
GIEVRES
MENUN-SUR-YEVRE
COSNE
SANCERRE
MESVES
POUGES
BOURGES
NEVERS
ISSOUDON
CHATEAUROUX
ST CHRISTOPHE
ST AMAND MONTRONDS
MAAS
MONTLUCON
LA COURTINE
VICHY
CHATEL GUYON
RIOM
COURPIERE
ROYAT
LA BOURBOULE
ST. ETIENNE
LE PUY
ROANNE
AIX-LES-BAINS
MAILLY
REVIGNY
GUERPONE
LIFFOL-LE-GRAND
LA FAUCHE
RIMAUCOURT
GONDRECOURT
NEUFCHATEAU
BAZOILLES
VITTEL
CONTREXEVILLE
MONTIGNY
BAR-S-AUBE
CHAUMONT
CHATEAU-VILLAIN
CHEMILLY
CHATILLON
TONNERRE
HUMES
LANGRES
BOURBONNE-L-BAINS
LAIGNES
BOURMONT
RECEY-S-OURCE
SEMUR
PRAUTHOY
15-S-TILLE
VEILLMINFROY
PLOMBIERS
JOI
ST. NICOLAS
BEAUNE
ALLEREY
LA VALDAHON
CORBIGNY
SENS
MENTON
NICE
MARSEILLE
TAMARIS
MYERS
ST RAPHAEL
AGAY

NOTE

LOCATION OF TOWN
NATIONAL BOUNDARIES
SECTION LIMITS
LINES OF COMMUNICATION
RAILROAD LINES



abundant. We were close to the front as hospitals go, but we were in no danger from gunfire, except from the Boche bombing planes which visited our vicinity nightly. Compared with the life of the man in the trench or the dugout our path was almost luxurious.

Furthermore we added, here and there, what we could of a lighter side. In our canteen we could always find tobacco and usually candy and some other things to eat. Books came to us through a circulating library. The nurses and the officers had rest rooms, and conjointly used a recreation room, where small parties, meetings, lectures and religious services were held. Now and again an accomplished, sometimes a distinguished, visitor or troupe of them would wander by with songs, recitations, and other forms of amusement. Each week we had a dance for the officers and nurses and this speedily became the most important social event of the hospital, attracting many visitors who came from every direction, and especially through the sky. Occasionally one could—after the armistice—secure a leave for a few hours, or even a day or two, and slip away somewhere, to Verdun, Paris, Rheims, Domremy, and a dozen other places rich in recent or ancient history.

The detachment fared less liberally than the officers in these diversions. They, perhaps, enjoyed even a bit more freedom of motion than the staff, but in other respects they were short-handed. They had no adequate rest or recreation rooms, though efforts were made to secure both. Sports were not developed according to our expectation, and a good equipment bought in Richmond went almost to waste. The restraints of military life drew certain artificial lines which could not be overstepped. Many of the men were old friends of both officers and nurses, and in civil life met them upon terms of complete equality. But as long as uniforms were worn army regulations had to be scrupulously observed. Everybody understood this, and there was no feeling about it. But it prevented a certain type of social intermingling

which, so far as our little family of Virginians were concerned, was a matter of serious regret to us. As far as we could, we made the life of the enlisted personnel pleasant. If it fell short in any particular of what they wished it to be, the fault was in the times and not in our hearts.

The religious side of the hospital life was directed by Chaplain Bowie, who, in an institution of this size, had his hands very full. He had not one congregation but dozens of them. His flock could not go to him, or assemble at any one point; he had to go to them at many different locations. Services were held regularly in the wards for the patients; in the recreation room for the officers and nurses, and in the mess hall for the entire organization. In addition, the chaplain had many other duties, and perhaps the chief of these was the intimate moment at the bedside with the sick and dying. Here he had a wonderful opportunity for real service to those who were so constantly thinking and talking of home while they lay, racked with pain, facing an end so different from that they had pictured.

Of the spirit which permeated the three groups—officers, nurses, and detachment—and of the manner with which each met its particular duties, we cannot be expected to say much under the circumstances. As men we shall always pay a respectful tribute of admiration and devotion to the women who stood so loyally by us. Earnest, tireless, unafraid, swiftly efficient, they faced a great ordeal in a way that is beyond the power of simple words to express. It was no place for women, and yet what would have happened to us without them we shudder to think. With boundless grit, unsparing self-sacrifice, loyalty that never swerved, they went with us wherever the way led—into the depths and out again—always at their posts, ready for anything, real comrades upon whom we came to lean heavily and with assurance.

As officers we say of ourselves only that to the best of our ability we did what circumstances seemed to require of

us at the moment. Rather would we speak of the detachment, and especially of the wardmen. The majority of these boys came from homes of refinement, were well educated, and were accustomed in varying, sometimes notable, degrees to the luxuries of life. Now their individualities were submerged, they enjoyed but few of the necessities and none of the luxuries of former days, they were subject to brusque, often ill-considered, orders, which they dared not question; when they traveled they were herded up like cattle, when they worked they encountered quite frequently a duty so menial that it stung their pride and shocked their sensibilities. All the more to their credit then that they balked nowhere, and gave not only the service which law required of them, but a hearty and cheerful co-operation which comes only from stout and loyal hearts. In all departments they worked well and with a vim—but in the wards this is especially true. Doctor and nurse, though hard pressed, were still in their element. The wardman was up against a new deal. His duties were legion. He was a bit of a doctor and a nurse. He scrubbed his patients and then scrubbed the floor. He carried litters, brought meal trays, shouldered boxes of coal and wood, and staggered beneath other disagreeable loads. He kept records. He was father confessor to the boys of his ward. He wrote letters home for those too sick to write for themselves. He drew heavily upon his own morale to keep up theirs. He all too frequently went to his bunk utterly worn out from his day's work, disheartened, weary of the grinding, unattractive job; but back at it again the next morning, facing with a great spirit another day which he knew would be but a dreary repetition of the one that had gone before. A fine and worthy figure, it seemed to us, that wardmaster, that doughboy of "45," that man in the hospital trench.

* * *

Often we have been asked our impressions of this or that

touching the war and the manner of its execution. It is probable that such impressions as we have are scarcely worth recording, and certainly time has mellowed much that was once sharply defined and not altogether agreeable.

In general, our impression of the part played by Uncle Sam in this big affair was of something for which the words stupendous and thrilling seem inadequate. Apparently post-bellum dissectors are finding many ways in which it could have been done better, but at the time, and still, for that matter, it was of a sort that stirred in us an immense pride in the achievement. The magnitude of the undertaking cannot be fully comprehended except by those who followed it through from the cantonment in the States to the battle-field in France. A colossal, magnificent piece of work it was, and that it turned the tide, and converted impending defeat into quick and decisive victory none of us have even the remotest doubt, whatever may be said from any other quarter.

Beside so notable an accomplishment as this, the criticisms that linger with us seem trivial, and yet, because they continually prick at the fine patriotism that grew in us, they are not trivial. Scarcely could one complain of the rapacity of the French with the ugly vision of the American profiteer in the distance. And of profiteers there are all sorts, great and small. In our organization were a number of skilled artisans. Some of them were well beyond the draft age, and had no reason to enlist except the urge of their consciences. One recalls, for instance, a carpenter—in those days almost as important as a general—who gave up a lucrative job, and wormed into our ranks because he was too old to get into any other. His pay with us was $30 per month. At Camp Lee he had to see other carpenters drive up in automobiles, park them in the woods, spend a short and leisurely day with hammer and saw, crank their cars and drive merrily homeward. Their pay from the

same government purse was $10 per day. Many other such glaring inequalities we tried to swallow and could not. Universal conscription, with each man assigned to his task, is the only solution for this.

The singular device of breaking the spirit of men accomplished, and often distinguished, in their professions, by subjecting them to unnecessary hardships in the encampments, to a training routine in menial service for which other and more suitable hands were available, to public ridicule by upstarts glad of an opportunity for a dig at those usually beyond their reach—perhaps it was born in some diseased brain which, it is to be hoped, will be in oblivion before another war comes upon us. This sort of thing happened often enough at Oglethorpe and elsewhere to embitter the memory of many, who yet smothered their pride and kept in to the finish.

Of the same general tenor was the attitude which many of the regular army officers assumed toward the reserve, or perhaps toward the world in general. Their assumption of superiority would have been amusing if it had not often proven disastrous. So far as our own branch is concerned, we were quite willing to concede to these gentlemen everything in the matter of military routine. But in the more important matter of the practice of medicine and surgery, for which the armies needed us, we felt it necessary to concede them nothing, but rather, in the average case, the reverse. As with us so with others, and in fact all the way down into the ranks. Often one's superior was, in fact, except in the detail of insignia, one's inferior. Often the private was mentally and socially more exalted than the captain. This situation, unavoidable with our national fabric, could produce many stings—and did. With the reserve officers, fresh from civil life and its clearer perspectives, there was usually no difficulty, however high their rank. One expected firmness, and, in fact, admired it.

One knew that instant obedience to orders was all-essential, and complied without question. One realized the rigors of war and faced them without a grumble. But one could not then, and does not now, understand why firmness had to be accompanied by intolerance and rudeness. And this, though there were many notable exceptions, was not infrequently the habit of the regular army officer. It is not particularly pleasant to say such things—but neither was it pleasant to endure them. And assuredly it will be a wholesome lesson if, from frank but honest criticism, the regular army can be made to realize that the Americans who join them in their hour of need are not ruffians to be met with cuffs; and furthermore that the stimulus to patriotism and high endeavor lies not in the way of martinets.

An unfortunate personal antagonism developed between the Frenchman and the American. This was to be regretted but is probably of no great significance. Our own feeling did not differ from that of the rest of the A. E. F. At Autun we saw much of French life that was delightful; at Toul we developed a distaste for many phases of it. We landed with hearts beating quicker with the thought that our feet were at last upon the sacred soil of France; we departed without a sigh. Some of this was due to home-sickness; much of it was not. It is probably useless to attempt to analyze this situation, though some of its underlying causes are very obvious. Perhaps it is impossible for two nationalities to exist side by side, with separate languages, separate customs, separate habits of mind and action, and not eventually come to misunderstanding and friction. At all events, time has worn much of this away.

Such as they are these are our impressions, or a few of them. And when all is said and done, there is nothing that matters a vast deal than this—that when the earth faced the greatest crisis of its history, and the fate of civilization rested with the marshaled armies of the world, America

failed in nothing that was essential, and contributed much that was beyond all price.

* * *

The soldier is back in his home and his haunts—if not in a hospital or a grave. He has relapsed from a hero into a nonentity, and not only is his service stripe not a badge of distinction, but in some countries—and here and there in our own— it is actually an impediment. Such, they say, is the history of all wars. Time, the great adjustor, will correct this, too, perhaps.

But now and again one hears strange words, mostly from the mouths of those who stayed at home. Much of this is irrelevant, some of it is ridiculous, and practically all of it can be left to answer itself. Recently a gentleman who had no opportunity for close observation ventured a series of opinions, and one of them lingers in the memory, less for itself than for the train of thought it aroused. The Great War was a dreary, mechanical thing, he felt, and developed none of the leadership or the chivalry that marked the days of 1861. He preferred to look back to that time for the inspiration that fires the imagination and stirs the soul. For him the days of 1917 were dull and barren of thrill and he had missed little or nothing by remaining at home.

And as one thinks of this a vision floats before the mind. One fancies he sees the noble figure of Lee, and beyond him the doughboy, and between the two this speaker. And, with somewhat of a start, one realizes that in external things the bedraggled, hob-nailed youth is pathetically small beside the majesty of the great Confederate. Perhaps after all this ironic critic is right. But then the vision changes and one sees instead the fields of Manassas and of St. Mihiel; and looking back again knows now that the chivalry of man resides neither in the gold upon the sleeve of Lee nor in the tunic upon the back of the boy, but rather in the heart and soul of both. Again the picture shifts and from it, it seems,

has been blotted the figure of him who stood between. Now are left none but Lee and the doughboy—and far away, as among the things of no concern, are the blare of bands and the noise of multitudes applauding. For here in the shining light of immortality there is no place for such as that. Here instead, stripped of all disguise, are two whose spirits are meeting across the span of years. And now, it seems, the doughboy, no longer a pathetic unromantic figure, has risen to his real height, and stands beside the Southern knight, worthy son of a matchless father.

The vision fades. Around us we see the matter-of-fact things of the day. Over there, Europe still seethes, but here the blessedness of peace and contentment and security fills our lives. May it please God Almighty to wipe forever from this earth the horrible scourge of war, and may nations contend more as human creatures and less as wild beasts. But if in spite of everything war comes to this land again may there rise to meet it the same chivalry which met it before—and which those who witnessed it will ever cherish as an inspiration to whole-souled service and unshakable faith in a true and great Americanism.

Joseph F. Geisinger.

II. On the High Seas—

By divers routes we went, to destinations unknown, across land and sea, through days fuller of discomfort and concern than of ease and contentment, but enduring no more and no less than that which fell to the lot of the millions of other Americans, who, facing the Great Adventure, traveled ahead of us or followed behind. Split into three parts, we worried as much over the separation and the possibility of its permanency as we did over the threat of the deadly submarine which lurked in our wake. As, with fair or stormy zigzagging days and pitch-black nights, we gradually approached the shores toward which we were steering, the three lines began to converge but still did not meet. And so, each group unaware of the whereabouts of the other, we landed at three separate ports, still wondering where and when, if ever, we would be united again.

Camp Lee to Havre

ON July 1, 1918, at 4 P. M., at the barracks in the woods of Camp Lee, we—Captains Geisinger, E. G. Hopkins, Wright, Anderson, Voisinet, Hodges, Herring, W. B. Hopkins, Barrier, Harrison and Williams, and Lieutenants Willis, Scharmann, Corcoran, Eckles, Van Camp and Manheims—were hurriedly notified that we were to hurriedly prepare to hurriedly depart at 6 P. M. We asked our probable destination, but were promptly and in no uncertain words told that it was none of our business. For the next hour and forty minutes our barracks resembled a pillow fight. While bedding rolls rolled here and different articles of overseas apparel from dog whistles to indelible pencils flew there, we wondered as to our destiny. At 5:40 P. M. we were notified that we would not depart until the next morning. Our bedding rolls being packed, we attempted to sleep on the floor, but Old General Rumor was so busy that few slept.

At 5 A. M. we were ordered to the station at Camp Lee to entrain for Newport News. Here we waited one hour, during which time Parson Nelson served coffee from his communion service. It was some days later before we realized the significance of the parson's beautiful thought. Then we were notified to go to Petersburg for the first train for Norfolk. After breakfasting in Petersburg we entrained about 9:30 A. M., arriving in Norfolk about 12:30 P. M.

While crossing the ferry for Newport News, one of the detachment noticed an old freighter in a nearby slip and remarked that it would be terrible if any one were sent

on that old tub, not even considering the possibility of our mysterious orders leading us right there in a few minutes.

During lunch at the Warsaw, we were suddenly aware that we were being paged and quickly learned that we were to report at headquarters immediately and would sail in a few hours.

At headquarters the colonel was very fatherly and told us that our boat was a Chinese affair, would go to New York without a convoy and was probably too late to catch her convoy across. He wished us godspeed on our journey and some wondered if he meant France or the ocean depths.

On arriving at our boat we recognized the same old tub discussed while we were crossing the ferry. They were loading high explosives, iron beams, and salmon. A slight breeze came up so no one fainted. We didn't care especially about being sunk while sailing under a Chinese flag. Captain Wright said he would be blanked if he was going on that tub. He didn't mind dying for his country, but not under the Chink flag, after being blown into the air and smeared over with salmon. The Hwah-Jah was her name, built by England, bought by Austria, interned by China, rented by America, and manned by Chinese and British. The crew consisted of an English master and chief engineer, an Irish first mate, a Sweedish handy man, Chinese waiters, etc., and an American naval gun crew. The passenger list was as follows: seventeen officers, two cats, two dogs, and two pigs. The officers, cats and dogs were first class, the pigs second class.

On boarding the Hwah-Jah, we were asked if we had any automobiles or other excess baggage, and were allowed to take anything we had or could obtain the next few hours allowed us up town.

All the cabins were on the lower deck. The few not filled by our detachment were occupied by the Chinese. The Chinese weren't especially cleanly, so with an additional

couple of dogs and cats, and all the windows closed after sunset, one can readily see how comfortable our quarters actually were.

Before going into Newport News, we filled out several lists in order that each member of our respective families could have a copy in case we didn't reach our destiny, which was still unknown to us. This was followed by the filling out of red, yellow, green, black, and even salmon colored cards. Our qualification cards were carefully and ceremoniously sealed in one packet. The officer performing this ceremony impressed upon us in no uncertain terms that our qualification cards were extremely important and should be delivered to the proper person at the proper time and place, but did not know when, where, and to whom they should be delivered. Anyway we carried them religiously all over France, trying in every town to give them away, but no one would have them. Finally we mailed them somewhere and after six months were notified that they had never been received anywhere, so we mailed some more and hoped they would be received before the next war. However, one month later we were again notified of the loss of our latest cards and ordered to make out more. These we are going to make out to suit ourselves and are going to take them home for souvenirs.

Another officer came aboard with an entire library of confidential bulletins and orders. He explained that the contents of these circulars were very important and should never be disclosed to anyone, some of us even understanding him to mean us. Adjourning to a quiet corner, we read two orders as follows: "Order No. 1. Be careful to have neither more nor less than five buttons on the front of your blouse, for the French are very careful about such things and might criticise you." Many of us who had been in France, were immediately suspicious, since we knew that any Frenchman with a red bandanna handkerchief around

his head and a pair of blue pajamas would be perfectly at home in some one of the fifty-seven varieties of France's army. "Order No. 2. Do not steal beehives from the French, for they don't like it, and above all else, don't take barrels for bon fires." Immediately we knew that a bon fire in France was an impossibility, and since we could see no special value of a beehive in an army, we relegated the remainder of our library to the waste basket and started for Newport News.

On arriving in town we were met by many friends who said they had been waiting for us all day, were sorry we were sailing on the Hwah-Jah, and to be sure to write them on our arrival in France. Astonished and chagrinned that they should know everything when we knew nothing, but glad to learn our destiny, we returned to the Hwah-Jah.

The next morning at five we weighed anchor and were soon on our way. Noticing that we were zigzagging, someone asked the reason for this within the three-mile limit. That mate's answer, "Here, we ain't zigzagging; that's the best he can do," put at rest any anxiety felt as to the efficiency of our crew. Our helmsman had never seen the ocean before, but had just finished a correspondence school course, and wasn't intentionally zigzagging.

At breakfast, we learned that our cook was a carpenter, never having cooked anything in his life. This was considered "dope" until some one biting a biscuit, harmless in appearance, had his eye filled with dry flour. The crusts were O. K., but the centers were full of dry flour and air. For fear some one would be accused of S. I. W. a general order was immediately issued forbidding any more biscuit.

After breakfast a careful inspection of the boat disclosed a large six-inch gun located at the stern. This was dubiously scrutinized. All were sure that if this thing ever should accidentally go off, we would capsize. Later events almost proved this to be true.

The morning of July 4th, our hopes high, especially Captain Voisinet's, that we would get several days in New York, we entered New York harbor. The master who was to join us here came out in a tug. He stated that our convoy had left, but that we could overtake it if we turned about immediately. He also stated that he had been unable to secure a cook, that he had very little ice or meat, but that he had a couple of dozen oranges and plenty of salmon. Knowing that fish not, we agreed to stand by the captain. Immediately the Hwah-Jah about faced, and seventeen mournful countenances turned to the New York skyline, as we again started on our journey. However, we realized the distinction in having sailed from New York and Newport News.

For about two days, all alone, our old schooner plugged along at about nine knots. There was much speculation as to just what particular type of tortoise convoy we hoped to overtake. The second day out we were hailed by a British man-of-war, asking who and what we were, and why we were flying a flag never before seen on the Atlantic. They were curtly notified that we were the merchant marine of the Chinese Republic and had our navy with us—the old gun at the stern. We were promptly allowed to continue our voyage, but were later further annoyed by the same questions from other American and British men-of-war.

The afternoon of the sixth, our convoy was sighted; thirty-six boats, a French coal barge of two thousand tons, and the Hwah-Jah, making a total of thirty-six and a half boats. They were all over the ocean and running in every direction. There were five lines of ships in the formation probably covering a five-mile radius. At zigzagging, we knew the Hwah-Jah was no amateur, so we hoped to get in the center of the convoy and make them all ill with envy. No such good luck, however. The commodore caught us slipping in under cover of the French coal barge, and said

that the Chinese navy should have the honor position, also explaining that if anything should happen to our high explosive, it would not be fair to the other ships in the convoy. The Hwah-Jah then took a position to the right and front of the convoy; as submarine bait, according to a headliner in Lieutenant Corcoran's Daily Mail, edited by him during the trip. In this position we had very little difficulty, except that when the others were going east, we were usually going west.

For a few days the routine wasn't so bad, reading and card-playing during the day, eating largely candy and fruit bought at Newport News, and sleeping on the top deck in the rain, at night—after the first night, few attempts were made to sleep downstairs. It was fine on deck, except for the constant rain in our faces and ashes over our feet. The old boat had no way of getting rid of ashes, so they had to be brought up in buckets and dumped over the side. A few were studiously inclined: *comme ca, spe spa spo spa spe* (Captain W. B. Hopkins studying French). By this time the majority of us had been given life belts and were slated for a boat drill. At the drill we were told to jump in a boat, cut the ropes and slide overboard. There is little question of anyone having been left on the Hwah-Jah, if any accident had happened. At our other boat drill, two weeks later, few remembered which boat to get in.

Everything went well until about the twelfth, when it was discovered that all our fruit and candy were exhausted. The cold fact of hard-tack, rancid bacon, potatoes, occasionally jam, and salmon, yes, rivers of it, almost discouraged us, but after due consideration we decided that we could eat all the salmon on board in two weeks and we fully expected to be on the water for six months. So much salmon caused the dinners of some of us to go A. W. O. L., but with proper American spirit we fought that fish until only two warriors remained—Captains Wright

and Hopkins. They landed at Havre still fighting that fish and were duly and properly decorated.

About the thirteenth we were enveloped in a terrible fog and our boat was lost most of the time. During the night two of the boats of the convoy collided. We understood later that both sunk, but without loss of life. We almost rammed one ship and the commodore ordered us to the rear of the convoy, where we remained for the rest of the journey. Following this maneuver "The Daily Mail" issued an extra, stating that this was even worse than the one previously occupied by us, as submarines were supposed to follow you all night, getting in their ghastly work just before dawn.

Our gun crew seemed to have unlimited confidence in our big gun and certainly won our admiration by remaining on watch day and night, always looking for a submarine. Several times during our voyage some old box, salmon can, or log of wood was fired upon by one or more of the convoy, but only one submarine was actually seen by us. This was on a very foggy day, about the seventeenth. Several of us on the top deck and practically at the same instant saw a periscope pop out of a fog bank right by the side of the Hwah-Jah. Everyone yelled "Submarine!" For a few seconds all, completely paralyzed and amazed at the boldness and nearness of the thing, stood perfectly still, wondering what latitude and longitude we would be in when our high explosives got to work. Suddenly Captain Erasmus G. Hopkins yelled out, "Why in hell doesn't somebody do something?" and simply hurdled the stairs in search of his life belt. Our gun crew had just gotten our navy lined on the periscope and was getting ready to open up a broadside, when the captain came running up, yelling "fog buoy." Each one of us quietly sneaked off to his quarters, perfectly willing to see our gun crew get all the abuse for pulling the captain from his morning nap. Someone stopped Cap-

tain Hopkins before he had time to appear before the skipper in his life belt. The "Daily Mail" was not issued this date, the editor being slightly indisposed.

Now in the submarine zone we passed right through the wreckage of one ship which had gone down a few hours before. Our wireless operator would state every little while that some ship had gone down. Then he reported S. O. S. calls from the "Carpathia." This required an extra from the "Daily Mail."

About 11 o'clock the night of the seventeenth, while all were in quarters, a terrific report followed by violent rocking and trembling of the boat informed us all that we had been torpedoed. With and without life belts, up the stairs we went, only to learn that the gun crew couldn't get a rusty shell out of our big gun, so decided to shoot it out.

The next day our convoy was met by several American and British destroyers. Immediately they wanted to know who we were. They impressed us with their extreme energy and watchfulness. Two days out our convoy split, part going to Brest, part to Bordeaux, and the Hwah-Jah up the English channel. We anchored in Plymouth harbor for a day and then started out again. The concensus of opinion was that we were slated for Kiel or Heligoland. We had been for three weeks chasing all over the Atlantic ocean and English channel and now doubted the existence of submarines.

On July 21st, we anchored far out in the harbor at Havre. Soon a tug was at our side and a quartermaster-lieutenant came aboard. He explained that there was an excellent cafe in Havre, but that if we wished to remain long it would be best to get the captain to keep our baggage for a few days. Explaining to the captain that we never wished to see our baggage again, we started for the shore. In a few minutes, and after tipping all the frogs two or three times, we were on land; thankful to be alive, thankful

to be in France, where we hoped to help rid the world of the Hun, thankful to be Americans, and fully appreciating Uncle Sam's big job and how well he was carrying it out, and thankful there was a cafe near, we made a bolt for it.

Guy Harrison's order was as follows: graves, one litre, hors d'ouvres, soup, salad, fish, beef steak, potatoes, peas, beans, cheese, more cheese and bread, vin blink—one litre. When the waiter returned with the hors d'ouvres, Guy bore an awful expression, followed by, "My word, ain't this a meal for a hungry man." After the hors d'ouvres had entirely disappeared the real meal began coming in. After a time, Guy lost his resemblance to Abe Lincoln, and began to resemble Irvin Cobb or Taft. Lieutenant Eckles reported that Captain Harrison's meal cost 162 francs and 21 centimes, or 11 centimes more than Paul Anderson's.

After cleaning up Tortoni's, we went to a British camp to await news from 45.

FRED. M. HODGES.

Camp Lee to Brest

DURING the latter part of June, 1918, the air around the convalescent barracks at Camp Lee was full of rumors as to when the base hospital would leave for France.

We had been there since the first of March and the enlisted men had engaged in many unaccustomed duties. We had served on K. P. duty fourteen hours a day, had scrubbed tables and floors, and handled dishes, pots and pans. We had policed barracks and grounds, washed windows and grubbed stumps.

We had drilled and drilled, and hiked with our packs over dusty roads in the sun. We had "counted off" shouting our numbers to Major Nelson, some two hundred yards distant over the crest of the hill and had scrambled our platoons in such a fashion that Pershing himself would have had difficulty in straightening them out.

We had taken setting-up exercises in the sun at high noon and had spent hours every day putting up and taking down "pup tents," which, by the way, we never used in France. We had gone through Saturday inspections—personal, barracks and pack—when the absence of a tooth brush would make it assume the proportions of the Cedars of Lebanon.

During the last ten days of June a new form of amusement or athletic sport was taken up for our further edification—Barrack Bag Inspection! This sport was indulged in at least once daily during these last ten days of June and consisted of carrying these bags, weighing some hundred pounds, five hundred yards, then emptying them on the ground of their store of cigarettes, tobacco, sweaters, socks,

mufflers and everything else. This being done the bags were then laboriously and carefully packed and carried back. Rumor said this was the last thing done before leaving so we were sure we would leave in the morning and we always did—but only for barrack bag inspection.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of July 3d, every one was ordered up and in silence we carried our bed sacks out and burned the straw. We were going sure enough, but where?

After the best breakfast ever served at the Camp Lee hospital, we stacked our cots, shouldered our packs and swung down the road to the station.

We boarded the train, came to Richmond, then via the Chesapeake and Ohio railway proceeded to Camp Hill on the banks of the James just above Newport News. Here we were quartered in small barracks, quarantined, and restricted to such a small area that at any time you had but to raise your voice to speak to any member of the organization.

It was dusty and hot and many of the men became violently ill, either from too much salmon or an overdose of anti-seasick medicine. Nearly every hour there was a call and we had bunk inspection, pack inspection, dog tag inspection, physical inspection and, of course, barrack bag inspection forever and ever without end. Then some careless soul lost a razor blade and spoke of it—a brand new idea! The bugle sounded and we had Razor Inspection.

Thirty minutes after our arrival friends of the men began to appear and others followed, fathers, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, brothers and cousins, so that Charlie Jones had to turn the mess hall into a kind of hostess house.

We were slowly becoming soldiers and so after the second day felt very much at home in our cramped quarters. About 5 o'clock one afternoon orders were issued that every one had to move with all of his belongings. Some had to

move to other buildings and others only a few feet, but all had to move. The air at this time assumed various hues as the opinions of the men were voiced in well-selected but unchoice language, but they moved nevertheless. I, personally, moved all my belongings four times between 6 and 9 P. M.

The "dope" came straight on the afternoon of July 9th, and those who had friends or relatives with them bade them good bye, for the last time perhaps—who could tell? One member of the organization had wept copiously over the long distance 'phone at intervals during the week but on the afternoon of the ninth many eyes were moist and a grim seriousness settled over our section of camp.

At 2 A. M. we were ordered out, rolled our packs for the last time on United States soil, had breakfast and then swung down the street toward the town. The march through the sleeping town was made mostly in silence. The men were busy with their own thoughts and the even beat of the hob nails on the pavement was interrupted only by quiet orders or the rumble of heavy motor trucks. We made few stops and our packs grew to an incredible size and weight before we reached the dock.

We had been promised the best position on the boat and arrived first to claim it. As the roll was called each man in order moved up the steep gang plank. I had been across before, and never will I forget the feeling of dismay which came over me as, through the open hatch, I saw our men; following a sailor in single file they were three decks down and still going down, down, down. We were in the bow of the ship Aeolus, *five decks* below open air. In peace times the ship had been the North German Lloyd Grosser Kurfurst, and our quarters the baggage hold.

We were assigned bunks consisting of strips of canvas between two poles and these were in tiers of three. The exact width of the aisle, which I measured at the time,

was thirty inches and the height from bunk to bunk twenty inches. The ventilating system having broken down was left at Hoboken and how we were to live down there for ten days we did not know. We don't know yet how we did it. That we might feel at home pack inspection was ordered on those bunks!!! All matches and flash lights were collected and carried aloft for during the voyage we were to be guided entirely by that much-talked-of piece of ship's furniture, "The Smoking Lamp," which no one saw.

After two decks of negro troops had been quartered above us the ship moved slowly out into the stream at 9:30 A. M. The sun was shining and the water smooth as the Aeolus, the Martha Washington and the Powhatan steamed slowly down the bay, escorted by destroyers and hydroplanes. Many a man that day would have wanted to turn back had not his longing for home been overshadowed by the greatness of the cause he was going to serve and that inexpressibly comfortable feeling of doing his duty for England, for France, for Belgium, for America, for Civilization.

Overalls were issued for all the men, giving them a more dejected appearance than ever, and the hatches were all closed, putting our quarters into total darkness except for the weird moonlight glow cast by the blue electric globes. The weather was warm and the air down at the bottom of the ship became so heavy and dense it seemed almost possible to cut it with a knife.

Needless to say we spent as much time as possible on deck, but this was comfortable only by comparison, it being against orders to sit on anything higher than the floor. The ship carried an overload of about three hundred men so that even floor space was at a premium. After stumbling over hundreds of feet you would perhaps discover a choice bit of unoccupied deck two feet square, only to be told by a guard that you could not sit there.

By the time overalls had been swapped so as to get an

approximate fit, life belts were issued. To describe these words fail me. They were hot, they were bulky, they were uncomfortable, but they had to be worn constantly—whether they would hold you up in the water, I don't know. I do know they had six strings down the front which had to be tied for all drills and that they served as a kind of portable upholstery for you if you were fortunate enough to find anything to lean against.

Our days on board ship started at 3 A. M.—when "general quarters" was sounded by the boatswain's whistle, by the bugle, and by electric bells all over the ship. The blue lights burned all night and we slept with one arm in our life belts, and most of our clothes on. At the sound of these bells every one was to report on deck at a particular spot, all present, none accounted for. It made no difference if they were so seasick they could not sit up, they had to get up those five flights of steps somehow to their particular spot and have those six strings tied on their life belt.

That sounds simple enough but it had its difficulties. When the bells sounded the bunks gave an awful groan as all the men rose at once. When you jumped out it was easy to land on the man's head below you, who was also getting out, and it was just as easy for the man above to land on your head, to say nothing of colliding with the three men across the aisle, or others who were hurrying for the stairs. Once in the aisle you could have managed very well among hundreds of other men had it not been for those six strings! They had to be tied while you were going up the steep stairs on a rolling ship, being jostled and crowded in front, behind and on both sides.

The change from the close, heavy air of the hold, reeking with the smell of humanity and strong disinfectant, to the cold breeze on the open deck at 3 o'clock in the morning made you shiver.

When you arrived on deck you found every one there, even Mantakos, deathly sea sick and limp as a rag, who had been dragged bodily up the steps. Then standing on the deck swaying with the ship, and listening to the swish of the great black waves in the darkness, you were given minute instructions as to how to abandon the ship when ordered.

At the conclusion of this cheerful and edifying discourse, we were told to remain in our places until half an hour after daybreak. Presently a sailor with chronic throat trouble would announce, "The smoking lamp is lighted." No one knew where this lamp was or where the light started, but in an instant smoke curled from thousands of cigarettes.

A little way out we met the rest of our convoy and the cruiser Seattle, which escorted us until we met the destroyers from the other side.

Meals for the enlisted men on the Aeolus were a cross between army mess and a Japanese juggling act. They were served one deck below the main deck but had to be carried to the main deck, then up to the second deck, and to the back of the ship to be eaten. Laden with your knife, fork and spoon, your mess kit full of beef, potatoes and gravy, its cover full of rice pudding and bread, and your canteen cup full of coffee, you started your perilous journey. The motion of the ship made walking difficult on the deck, but on the steps your troubles multiplied.

The men in front had spilled coffee and gravy on the steep steps, your hands were full and the handle to your cup had a way of folding up at any moment without warning—you couldn't catch it and so might spill your coffee on yourself and those below. The cups above you were just like yours. You might slip on the steps and fall on the men behind you and spread your lunch over the deck, thus losing it, or you might get too close to the man in

front and his heel would catapult the contents of your mess kit into the air, giving those below a luncheon shower.

It was a really remarkable feat to get your lunch safely up those steps and along the deck over numerous mess kits and outstretched legs to the back of the ship. Then you had the eternal search for deck space to sit down. Finally when you did get settled with the remainder of your lunch you certainly did enjoy it, congealed gravy and all. The navy meals were good and worth the trouble, thanks to the assistance of our cooks and a baking company on board.

Many of the men slept on the deck, preferring the hard boards in the open air to the strip of canvas and the close disinfectant-laden air below. This also gave them a chance in case we should be hit by a torpedo. In our sleeping quarters below the water line "general quarters" would never have been heard had the front portion of the ship been hit.

In an unguarded moment I allowed a friend to persuade me to try the deck one night. In order to get enough space to lie down it was necessary for us to bring our blankets on deck about 5:30 or 6 o'clock in the afternoon. As the men around moved, we would spread out inch by inch until after several hours we could lie down—and by 9 o'clock I felt as if I was simply a bundle of protruding bones. From time to time soldiers came stumbling along in the dark trying to step between the bodies of the men who carpeted the deck, but the darkness and the motion of the ship caused them to step on the men as frequently as on the deck.

After my hands, arms and feet had been walked on for several hours I dozed off to sleep only to be awakened by being kicked in the ribs. A guard was about to arrest me because the luminous face of my wrist watch was shining in the dark and might attract the attention of a lurking "Sub." I took off the wrist watch and got along better until

I was nearly washed off the deck by the stream of water from a hose early in the morning. They were washing the decks and found it easier to just let the sleepers find it out and move, than to bother about waking them. Every night thereafter I slept below.

I don't think any enlisted man who went over on the Aeolus will ever forget his futile attempts at cleanliness. We had fresh water at certain times in the day, but only for drinking and a guard stood by to see that none was carried away. This meant that our various unsuccessful attempts at cleanliness had to be made with salt water. Ordinary soap in sea water is as effective as a piece of porcelain. From the canteen on board we bought what was alleged to be "Salt Water Soap" in great quantities—its advantages were mostly psychological. It would lather in salt water, but so far as I could determine possessed no cleansing properties whatever.

Shaving presented a much more uncomfortable problem than performing one's customary ablutions. Many men did not shave at all until the day we landed. Ordinary shaving soap was useless and the salt water soap little better. This left only two alternatives to the fastidious individuals on board who insisted on shaving. They could use plain salt water and pull the beard out with the razor, or they could use one of the patent creams, which were supposed to need no water, and pull the beard out with the razor.

The sea voyage from below decks was uncomfortable and we listened with interest to Big Ben Jones as he made plans for his next voyage—"The next time I am going to get them to put a halter on me and just tie me in a stall. I would sleep just where I do now but they would bring my meals to me, and I would not have to carry them all over the ship before eating them."

Some one has called the American army "The Singing Army," and I think the good humor of the Americans im-

pressed most people who came in contact with them. This good humor was not lacking in our organization, and I think that fact does much credit to the spirit of our men. Our outfit was composed largely of men from homes of refinement, who in civil life not only enjoyed all the necessities of life, but many of its luxuries as well. . On board the Aeolus they had three necessities of life, a place to sleep, clothes to wear, and food to eat. They had no luxuries and all the luxury had been taken out of the necessities. It was a great and radical change for most of us, yet the men for the most part remained in a good humor and joked and laughed, even about their meagre comforts, as if they were on a pleasure excursion instead of sailing a sub-infested ocean, with much danger, hardship and work in store for them when they landed in France.

At 10 A. M. Sunday, July 14th, we had services on deck, conducted by Chaplain John McLean. He had been frequently down in our quarters and was known to some of our men.

I have mentioned that we had some negro troops on board. Where you have negroes, entertainment is never lacking, and I am sure many of us will recall the colored boys from Mississippi who used to sing for us, accompanied by one of their number on his canteen.

As we neared the shores of Europe our convoy of destroyers appeared. The Seattle had been with us all the way but when the danger zone was reached we had destroyers for our guard, which seemed to appear on all sides of us at once, and our guard on board became more vigilant.

Ever since we had left America our navy gun crews were at their guns night and day ready for instant action. The two crow's nests on each mast were always occupied by dizzy army officers and sailors. The naval officers were on the bridge while on top of the pilot house sailors with tireless arms kept their signal flags in constant motion. In addi-

MAP OF BASE HOSPITAL No. 45

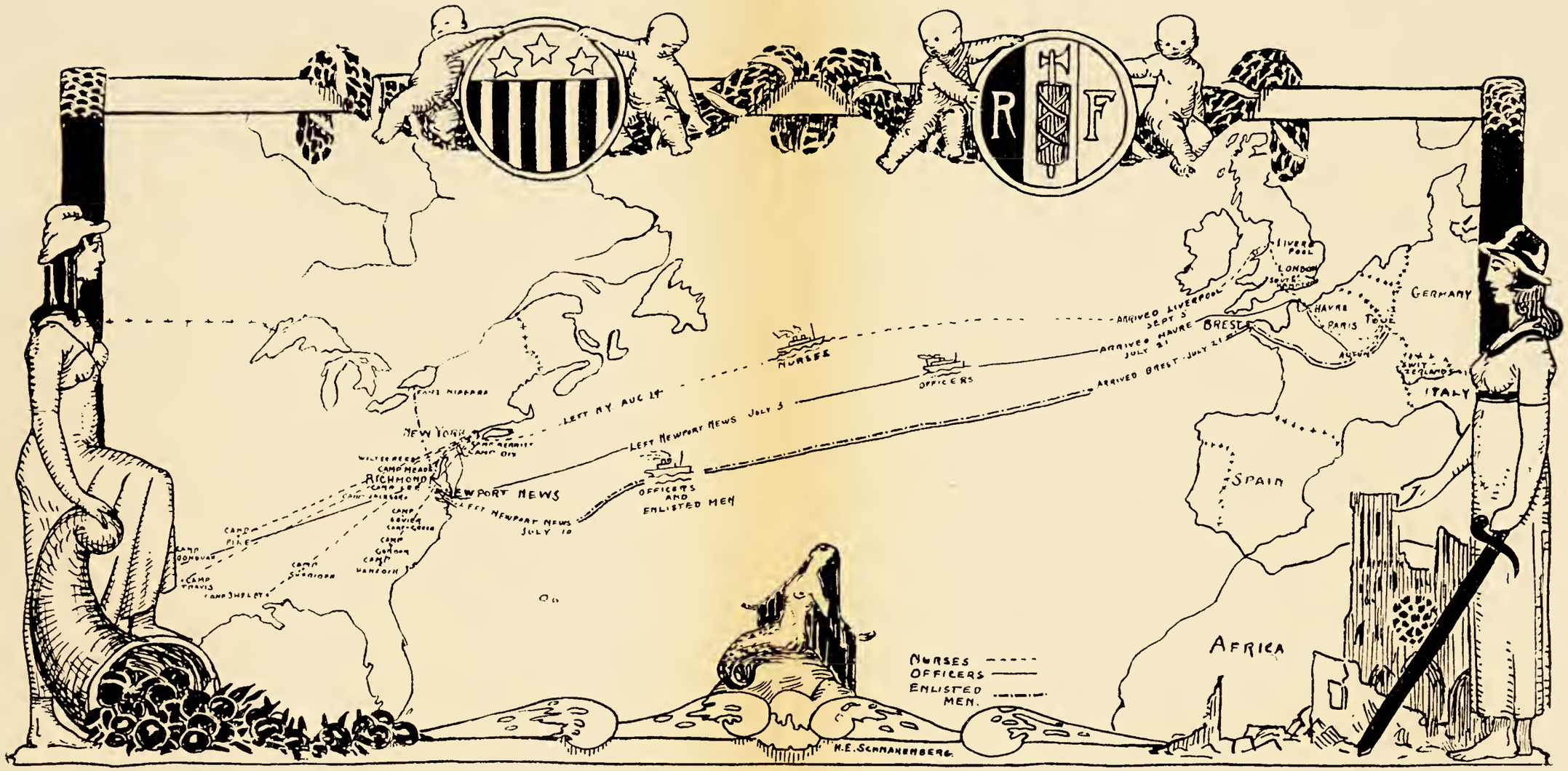
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OFFICERS
LEFT NY AUG 14
NEW YORK
CAMP MEADE
RICHMOND
CAMP LEE
CAMP DIX
CAMP DEVENS
CAMP GORDON
CAMP HANCOCK
CAMP PIKE
CAMP DODGE
CAMP TRAVIS
CAMP SHELBY
CAMP SUMNER
LEFT NEWPORT NEWS JULY 3
NEWPORT NEWS
OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN
LEFT NEWPORT NEWS JULY 10
ARRIVED LIVERPOOL SEPT 5
ARRIVED HAVRE JULY 21
ARRIVED BREST JULY 21
LIVERPOOL
LONDON
HAVRE
PARIS
BREST
GERMANY
ITALY
SPAIN
AFRICA
NURSES
OFFICERS
ENLISTED MEN.
H.E. SCHMANENBERG

THE MAP OF "45"

tion to these, little curtained enclosures every few feet along the decks were occupied by military lookouts. All of these strained their eyes out over the water every minute night and day. So keen was the watch that the fire on the end of an officer's cigarette was reported from another ship at least a quarter of a mile away.

At 4 A. M. on the morning of July 21st, we sighted the shores of France, and later sailed into the beautiful harbor of Brest surrounded by its picturesque hills. We lay in the harbor several hours waiting to get to the dock and the enlisted men labored, cursed, and sweated below decks, trying in that crowded space to roll their packs so that they would be portable.

At 3 P. M. Sunday, July 21st, we set foot on French soil with our packs on our backs and enormous roast beef sandwiches in our hands. We were glad to leave the Aeolus, our life belts, and air-tight quarters, and life drill at 3 A. M. We again appeared in olive drab instead of blue denim and felt more like soldiers.

Of the town of Brest only one detail stands out distinctly in my memory. This is the long, long, steep hill leading from the docks to a certain open square where we first stopped to rest. I have talked with hundreds of men who landed at Brest and they all remember that hill. We were "soft" from eleven days on the boat with no exercise, many had been seasick, and the land felt queer after the rolling of the ship. I am sure that the mention of this hill will recall to each man's mind the particular difficulties he had there. Many packs were not rolled properly and did not carry well, some leggings were wrapped so tight as to almost stop the circulation, while others came unrolled on that hill, raincoats came untied, and the tin hats of some were the offenders—but if any man hiked up that hill with ease I have yet to see him.

After a brief rest in the square at Brest we hiked four

miles out to camp and were soon settled in the mud. I shall here leave the story of our wanderings to chroniclers with keener observations, better memories and more facile pens.

WALTER V. MOORE.

FROM THE UPPER DECK

Being "mobilized" without orders is very much like being all dressed up with no place to go. Such was the condition of our base hospital the last week in June, 1918, and it was an impatient lot who began the day of July 1st without a ray of hope having appeared that would indicate the time of departure from Camp Lee. Money began to change hands in the afternoon, however, for orders had come that seventeen of the officers should leave at once for "extended field service."

Off they went, some merrily, some with melancholy countenance, for their distination was unknown and their likelihood of rejoining the unit was a matter of great speculation. Those who possessed them, surreptitiously notified their wives, who like magic appeared from the vicinity of Richmond with their "mouchoirs" in the "alert position" and "prepared to lacrimate." It was the right day but the wrong hour when our worthy forerunners arrived at the Camp Lee station to take the special train for Norfolk, and it was only after the C. O. had been roused from bed and the camp adjutant interrupted in his morning tennis that emergency transportation to Petersburg was provided. The much excited veterans of the battle of Oglethorpe, Sevier and Green departed amid tears, regrets and good wishes, with the hope of rejoining us "over there." It was not until after this story stops that Captain Fred M. Hodges, commanding, reported his detail of sophisticated Parisians to the commanding officer, thus eliminating one of the greatest

calamities that might have come to the unit had these good officers been taken from us.

Patience is a virtue and virtue is rewarded. For this reason quiet orders were issued that everybody was to get up the next morning at 3 o'clock so that the remaining officers and men might have a chance to start toward the land of opportunity also. For the first time in its history Base Hospital No. 45 had its entire detachment out and in full equipment, as on the morning of July 3rd it swung into the road from the convalescent barracks and marched to the station to entrain. For what place? The C. O. knew and so must some others who were at the station that morning. As nobody was allowed to get off the train the osculating bon voyages took place mid-air between the ground and the farthest point down a soldier could lean from the window.

Who brought the good news from Lee to Richmond no one will ever know, but the local chapter of the Red Cross was there at the station to bid its favorite sons farewell when the "Forty-Five Special" went through. Carrington Williams, in the absence of his wife, claimed that all the people he kissed good-bye were older or younger sisters and who knows, maybe they were.

Camp Hill! Who found it? Who named it? Who let it live? And quarantined at that! Nobody could go outside of the camp limits and nobody could come inside except at certain hours. Equipment to be inspected and more things to buy. A whistle for every officer, a pack and pack carrier, two pairs of shoes, field! And how you wives, cousins and sweathearts would have been faint at heart to see inspectors taking away those sweaters, helmets, mufflers and wristlets you so carefully did for those men!

No news of a ship. No prospective sailing dates. Wives and friends arriving daily and the quarantine still on. Camp Hill, instead of improving with acquaintance, growing less attractive every day. True there was the beautiful

stretch of the James River, but it only reminded some that Richmond, too, was on the banks of that historic stream. The blooming thing was too shallow to swim in off shore and to fish, well, the danger one incurred in going that far from camp when orders *might* come. As we later learned to say, it was "pas bon" for an officer to even want to go fishing, though some daring spirits improved the mess by bringing in some croakers and spots.

A whole week of this was rapidly coming to a close without relief. After a very decided piece of insubordination on the part of the then very timid adjutant, a party was arranged at the Chamberlin and Old Point Comfort once more earned its title. Wives and husbands met in a joyous festival of something one could really eat, where flies were exiled and strains of sweet music filled the air in contrast to the groans and muffled swears of impatience at Camp Hill that had run the barometer of the *esprit de corps* of Base Forty-Five to a cloudy position on the sixth day which had dawned without hope.

Then, just to put it over Camp Lee, orders came on the seventh day to depart, not at 3 o'clock, but at 2 o'clock in the morning. Forward March! The word had come for us to get on board, to take our feet off the sacred soil of our consecrated land, next to place them on the blood-stained soil of wounded France, where we would bend our efforts to move the oppressor's heel. What would our part be? What sacrifices would it entail? How many years or months before we would return and of our little band how many of them would find their graves among the ships which had so valiantly set sail for these same shores that were our objective, but which had never reached the goal? How many of our number would be the victims of enemy gun or bomb from the sky or would make his sacrifice in a more unromantic death from disease before the end of all the horrors of war should come?

Silent and solemn thoughts passed through the minds of most of those who had for the first time really met the fact face to face of going out to encounter the dangers that beset both sea and land. So far as the records show there wasn't a man among them who would have foregone the chance to offer himself to the cause had the opportunity presented for turning back, even with the most alluring hope of reward on the safe side of the Atlantic.

First Lieutenant Quintus H. Barney, M. C., detachment commander, was the first aboard and then the men all filed past the checker who held that Jonah of previous days, The Passenger List, to see that none but the elect might go up that straight and narrow gang plank and that such elect had all their records just right as did attest our worthy personnel officer, Lieutenant Charles Phillips. The officers quickly followed the men on board and each was given a stateroom number. Having located that and placed our luggage we went to see what had become of our men. None were apparent on deck and so, picking up their trail here and there some of us started *down* to look them *up*. Down, down, down, the first on board to get the best sections! Right on down, below the water line, below the air line, below the line of least existence. Right to the bottom. The first on board! Just like any cargo, the first must go farthest down to make room for the rest. Horror of horrors! How were the men to exist like this? They didn't know, nor did we, and how they did do it nobody knows to this day, except that just as often as possible and just as long as possible, they got out on the decks and stayed there.

Were we going by New York and could we get off for a day or so? You don't know the army traveling with the navy. We put out about 2 o'clock, due south! Were we going through the Panama canal to Siberia? Then due east, due north, due east, due south again. We were zig-

zagging already to dodge the submarines! The second day out there were life boat and ladder drills to practice up for the danger zone. And all the while instead of the proud Sam Brown belts we were wearing a combination, in high state of perfection, of a bustle, a baseball breast-protector, straight-jacket, life belt, swimming belt and worst of all Polar region sleeveless jumper. If you were found without it you were put in the brig until you learned that on board ship in those days there was something that must stick closer than a brother or a shadow or even your perspiring underclothes.

By finding a spot on deck before dark and getting there directly after supper you were able to get along all right until sleep forced you to retire. But how to get to your berth? Dark! Not a light, not a match, not a flashlight, one was even afraid to call out very loudly for fear of setting off some sound detector in a subway down below. Down the steps you'd stumble, bumping into colonels, commanders, majors, privates, waiters; apologizing profusely to a colored sailor and swearing at the naval C. O. who only added another check to his already full vocabulary on army officers' intelligence. The second night you congratulated yourself on finding your room in half an hour and then, the morning of the third day. What was that, a mine, a torpedo? Was everybody else off the boat already but you? Why had no one waked you? There were the alarm bells ringing incessantly and scurrying of feet *overhead.* None around you. Everybody was already on deck. You jumped up, slipped on your trousers and blouse more hurriedly than ever a reveille had called you before. You reached the door "——," and many more remarks, you had forgotten that —— life belt. You reached for it and there—there lay Jenson asleep. "Get up! Get up! The boat's struck and sinking!" And then you found the other two members of your apartment still in bed but fully clothed.

Now all were out of bed and the four of us started on deck. Darkness, complete in every detail. Where were we to assemble? We arrived at an exit to the top deck and heard harsh tones just outside which sounded familiarly like the C. O. of troops on board ship. We stepped out just in time to hear him say, "Gentlemen, this is very poor exhibition of the life drill. You'd all have been drowned if anything had really happened. Tomorrow morning at 3 o'clock there will be no bell sounded, just a whistle blown in the corridors and you will report more promptly. Wait here until half an hour after daylight and return to your rooms."

The thing became more orderly and you rather expected it each morning. You gained consciousness sooner now and knew that it was "just for fun" you did this, just for fun that you got up and spent half an hour before and after dawn watching the stars fade out and the sun peek over the eastern horizon. Each morning you panted up to the "port side, forward of deck B," and saluted Major McGuire, who shortly reported, "All here but Nelson." We would turn our attention to watching the rapid assembly and checking of the men on the various decks in their allotted positions in a remarkably short time. Many of the men only rose and stood where they had slept, for some of them had found a blanket on a plank deck in the fresh air better than the canvas rack on which they were privileged to lie in a temperature that might be registered by a thermometer in degrees of heat, but could never be registered by any instrument as to the stuffy, close, ill-smelling, humanly-congested and rolling sensation that one found in the uttermost depths of the ship. There were not a few whose stomachs revolted and peculiar to the breed, especially in the hold of a ship or even on an airy deck, mob action results and when a noble spirit is found to lead the "charge to the rail" there are any number of quick followers.

To those who had been across before the absence of light, of music, of promenading, the delicate dishes and impromptu offerings of the stewards were all strangely lacking. To those who had never been across as well as to those sophisticated ocean mongers, the quiet nights on rolling waters, disturbed only by the constant vibration of the ship and the swirl and swish of waters about the stern or the slapping of the waves against the prow, were all curiously lacking in what seemed a most essential element to make it all that one had dreamed or read or thought about an ocean voyage. Old men, young men, middle-aged and youthful there were, but alas, not a woman on board! Wasted moonlight, wasted rolling of the waves across whose capping tops there ran the silver road to the great luminous orb that rose out of the depths of the waves in front of you, or sank behind you in the direction of your memories and fondest thoughts.

Days and nights passed while Captain Fravel argued that if we could just get up to the top of the hill which was always in front of us and which we seemed always to be climbing, he would feel encouraged. For three days the report spread that we were three days from land and it indeed seemed strange that we could go on and on and continue to be three days from land. But our morning rendezvous became more and more interesting. We were in the danger zone. Anything was possible. Anything might happen. The strange, toy-like destroyers that had come to join our great protector who, proud dreadnought of our high seas battle line, had led us through those lurking waters in such safety, held our attention for hours as we admiringly watched them circle about us, darting off from time to time to give the once-over to some craft of suspicious appearance, or zigzagging about in their courses to pick up any possible clue of a sub that might dare to dart in among those ten great carriers of precious lives and

claim a victim. Such was our confidence in those M. P.'s of the ocean that we lapsed into a state of security of feeling that was not once disturbed during our whole voyage. The early morning drill had its feature in the even voice of the colored private who, stationed near our post of assembly, never lost his modulated tone or became hurried with excitement as he sang out melodious and monotonous, "Company A, Five Seventeen," and as we stood there listening to him calling his comrades to their post we often wondered what his actions would have been if it had been necessary to assemble "Company A, Five Seventeen," in a more hurried manner.

No boxing or wrestling or other athletic sports were allowed to distract the men, as it was not wise to gather a crowd together on decks for fear of congestion or panic resulting from a danger signal. Every precaution possible was taken and the patience of the naval officers with the army officers and men is certainly to be recorded to their credit in the courteous treatment and forbearance we found and experienced.

One beautiful afternoon we were told that land would be in sight on the following morning and as we hurried out on deck in answer to the bos'n's early whistle we saw a light in the distance, disappearing and reappearing and we knew that France was not far off. We stayed this morning long after the required half hour of daylight and were rewarded by the sight of the shores we sought so eagerly.

Some of us went below to catch a bit of needed sleep and waked later in the harbor of Brest, which lies well within the shelter of high hills. Our faithful destroyer guardians were gone and we had a closer look at the other members of our party whom we had so keenly searched with glasses before we became so closely acquainted. Waiting outside the inner harbor for three hours we were finally towed inside the rock breakwater, moored to a landing and

about 3 o'clock on Sunday, July 21, 1918, Base Hospital No. 45, intact, except for its nurses, seventeen extra officers, equipment, location and buildings, disembarked on the shore of France to experience such events and happenings that none of us dreamed about, but toward which all of us looked with a zeal and anticipation that is only measured by the story of the accomplishments in spite of the discouragements such as the rest camp at Brest to which we marched from the dock.

THOMAS C. BOUSHALL.

New York to Liverpool

AFTER hanging in midair for several days, hearing divers rumors as to when and on what ship we were to sail, the assembled nurses of Base Hospital No. 45 at last received their orders, and on Friday morning, August 23, 1918, set out from Hotel Holley, New York, for pier 59. There we found ourselves, at noon, boarding the S. S. Adriatic of the incomparable White Star Line, and not the Leviathan, as rumor had promised us. The day was hot and humid, and we spent the afternoon rambling about or sitting on deck watching the passengers come aboard. I think we all were greatly pleased to find our ship was carrying civilian passengers and that ours was the only unit on board.

At 8 o'clock the following morning, we hoisted anchor, slipped down the river in the wake of two other British ships, the Cedric and Alsatian; past the Leviathan lying at dock at Hoboken, and on down past the Statue of Liberty, where we began to pick up our convoy, just off Fort Hamilton. We had in all twelve ships, gaily and fantastically camouflaged, and were escorted by a cruiser, a torpedo-boat destroyer, and a blimp towed by a light cruiser. The entire convoy was said to carry some 45,000 troops, the Adriatic having on board 2,200 or thereabouts. The scene before us as we picked up our places and set sail across the ocean, was a most picturesque one. Owing to the piratical Huns' undersea operations off the American coast at this time, every precaution was taken during our first three days out. All doors, windows and portholes were kept tightly closed, and every passenger was required to carry his life

belt at all times. The weather was warm, and the "shut-in-ness" of the ship kept us all very uncomfortable.

On Sunday we were still warmer. The increased heat, and later the appearance of flying fish and furrows of phosphorus in the ocean at night, pointed toward a southerly course. A short service was held this morning, in the lounge, directed by the Y. M. C. A., of which were fifty members on board. In the afternoon, Sir George Adams Smith, one of the divines of Aberdeen, spoke a few words to our boys. His address was very simple, yet direct and forceful, and held the attention of all his listeners. At its close, with the lead of the Y. M. C. A. quartet, we sang again.

Monday was a really tropical day, and as few of us had slept at night, owing to the closeness of our cabins, we spent its hours nid-nodding in our steamer chairs. Evening brought us a little more air, a very fine moon and a comfortable time on deck.

Tuesday was a clear delightful day and with our windows and portholes opened we all were quite comfortable. In the morning after roll call, which came always at 11 o'clock in the reading-room, and during which the nurses and civilians of 45 sat about on chairs or on the floor, we were addressed by Mr. W. Perkins Bull, K. C., of Perkins-Bull Hospital in London. He told us much of interest of the war work carried on there. In the afternoon, all American and British officers and others, and all organizations on board, were invited to meet in the lounge for the purpose of becoming better acquainted, and the head of each was asked to speak a few words. Dr. Thomas, of the Ohio State Agricultural College, represented the Agricultural Mission, and told us a little of the work they had been sent out to do. Mr. Bok, of the Curtis Publishing Company, explained, as far as the censor would permit, the mission of the American editors; Miss Robertson outlined the organ-

ization of Base Hospital No. 45, and was followed by the directors of the American Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. workers, who gave a few briefs of the work they hoped to carry on. The other organizations represented were the Japanese Peace Commission and the Committee on Exchange of Prisoners.

On Wednesday, a clear, cool day, roll call was followed by an interesting talk by Mr. Home-Morton, engineer, of London, and president of the Rotary Club, who told us very modestly a little about the magnificent rôle that England had played in this great struggle. In the afternoon, after tea, Lieutenant Walter Marks, R. N. V. R., an Australian and a really remarkable story-teller, entertained us with anecdotes relating to his experiences with the British navy, in the North Sea.

Thursday brought us rougher water, cooler weather and some "pep." At 11 o'clock, Mr. Duncan Clark, of the *Chicago Evening News,* talked to us on war facts and gave a highly interesting and complete synopsis of the war, from the very earliest days. Mr. Carl Vrooman, assistant secretary of agriculture, in the lounge at 5 o'clock, made a few remarks in regard to the work that the department of agriculture had accomplished during the past eighteen months toward feeding the armies and civilian populations of the allied countries, and was unstinted in his praise of the support of the American people and especially that of the farmers.

By Friday the weather was much cooler and a heavy drizzle kept us mostly indoors. In the reading-room at 11, Mr. Vrooman met us after roll call and talked of the work that lay before us, and I am sure was a stimulus and inspiration to all of us. After luncheon, a committee was called of two American and two British officers, two civilians and two members of our unit, to arrange for the ship's concert. Later in the afternoon, Sir George Adams Smith

was the speaker in the lounge and gave to us his impression of the American people, gathered during his recent visit there, and was very pleasing in his rehearsal of them.

The following morning we were lost in a blinding fog which hung over us all day. Lieutenant-Commander R. K. Wright, U. S. N., entertained us right royally at 11 o'clock with tales of his experiences in Panama, during his United States consulship there. He told us most vividly of the wild and fiery uprisings in Venezuela, and incidentaly, that Edison chose as a name for one of his high-power dynamos, "Venezuela," for the reason that it made almost as many revolutions a minute as Venezuela made in a year. In the afternoon, Mr. Duncan Clark and Mr. Oulahan, Washington correspondent of the *New York Times,* laid before us some of the "tricks and manners" of the newspaper world.

In the evening we gathered in the second cabin saloon as guests of our boys who had arranged a concert for us. They had asked Mrs. Karl Vrooman, Miss Robertson and Mrs. Elinor Franklin Egan to say a few words to them. Mrs. Egan, war correspondent of the *Saturday Evening Post,* and the only woman allowed into Mesopotamia during the British campaign, told us most graphically of her experiences there. Her ease and charm of manner, her exquisitely colored word-pictures of the desert mirages, the river Tigris, the city of Kut-al-Amara and the picturesque Arabs, and her éclat, made her, easily, the most delightful speaker of all our interesting family. Of very special interest was her recital of the evening when as General Maude's guest, she attended a performance of Hamlet, given by the Arabs, in Arabic. She colored most vividly her description of the open-air court, and the stage gorgeously decorated with rich and costly Oriental carpets. It was on this night, at the conclusion of the play, that coffee and cold milk were brought and set before them on

an elaborate little table arranged for the purpose. Hers she drank black; General Maude poured into his a little of the cold milk, and you will recall, died within two days of a most virulent cholera. It has since been believed that on that night he was poisoned.

Sunday was still drizzly with a heavy fog hanging over us. As it lifted a little later in the morning, we were shocked to find that five of our ships were missing, and we really felt strangely lonely without them to look out upon. A mid-morning and an afternoon service were held in the lounge for those who wished to attend. Just about sunset our lost ships appeared on the horizon, and we found much of interest in watching them pick up their places again.

The following day was clear, brisk and delightful. We received orders early in the morning that we must again carry close to us our life belts; and we were put through a very systematic life-boat drill. I think that most of us spent that morning, up until roll call, tramping on the promenade deck. At 11 o'clock we were talked to by Professor George C. Creelman, president of the Ontario State Agricultural College and MacDonald Institute, Guelph, Ontario. His subject dealt with the present-day education of young women and laid before us a very comprehensive, thorough and well-balanced prospectus. In the afternoon all of the ship's passengers were invited to hear Mrs. Elinor Franklin Egan relate her experiences in Mesopotamia. While the members of 45 had already heard her, we felt it a real privilege to be able to hear the whole story again. Her audience was simply charmed with her and most extravagant in their praise. One of our English officers remarked later that she was "really *quite ripping,*" which incidentally is the very nicest tribute an Englishman can pay one.

Early Tuesday our hearts were made glad by the appearance of the British-American convoy, come out to meet

us. We had in all, about fourteen destroyers to guard our ten troop ships—two having left us, veering off to a southerly course, on their way to Bordeaux. Mr. Ouhlahan came to us at 11 o'clock and entertained us with stories of his early experience as a reporter, some of which were very amusing. We were still further entertained in the roll call room by Mr. Vrooman, dressing himself in his life-saving suit, that we might learn by watching him, the mode of adjustment. As a tableau vivant, he was very, very funny. I think, though, that most of us who looked upon his bulk, decided in our own minds, that, if the emergency arose, we would pass this particular style, for our smaller life belts. The chief event of the afternoon was a real and business-like boat drill. In the evening we had the ship's concert at 9 o'clock. This was largely vaudeville and quite entertaining. I think, perhaps, the "tid bit" of the program was a humorous sketch by Captain W. R. Knight, Royal West Kents. Captain F. W. Blackwell, too, was very amusing in "The New Officer Will Drill the New Recruits."

All were called up early Wednesday morning, and everywhere on board was a bit of a thrill, and much talk of our now being in the *real* danger zone, just off the Irish coast. When we learned that the boys had been up and dressed since 3 A. M., we felt that we, too, must take our places on deck as quickly as possible. We found that a large number of submarine-chasers had come to join us. Such lively little chasers they were; and, what a feeling of security they gave to us! Ever on the alert, they darted hither and thither, those in the outer circle looking like mere specks. As I stood on deck watching them, I wondered if any Hun U-boat commander could be so foolhardy as to provoke a test of their efficiency. About 9 o'clock we entered North Channel, and never shall I forget the quiet beauty of the scene that opened out before us: Scotland on one side and Ireland on the other, standing so

solidly there, with their delicate pastel colorings, and our ships converging into closer formation. Truly a wonderful flotilla! Later we heard that about noon we had sailed through the very water where only two hours later two merchantmen, without convoy, were torpedoed.

In the afternoon, in the lounge, we had an auction sale of the "Atlantic Oncely," a pamphlet of ship's news, published on the way over. Bill Rogers acted as our first auctioneer and quite delighted us with his breezy remarks. He was followed by Captain Blackwell, who, while not so entertaining, showed rather a keener commercialism, and sold his papers for very fancy prices. Many of these were autographed and realized such modest sums as thirty dollars apiece. The total aggregated between six and seven hundred dollars. The idea was to turn over this sum to the boys to be used by them to purchase cigarettes, candy or whatever they might choose. They wished—and I think no member of our unit will ever forget the sweetness and generosity of the thought—to turn over the sum, intact, to Base Hospital No. 45. We were very reluctant to even consider such a gift, but realized that a refusal would disappoint them sorely, so consented to take $500.00 to keep as a fund, in trust, that might later enable us to add in some small way to the comfort and pleasure of those of our boys who might be brought to our hospital in France.

That night about half-past eight, we dropped anchor, just outside of Liverpool, and knew then that we had reached a haven of shelter.

In reviewing the voyage, I feel that we must not overlook our evenings. These were spent usually in the reading-room or in the lounge, where we wrote letters, read, played bridge or just chatted amongst ourselves. Much enjoyment, too, was given through our exchange invitations for dinner. They were especially enjoyable in that they gave

us an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the different members of our big family.

When we appeared on deck the following morning, Thursday, September 5th, the docks of Liverpool lay before us, and off to the right the customhouse with its two huge stone Liver Birds looming up out of the English fog and drizzle. As I looked across at the other ships of our convoy, all safe beside us, I thought of the wonder of it all, and I thought of the grim, silent, watchful British and American navies, that had made possible so comfortable and so secure a trip, and I thought still further of what might have happened in the past four years had the British navy failed. Europe and America both would have been flying the German flag, or would have been trampled under the German hoof, as Belgium, Serbia and Poland have been trampled. The calm, unshakable dignity of the navy is, to me, one of the most impressive things in the world to-day, and is in keeping with its immensity, and the position it occupies in the government of the world. We cannot imagine it boasting of what it is, or what it does. That, under Providence, is its prerogative, the reason for its existence.

Edna L. Chappell.

III. Getting Together—

The great surge that was Europe in arms engulfed us. Among all these millions, and amid all this mighty activity it seemed impossible that the few who were our unit should ever make our puny voices heard. At Brest the main body of the organization still clung together and started inland, herded like cattle—as were all others who traveled so in those days. On the other side, the nurses presented an unbroken rank, as they, too, prepared to cross for service in the same field. But the seventeen wanderers, survivors of the Hwah-Jah, seemed swallowed up completely at Havre, where, after nineteen days of semi-starvation, they were eating themselves into a state of stupefaction, not enough, however, to dull the edge of their isolation. But somewhere a guiding hand still held the threads that drew us onward and at Autun those of Brest and those of Havre suddenly stood face to face. There, in the heart of France, we tarried—pleasant days, lazy days, days too placid with war all around us. Chafing and restless, we begged to go on—and went. Toul next—and last. Airplane raids, boom of distant cannon, ceaseless movement of troops, tremendous stir of a great drive about to begin. Nothing placid here. Work at last—endless work. In the midst of it, as, frantic with haste, praying for aid, we fought wretched odds to prepare for the oncoming battle, one hundred women marched through the gate and saved us—faces from home, loyal hearts, willing, tireless hands. All together now, as by a miracle—united, ready for whatever the future might hold.

Brest to Autun



O this is France!"

We walked the plank to France, looked around with wonder at the huge ships being rapidly docked or unloaded by barges, laughed at the tiny railway cars and engines, and filed along to our appointed place in a dirty, narrow street in Brest. Here we saw for the first time what boys and women could do in the places of men, for they were driving horse-drawn trucks, rolling wheelbarrows and loading freight. The smaller boys lined the street asking for pennies and singing songs, the favorite of which was "Hell! Hell! the Gang's All Here!"

The march to the rest camp soon began and visions of a good shower and a comfortable bed made the hike up the hill easy. The hill was long but nobody cared and led by the field officers we marched the three miles in good time. We did not get the shower and the beds turned out to be wooden slats two inches above the wet ground, and we soon found out that the "rest camp" was anything but "restful." The name, however, was soon explained by an enlisted man who had already spent two weeks within its walls—"Everyone would remember it the *'rest'* of his life."

The camp bore the name given to it by Napoleon when visions of invading England were in his mind—Pontanazen Barracks—and had been extended by our pioneers to include groups of tents in every available field (in which the mud was no deeper than six inches) within a radius of two kilometers. We were very fortunate, for to us was assigned a group of pyramidal tents just outside the old stone wall, with a Y. M. C. A. hut nearby and the entrance to the real

barracks, which was the center of all activity and departing trucks, not far away. We soon found, however, that the tents were put there for us to stay in, the Y. M. C. A. was "off-limits," the big gate was "taboo," and to all who had visions of trips to Brest the general confinement order was read and the departing trucks carried only our departing spirits. With remarkable morale the whole command settled back to our small area and guards patroled the borders to keep out sociable strangers and keep in those who wished to wander.

Major John G. Nelson rapidly rose to well-deserved prominence by appointment as sanitary officer for our section of the camp, succeeding an ambulance corps lieutenant who had been a lawyer a few months before. The major, as is his custom, was very busy. The mud was hopeless, for this country had always been wet and no amount of sanitation would ever make it dry, and the G. I. can problem was beyond his power and French to solve, but his energy was rewarded very close to our tents. Just across a narrow stretch of mud, on which there were no tents and which was therefore called a road, ran a small stream of dirty water over which was a large sign—"Polluted Stream, Keep Out." The sanitary officer quickly ran this stream to its source and found that it passed beneath the lavabo around a number of tents and came out of the hospital grounds through the famous stone wall. The lavabo was evidently placed over it in order to rid the soldiers of excess toothbrushes, razors, mess kits, etc., for in the stream there were hundreds abandoned by their owners in the shadow of the forbidding sign. A sanitary squad was detailed for the major and together they cleaned up the ditch and sterilized the salvaged material.

The newness of the situation saved us at first and as the days began to pass still other new things arose to occupy us. The officers found the way, via the bath, to visit the can-

teens inside the walls and then discovered Jeanne and her little shop outside the wall, where hard-boiled eggs, black bread and the best beer in France broke the monotony of "bully" beef and beans. On the third day Captain Baughman discovered Lambezellec and to this pleasant village many half-secret trips were made. During the last two days the lid to Brest was lifted and every one except two lieutenants rushed in to dinners and baths and new overseas caps, the latter of the standard "57 varieties." At midday we gathered for officers' call and in the evening by the twilight we had classes in French by our Canadian sergeant. These lessons were not very profitable for the time was short and we had advanced to the stage of "Dunna-mo" and buying books, when we were ordered to move. At a later date in Autun, however, the influence of these meetings resulted in the near-lynching of a very small red-headed lieutenant who suggested a similar enterprise.

During this same period the enlisted men were amused by reveille and mess and retreat, at each of which a junior presided, newly adorned by a Sam Brown belt and even the new cap when it was not raining. This routine was later broken by "setting-up" and sunshine hikes, both of which were usually rudely interrupted by the tri-daily rain.

At last the zero hour arrived. We had been warned that we might go at any minute or it might be several weeks. The enlisted men had begun in their letters to hear the roar of cannon from distant Chateau Thierry, and one officer, who was later destined to make the first trip to the front, had begun to sweep the shrapnel from his cot before beginning to snore—when the order came. It was about 10:30 o'clock Saturday night, just before dark, and we packed immediately. There was great excitement shared by the entire crowd, from colonel to buck private. The tents were carefully furled around the center poles in order that their ground floors might get thoroughly wet for the next crowd

coming in; a rapid police cleaned up all trash and removed the "empties," which had escaped the scrutiny of the daily inspection; the mess department, encouraged by a drizzling rain, slowly worked up a fire in their first kitchen and by morning served a meal which, due probably more to the environment than its quality, was more enjoyed than any that later came out of "the finest kitchen in France." The baggage trucks began to arrive and with them came an epidemic of sore feet, sick stomachs and lame backs, some of which were real but many due to the memory of the heavy pack and the long hill. As many as possible, both packs and men, were loaded on the trucks, rushed off into darkness and at the appointed early hour the march began. We started in the dark and as to our future we were as dark as the night; there was a rumor that a train was waiting, but it was only a rumor.

At daybreak we marched into Brest and with hatchets swinging and men singing passed by the long wall to the railroad yard and were introduced to the first troop train we had seen in France. Our train was a long one, for on it were to be placed a battalion of negro laborers, Base Hospital No. 47 and ourselves. The little "wagons" were there, labeled "Hommes 40, Cheveaux (en long) 8" and though there was some doubt of the meaning of the latter, all agreed that "Hommes" was intended for men, but very few were willing to believe that forty full-grown Americans would actually be put into those small cars. Whatever illusions of comfort they may have had were quickly dispelled as they were crowded into their places at the regular rate, packs and men, forty of each in every car. There was one "second-class" coach at the end of the train which was reserved for the sick and those attached to the quartermaster detail and these two parties were much envied by the ordinary soldiers. In addition to the men and packs, five days' rations were crowded into each car—loaves of

bread, cans of beans, more bread, "bully" beef and more beans. The spirit was very good except in one car where even the plain board seats were broken and the men and packs and food piled about without discrimination. In this car one man made quite a reputation by being able to sleep standing up; his record was six hours straight, but he was born in Italy and had probably had much experience in traveling by European methods.

Lastly, the officers waited calmly alongside for orders to board the first-class cars and while waiting suddenly realized that the French operators were about to start the train, so without regard to rank or dignity all piled bag and baggage into the nearest compartment, the train pulled out and the second lap of our foreign travel had begun.

Just before leaving we were surprised to see chalked on each of our cars "B. H. 45—Autun," and after getting settled and bringing out the maps, we located Autun, but even then we could hardly believe that such publicity would be given to the movement of an army organization. It was the first crack in our shell of secrecy and we could not understand for at that time "S. O. S." still meant a cry for help and had no relation to that part of the army which is allowed to talk, and G. O. 39 was fresh in our minds.

The train pulled out quietly and swiftly as French trains habitually do, but our luck was with us for all hands were safely on board. The first day was far from disagreeable—the men were crowded and uncomfortable but France was then very new to us and Brittany was really beautiful in spite of our first ideas derived from Brest and its immediately surrounding country. This was our first experience on a "Frog" train; we were surprised at the small size and light weight of the cars, but they stayed on the rails in spite of high speed and we were forced to admit that they could travel. How the small engine could move that long train has never been explained but to the "Hommes

40" in and around those little cars, the speed was very impressive. The train stopped frequently and at each halt the men swarmed off to stretch their legs and fill their canteens with water, usually from the source marked *"Eau non potable."* This habit of leaving the train was a source of constant worry to the detachment commander who each time was hurriedly dispatched to pack them on again. By noon the small stock of jam was entirely gone and when supper time came all hands were tired of beans. At this stage of the trip the men began to learn that "Eau Potable" was not the national drink of France, so at the stations trades were made for the "Vin" family "blanc et rouge," giving the white Q. M. bread in exchange. "The morning and the evening were the first day" and after dark we were switched to a side-track near Segre in the department of Maine-et-Loire, where the Red Cross had hot coffee prepared for us, and here we spent the night.

Early the next morning the cars containing the negro laborers were separated from our train and with Base Hospital No. 47 we continued our way. At Angers we were startled by a deep-throated whistle from a real engine and after rubbing our eyes several times we enjoyed the sight of a big Baldwin locomotive dragging along a train of honest big United States box cars. This train had come up from St. Nazaire along the splendid railroad which our own engineers had constructed and was the first of the many huge American preparations that we saw during these two days, for from this point all the way to Nevers, where the second night was spent, the whole country along the railroad was filled with warehouses, railroad yards, aviation camps and other construction; much of it completed but more being built by the negro battalions, Chinese laborers and frequently by the dough boys. This huge amount of construction impressed us with the work our army had been doing and gave to everyone a feeling of pride in the

tremendous accomplishments of the A. E. F. When we found later that this was the S. O. S. of which we were a part and realized that this war was not to be won in the front line alone, we did not feel "out" of it so much as the location of our destination had made us appear.

At Tours we were held up for a short time and while standing on the station platform saw our first wounded men in hospital trains fresh from the Chateau Thierry salient. It was particularly interesting that during this brief stop we saw and talked to French, British and American wounded on three separate trains. It was our first sight of the real effect of war and the stories told by these men stirred us as no other war stories had ever done before. Late in the evening we arrived at Nevers and sidetracked for the night. Here the men succeeded in procuring the French substitute for water which greatly relieved the fatigue of two very rough days.

The morning of the third day found us proceeding merrily on our way again, still crowded in the same cars. One of our officers who reads French well but does not speak it finished his book on "Jambons," half of which book had been read upside down by way of showing disregard of his critics, and proceeded to tell the story to his half-asleep companions. About noon we arrived at the small town of Etang, which will always be a pleasant spot in our memory, for here we crossed the trail of the Wandering Seventeen. Just as the officers were hurried on the train at Brest, so were they rushed off at the last minute at Etang and in the confusion of the separation, Base Hospital No. 47 rushed off with our personnel records. Our only efficient officer, however, was able to get them back very promptly. The hours we spent at Etang were very pleasant for the officers but somewhat gloomy for the men. The officers were able to secure a clean lunch and strolled around the town, where the inhabitants all remembered

well the detachment commanded by Captain Hodges, which had evidently created a big sensation three days before. The men immediately rushed to quench their thirst, but their fun was short for the crowd was dispersed and all assembled by the cars for an inspection which took all the joy out of life for many of them. It was astonishing to the inspectors the amount and variety of wines the French would trade for bread; it was also remarkable to the men that such good stuff should fall to waste along the tracks. All this was soon forgotten and another train pulled us out for a short last lap through a beautiful hilly country abounding in great white cattle, to the little town of Autun. We landed joyfully, with songs and cheers, for the trip had been long and tiresome and there on the platform were all of the "lost sheep"—as glad to see us as we were to see them. We were all together again; another stage of our great experience had arrived and—all was well.

CARRINGTON WILLIAMS.

THE VOICE OF A HOMME

Upon disembarking at Brest, after an impatient wait of five hours on the deck of the S. S. Aeolus, we marched up through the narrow, winding streets of the town—up and up, till we were well-nigh exhausted, through the lack of exercise on shipboard, till we halted outside the town on the land side. After a few minutes' rest, we again started on toward one of the largest concentration camps in France; namely, the Pontanazen barracks. Here we were taken to our "parking place," or rather our temporary French quarters.

We were very fortunate in being allotted tents with sleeping boards and quarters which were very near to the running water (as well as being near to a condemned

stream, into which we all succeeded in dropping most of our toilet articles, which we had to "leave lay," although one of our enlisted personnel insisted on rescuing his mess-kit which had fallen into the "River Styx," which name we gave to this stream of uncertain origin). The sleeping boards were greatly appreciated, as the first night it rained very hard, and a heavy fog set in from the sea, soaking the ground.

After a meal quickly prepared by the cooking force, we turned in at once, and most of us slept to the imaginary motion of the "Aeolus." In the morning we woke happy and eager to get off, for France held for us all a great and glorious future.

Our tents were large square affairs accommodating ten men, five sleeping on either side, with a central pole for clothing, "souvenirs-de-France," etc.

We had twelve tents, six on either side, forming a complete company street, which was kept well policed at all times by numerous details of men. A guard of six men on a shift, with four shifts, was at once posted, mainly to keep our men from purchasing "red ink" and other substitutes for drinking water, which was so very scarce. There are, to this day, certain spots "sacred to the memory" of a certain few of our men, as these same spots saved many a time, these same men, from the guards and from the M. P.'s. A hole in the hedge by the road, and a narrow crossing between two large rocks at the brook, were favorite places, through which certain of our long and narrow enlisted men could easily dive, and lay securely hidden from all offending eyes!

We stayed in these quarters for one week, and were allowed one hike a day, off into the country, either in the morning or the afternoon; and it would have been an easy matter to have hiked in the evening, as it was daylight up to 9 o'clock, and was not really dark until after 10 o'clock.

I remember one day in particular when we hiked out into the beautiful Breton country, to a chateau owned by an Italian noblewoman, a countess without an account, about whom we afterward learned from the caretakers. This being the first chateau we had seen in France we were all greatly impressed. The caretakers were very kind (so would I have been, had I been given "beaucoup francs," as they were, enough I am sure, to support them, for a year or more).

The chateau, a very old one, with a chapel on one side and conservatory on the other, was situated in the centre of a small park, with eight straight lanes of tall old trees on either side forming a most beautiful setting, and a pond in the rear well stocked with fat gold fish, and a real weeping willow on the edge. The peasants in the stable-yard greatly amused us all, and many of the boys helped them pitch the hay and beat out the seed pods from the fodder for the cattle. The chateau also boasted a dungeon, about which the peasants told us weird and interesting lies.

Upon our return to the camp we were told, much to our joy, that baths were to be "issued" to us the following day, and as we were tired of washing altogether and entirely from a mess-kit cup, we turned in early to prepare for the shock of the morning, which never came—that is, a "bathing morning." Our orders to pack up came at 10 P. M. and by midnight we were ready to leave. It was a most picturesque sight—a wonderful moon was full (and here I may add without reference to any particular person, so was most of the detachment). After all the equipment of the officers and men had been packed, the tents were furled, all in the moonlight with only a candle here and there for light; the effect was quite weird as well as beautiful.

By 2 A. M. we were marching back through the same narrow streets up which we came the day we landed, only this time we went to the freight yards, "with the rest of

the equipment," instead of the ship, and halted before certain freight cars allotted to Base Hospital No. 45. By 5 A. M. we were off in our "train de luxe," known throughout all France as "side-door Pullmans."

To this day most of us are wondering whether we would rather be 1 "cheveaux" (1 out of 8), or 1 "homme" (1 out of 40). I was favored to the extent of being 1 "hommey" out of 42. As every freight car is labelled "8 cheveaux or 40 hommes," we with forty-two in our car were even more fortunate, as the extra two men helped to keep us warm.

We rode and we rode and we rode, and I think would have been riding yet, had it not been for—well, that will come later. We slept on the floor, on each other, on the cross sections of the car and on the bread; in fact, on whatever or whoever was in the car. One non-commissioned "major" spent his entire journey across France on, in and among the loaves of bread. But through it all, three days and two nights to be exact, everyone was happy.

We reached Autun, in the province of Saone-et-Loire, at about 6:30 P. M. on July 30th, and by 8 P. M. we were marching up into the beautiful old town, toward our new home—a monastery eight hundred years old, called recently by the French, "Caserne Billard." On our way up through the town we halted in the square, for rest and breadth, and as we did, the cathedral bells rang out "huit heures" just as the sun was setting over the high hills beyond; this, together with the people who lined the curbs and clapped their hands as we passed, made a lasting impression upon us all. As we were among the first American troops to be stationed in Autun, the people were keenly interested in our arrival.

As we entered the court-yard of the monastery and saw the beautiful old buildings built in a quadrangle, surrounded by a high wall, with a wonderful garden at one end, we thought we had found at last a comfortable resting place, and a temporary home, and we truly had. After a few

days' rest, we started to turn the old high studded and wainscotted rooms, as well as the specious corridor porticos and alcoved halls, into wards. Within a short time the place was transformed, the buildings as well as the grounds were thoroughly "policed," and all in excellent condition.

The town of Autun was peculiarly interesting, owing to the remains of ancient architecture still left standing, including about one-half of the city wall, with two of the gates, the temple of Janus, a Roman amphitheatre, and many monuments. These were of piles of rocks, mostly peaked-shaped, and very picturesque. Some nuns were in charge of part of the main buildings, the chapel, etc., and spent portions of the day walking with the war orphans under their charge, in the beautiful old flower, fruit and vegetable garden inside the monastery walls, feeding rabbits and doves in the square near the sundial.

Our barracks on the fourth floor of the main building were very airy and afforded a beautiful view over the town and across the valley on one side, and on the other directly overlooked the foothills of the French Alps.

Just as we were becoming quite well acquainted with the people and the surrounding country, and at the time that most of the officers and enlisted men thought they were really beginning to think in, as well as speak, French—our orders came to move, and as usual, under the same conditions, there was a great excitement and arguing, as to where we were bound.

Some said Toul, some Tulle, and others Tours, and not until on August 20th at 5 A. M., when we were really under way, were we quite sure. We reached the "gare" and found our carriages on the "train-de-luxe" marked in large white chalk letters "TOUL."

NEWELL VAN DERHOEF.

AUTUN

Lying among the picturesque foot-hills of the C'otc d'Or, Autun, hoary with age and yet a favorite resting place for the jaded Parisian of today, presented the most pleasing aspect of French life with which we became acquainted. The countryside is beautiful. The town itself, with its narrow winding streets, its towering cathedral spires, monasteries hundreds of years old, its curious commingling of the distant past with the immediate present so that there seems no interruption between the two, is a type delightful to recall but difficult to describe. The place is very ancient. In the days of Augustus Caesar it was named Augustodonum, in his honor, and here was once staged for the entertainment of this monarch, the greatest massacre of Christians known to that day. The ruins of the coliseum, with its dungeons for the unhappy victims and its pits for the wild beasts, are still there. So also are dozens of other historic piles, sweeping reverie back a thousand years and more. The people are kind, hospitable, and cultured. In our short stay here we made many friends from whom we parted with real regret.



Public Square at Autun, Looking Toward Cathedral.



Street Scene Showing Ox-Team and Driver.







Corner of Base Hospital No. 45, Showing Clock and Belfry.



Walkway and Trees in Grounds of Base Hospital No. 45.







Street Leading to Cathedral.



Entrance to Base Hospital No. 45.







View of River—Roman Arch in Distance.



Group of School Children.







Remains of Ancient Roman Arch.



Peasants and Their Donkey Carts.



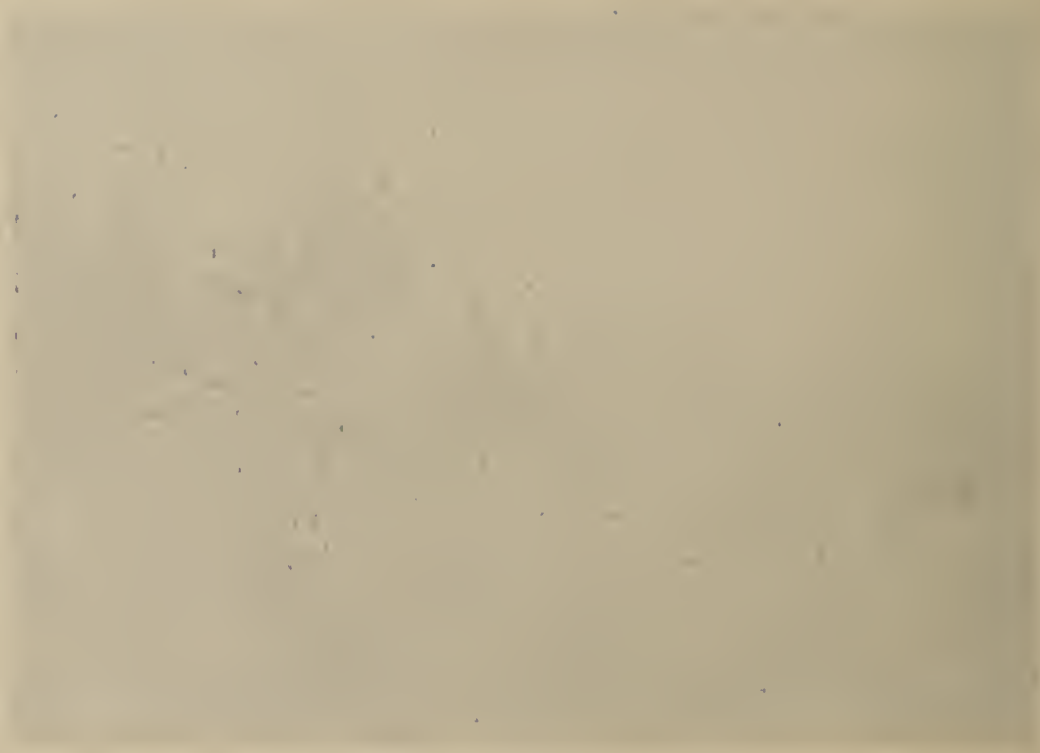




Ancient Wall and Towers.



Interior of Temple of Janus.





Autun to Toul

THE seventeen officers who had crossed on the Hwah-Jah, arrived at Autun on Sunday evening, July 28th, with orders to report to the commanding officer of Base Hospital No. 45 at that place. But there was no one at Autun from Base Hospital No. 45, although there was a camp hospital which had been expecting our organization to relieve it. Two days later the remainder of the officers and the enlisted men, headed by Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, pulled into the town.

Our first impression of the place was a very pleasing one and lasted throughout our entire stay. Autun, in the province of Saone et Loire, is in the foothills of the C'ote d'Or, a small mountain range, and although we were there in what would have been our warmest season in the United States, the weather was cool and pleasant, with very little rain. The old walled town dates back to the days of Augustus Caesar and was originally called Augustodonum, and there were many relics of the Roman era to be seen in and about the place. As we were not very busy while stationed there we had ample opportunity to inspect the coliseum, the Temple of Janus, and all the other ruins in the vicinity.

The building we took over for Base Hospital No. 45 was situated about a fourth of a mile from the center of the town, at the top of a winding hilly street, and was originally a monastery. At the beginning of the war the French used it as a barracks and then more recently as a hospital, before turning it over to our government. Two days after our arrival, the personnel of the camp hospital moved out and

Base Hospital No. 45 was now officially at Autun in the intermediate section of the Service of Supply.

The camp hospital people had cleaned the place and had started to make the old building into a hospital, but "45" began to get busy at once. Plans were made for operating rooms and wards. Beds were arranged, counted, re-counted, and equipped with the necessary coverings. Then after some days, when things were getting ship shape, it was seen that at the very utmost the bed capacity of the hospital could not be over 500. So that when our nurses would arrive, we would have a 500-bed hospital run by 37 officers, 100 nurses, and 200 enlisted men. Of course this state of affairs would not last very long as the army was in too great need of medical personnel, and we feared that if something was not done the unit might be broken up. Then we were told that another nearby building was being negotiated for with the French government.

Meanwhile Lieutenant-Colonel McGuire, then major, and Captain Baughman had been ordered away for temporary duty and observation to an evacuation hospital at Coulommiers. They returned on August 13th, full of enthusiasm and experiences. We in the hospital had practically been marking time. We had no equipment—very little transportation and very little to do. Then came word that we would receive 400 patients and great excitement ensued as to how we would care for them. We even went so far as to purchase gauze in the town and make pads and bandages. But the patients never came. Instead, one evening we received word over the 'phone that there had been a motor truck accident and that we should send out our ambulances. So six patients were brought in and there was great rushing about and fussing in attending to them. Just one month later we were smoothly admitting more than 600 a day, and evacuating the same number at Toul.

About this time it began to be noticed by the officers

that Lieutenant-Colonel Williams did not seem to be in good health, and not being a man of robust build his nervous condition soon became noticeable. He went to Tours about this time to inquire into the future of the hospital as it seemed to be a case of our unit being broken up or else moving to larger buildings.

Lieutenant-Colonel Williams returned with the good news that we would soon be moved up toward the front to a more active location and have a hospital to correspond to the size of our organization. But the stress and strain of the work and excitement of the preparations for moving seemed to be too much for him in his state of ill-health and after nervous days and sleepless nights he completely broke down and was confined to his room.

On August 17th, we were inspected by a colonel from headquarters, who said we were in very good shape and ready for work. At the same time it was thought best that Lieutenant-Colonel Williams be sent to the hospital at Dijon; and from then on, Major McGuire, very shortly afterwards promoted to lieutent-colonel, was in command of Base Hospital No. 45. On Tuesday morning, August 20th, at 5 A. M., there was heard the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of marching along the cobbled streets, and "45" was on its way to Toul.

We have many very pleasant memories of the little town of Autun. Aside from a United States signal corps office and some ordnance men, no Americans were there, and the people seemed to wish to make us feel right at home. Then, too, the officers were billeted either at the hotel or in private homes, and this personal contact made us quite well acquainted with the people. Who will ever forget the narrow, crooked streets, lined with the small quaint red-roofed houses, and who will ever forget the Hotel St. Louis, where we often went for dinner, and then afterward in the cool of the evening, sat at one of the sidewalk tables of the Cafe

de Paris sipping a delicious champagne fraise? Nor will we ever forget the feeling that stirred in us as we pulled out of the station bound for Toul—that at last after all those months of training and preparation we were really going to take an active part in the war and do something worth while.

We traveled all day and reached the large camp at Is-Sur-Tille, a few miles outside of Dijon, at 6 P. M. Here we detrained, were issued helmets and gas masks, and had a short gas mask drill. We had supper at a Red Cross hut and then slept on the train that night. You always do sleep on the railroads in France, whether you are in one of the famous "40 hommes, 8 cheveaux" box cars, or else trying to stretch out in a compartment of a second or third-class carriage, because you are always tired. Oh, for a Pullman sleeper and a white-coated darkey to say, "Yes, suh, lower 7 suh, make yo' berth up, suh?" We stayed in the railroad yards at Is-Sur-Tille until 1 o'clock in the afternoon and then started on, seeing more signs of activity the farther we went. We arrived at Toul at 9 P. M. on August 21st in pitch darkness, quickly extinguishing our candles as the military police called, "Lights out." This was our first taste of the advanced area where after the sun set everything was done in darkness, lest the Boche drop a few bombs from one of his buzzing Gothas. After detraining, the officers were taken up to the hospital in motor trucks and the men were marched there. About a half hour after our arrival, the sirens blew the warning that a Boche plane was near, but soon after the "all clear" sounded, so we were not further disturbed that night, and managed to sleep pretty well on the French beds in the Caserne La Marche, now Base Hospital No. 45.

Perry J. Manheims.

Liverpool to Toul

IT was on a disagreeable, foggy morning, the fifth of September, that our ship reached the landing-stage at Liverpool. For many members of the nursing personnel of the base hospital the voyage had been most delightfully interesting; nevertheless, we were all glad to see land again, even through the mists and fog of old England.

The soldiers aboard the ship were first off—a proceeding that occupied many hours—and it was nearly 6 P. M. before the order came for each nurse-corporal to assemble squads and leave the ship in "squad formation." During the day each nurse had been given her rations—a large meat-sandwich, an orange, and an apple. We were all "present and accounted for" at the appointed time with everything except the kitchen stove in our pockets and on our arms. Truly we made a "moving" appearance as we tramped through some muddy streets to a railroad station, where we arrived somewhat travel-stained, but with real appreciation of the discernment of some Britishers along the line of march who were overheard commenting on our "smart appearance." This made us feel more at home and cheered us greatly.

At the station we were greeted by Red Cross canteen workers who were very friendly, with their cups of hot coffee, crackers and hardtack. Travel on land in this country is almost as uncertain as a sea voyage, but after a time a train drew into the station, we occupied the compartments reserved for us, and at the end of a short journey enjoyed

a good supper, as guests of the English government, at the Northwestern Hotel.

At 9 o'clock we left Liverpool and next morning arrived in Southampton rather earlier than we had anticipated, so that when our captain gave the order "squad formation" a very sleepy, disheveled company straggled out of the train. With some difficulty we "fell in," executed a "squads right" and gave the Southampton populace, also, an opportunity to admire our fine military bearing and "smart appearance." Curiously enough our arrival had not been heralded, and in the grayness of the early morning only the street-sweepers and a few cart-drivers witnessed our parade to the Southwestern Hotel. Here we were assigned to a rather dingy reception room where some chairs and divans were immediately occupied by weary nurses. Those who were not fortunate enough to find chairs, sat on the floor or turned to the wall for support.

After breakfast a large dormitory was opened for our use, and, as orders were against leaving the hotel, that dormitory was filled to overflowing in a very short time. In England and in France the hotel slogan must be "standing room only," but grim persistence in worrying the long-suffering office clerks almost to distraction procured comfortable rooms for a few members of our "company." Two of these fortunate ones, much elated because of having obtained a real resting place, cast aside their weariness, also their luggage, and slept. A determined knock on the door of their apartment some time during the afternoon and the anxious inquiry, "Are two American nursing-sisters within?" fully aroused their eagle-screaming propensities and professional pride. These two devotees of Rip Van Winkle were then informed that two American officers had been searching Southampton for two lost nurses and requested their immediate appearance at the office. Much consternation ensued, also a mental post-mortem, in an effort to re-

member some possible breach of military etiquette. That office seemed a long distance, but finally arriving, the soldiers made the startling announcement that the unit had left the hotel, some members of the personnel had already started for the shores of France, and there was barely time to catch the last boat crossing the English channel that night. But those nurses proved themselves good "sprinters," and were safely on the boat before the Lieutenant C. N. arrived from her fruitless search.

After leaving Southampton the personnel was divided into three groups, one in charge of the chief nurse, another chaperoned by the First Lieutenant C. N., and the third section assigned to the Second Lieutenant C. N. The earlier incident of the day must have left an extremely nervous impression on the mind of our second lieutenant, for though roll call was in order before the narrow plank to the boat could be crossed, it was called again after we had, to all appearances, gone safely "over the top." Then at frequent intervals, pursued from the upper deck to the lower and vice versa, we were admonished to "stand in a straight line" while that inevitable "roll" was called. Not one of us had an opportunity to fall into the channel or even meditate upon any mild adventure; we just stood in line and "owned up" to our names until we were safe in the clean, white beds of that hospital ship, and it may be recorded that at intervals all through the night could be heard faint murmurs of "present"—"here," and anon, a great sigh of contentment from the second lieutenant's corner.

The division in charge of the first lieutenant arrived in Havre early in the morning, September 7th, and were taken in an American Red Cross ambulance to the Hotel Grande Moderne, a place even more dingy than the English hotels. We had a very good breakfast on the ship and after finding a resting place for our luggage we spent the morning sightseeing, changing our American and English money to

French coinage, and shopping. By midday we had been joined by the division in charge of the second lieutenant, also by a military escort, one lonely young lieutenant, whose duties, assigned by the military authorities, appeared to be "courier-in-chief" to our final destination. Figuratively and literally he was "the only pebble on the beach," but he was no coward and stayed bravely at his post until the journey ended.

After our morning exercise we were hungry enough when dinner was announced and we were taken to a small, unattractive room containing one very long table and three small tables, all of them well decorated with American flags—a friendly greeting that was really appreciated. It is to be regretted that we left with this cordially-inclined French hostelry such a mistaken impression of American "table manners," but true it is that in our minds hunger must have been uppermost for we waited not whate'er the future might bring but promptly devoured the entrees and relishes before us and were somewhat confused and dismayed when, some moments later, a real dinner of soup, fish, meat, vegetables and dessert appeared. The French bonnes' must have been electrified by the enterprising methods of some of the American nurses.

At 6 o'clock we collected our luggage for another night's journey nearer our base. The inevitable "roll" was called, "all present and accounted for" and we were handed, or pulled, up into army trucks and rattled to a railroad station, with only the very meagre information that our train would leave Havre for "somewhere" at 8 o'clock. Through the long night we watched the signs over the stations as the train crept along, hoping to discover some clue to our destination, but finally resigned ourselves to the cold and darkness of our compartment. At every station there were many French soldiers with their packs and kits crowding the one narrow passage and desiring to share the already filled

compartments reserved for our nurses. Rations for several days had been issued to us at Havre and consisted of large loaves of white bread, canned peas, beans, some jam, canned corned beef and salmon—the latter popularly known in the army as "corn-willie" and "goldfish." These rations were thrown in one corner of the coach though under the watchful eyes of some members of our "company."

Even during these strenuous times we had much enlivening conversation and amusing incidents galore. Our real excitement came, however, when a drunken French soldier attempted to enter the compartment occupied by our chaperone and several other nurses, the chaperone protesting, in perfectly good French, and assuring him that the compartment was reserved for American nurses. Of no avail were her gentle protests; the man had spied the good white bread and other edibles and desired to satisfy his hunger with our rations. Our long-suffering Lieutenant C. N. finally became exasperated by his persistence, gave up all idea of French conversation with the intoxicated one, and, when he would have assisted her into the compartment, she told him in most emphatic English to "take your hand off my arm, don't touch me!" He understood not a word, but his maudlin eyes again beheld the many loaves of white bread and demanding a "couteau" he started in the bread direction. For a few wretched moments we had visions of that man with a "couteau" and we did not come over here to die by the knife in the hand of any Frenchman. Fortunately for us the knife was not forthcoming and our tipsy fellow-traveler soon subsided on the floor just outside our Lieutenant C. N.'s apartment, where, much to her disgust, he would occasionally try to interest her in a game of peek-a-boo with the curtain, until sleep finally overcame him and we spent the rest of the night in comparative peace.

Many had been the conjectures as to our destination, and as we traveled only at night and knew not at the beginning

of each journey whither we were bound, so there was great surmising as to where each moon would find us. Great was our rejoicing when we discovered ourselves near Paris—not the Paris of former days, always gay and bright, but now shrouded in darkness by night and a certain sadness by day—though ever Paris of so many varied interests.

We hurried from the train and were once more pulled up into army trucks, most of us calmly resting on our luggage and silently wondering if we could ever be hungry enough to eat the rations that persistently followed in our wake from place to place. After a rough ride over the very cobbly cobble stones of Paris we were unloaded before the Y. W. C. A. quarters in the Rue Caumartin, were cordially welcomed by the hostess—our rations being deposited in the courtyard meanwhile—and given some food in a very cozy breakfast room. Some of the nurses were made comfortable in good sleeping apartments, and as we were to have the whole day for our own, several of the group found "quarters" at the Hotel Vouillemont, where we had a fine rest during the morning and early afternoon.

The day being Sunday, Paris was comparatively quiet, but we could see many interesting places, notably the Paris Opera House, one of the largest theaters in the world, covering nearly three acres of ground, the Louvre, Hotel des Invalides, the splendid Bois de Boulogne, the famous Arc de l'Etoile standing at the entrance of the Champs-Elysees, Cathedral de Notre Dame, and the very long drawn-out Eiffel Tower, the tallest structure in the world. We longed for time to see Versailles, but our next move was scheduled for 8 o'clock and the inevitable "roll" had to be called after we all collected at the Y. W. C. A. All "present" we again mounted the trucks—with the ever-present rations—and were taken to the train where compartments had been reserved for us.

That night began our "last lap" of the journey into

"no man's land." The train moved out of the dimly lighted station and we were soon in utter darkness, not even allowed to strike a match or use our flash lights, unless under camouflage, for we were now really in danger of shell-fire. A few hours after leaving Paris we had the first intimation that our base was already established in Toul and that we would be there too in the morning.

Our interpreter, a Frenchman who had been our "orateur" since we arrived on French soil, and our American lieutenant who had been our guide and "courier-general," were still with us and tried nobly to make us—and our rations—as comfortable as possible. All through the night our train crawled like some long dark body through some of the bloodiest battlefields of France, through a vast stretch of dead country pitted with shell-holes as though it had been scarred with smallpox. As we went on and on we could see, here and there, houses either leveled or in complete ruins, never a leaf or a blade of grass so far as our eyes could penetrate the darkness, and at every station many French soldiers, fully equipped and wearing their steel helmets, returning to the front, perhaps after a leave. How many of these brave fellows, we wondered, would ever return?

Of course we had been told all manner of hair-raising tales about the Huns trying to shell the trains, and about the possibility of a lurking airplane that would surely bomb us at the first "show" of light, so our flashes—among the most useful things that we have had over here—were given a rest for that night at least.

Early on the morning of September 9th the word was passed along that Toul would be the next stopping place and "O 'twas a joyful sound to hear." A rather tired and untidy group of nurses descended from the train, stood at "attention" in that everlasting "straight line" and waited further orders. Our Lieutenant C. N.—of the encounter

with the tipsy Frenchman—further distinguished herself by suddenly rushing off up the station platform. Of course, we did a "right face" and what was our amazement to behold her shake the arm of a very military looking personage and exclaim, "Do you see the train moving off, and our rations are still on that car?" But we knew that she was more astonished and confused when the "personage" turned and she saw that in her eagerness to recover our faithful rations she had mistaken this much decorated French general, as he stood with his back to us, for our more humble interpreter. She was brought safely to us, however—not put in the guard-house—and fearing we might get into some real trouble our lieutenant-guide and interpreter hurried us to the waiting ambulances. After a short ride we arrived at our base hospital where a real Virginia welcome awaited us, and we felt ready for any sacrifice, and happy because of the splendid opportunities ahead of us.

Helen M. Day.

TOUL

"The life of Toul goes back to ancient years. It was a settlement in the far-off days when the Romans were in Gaul—Tullum Leucorum, they called it. The first stones in the cathedral were laid in the tenth century, nearly a thousand years ago. The massive fortifications, high stone walls and sloping earthen ramparts, which, with their elaborate system of scarp and counterscarp, of moats and gates and drawbridges, entirely surround the heart of the city, were built by Vauban, the great engineer of Louis XIV. These fortifications are of no value in these days of long-range guns, but they are immensely picturesque. The most interesting and beautiful thing in Toul is the cathedral, though in strict accuracy it is no longer a cathedral, since the seat of the bishopric, which for twelve hundred years was established here, has been moved to the more modern but more flourishing Nancy. In the old streets of the town one can come across carved facades and quaint gateways and ancient looking houses which have come down to our modern times from their mediaeval years. But aside from its general aspect Toul does not hold a great deal of attraction now; and probably the normal life of its people is a good deal shrunken because many have moved away from a place which was so near the front."



Looking Toward Toul from Central Building of Base Hospital No. 45.



View Showing Walls, Moat, and Cathedral.



French Woman Washing Clothes in Moselle River.







Wall, Moat, and One of Gates to City.



Hotel of Chariot d'Or.



Hills as Seen from Window of Central Building.



Another "Gate" of Toul.



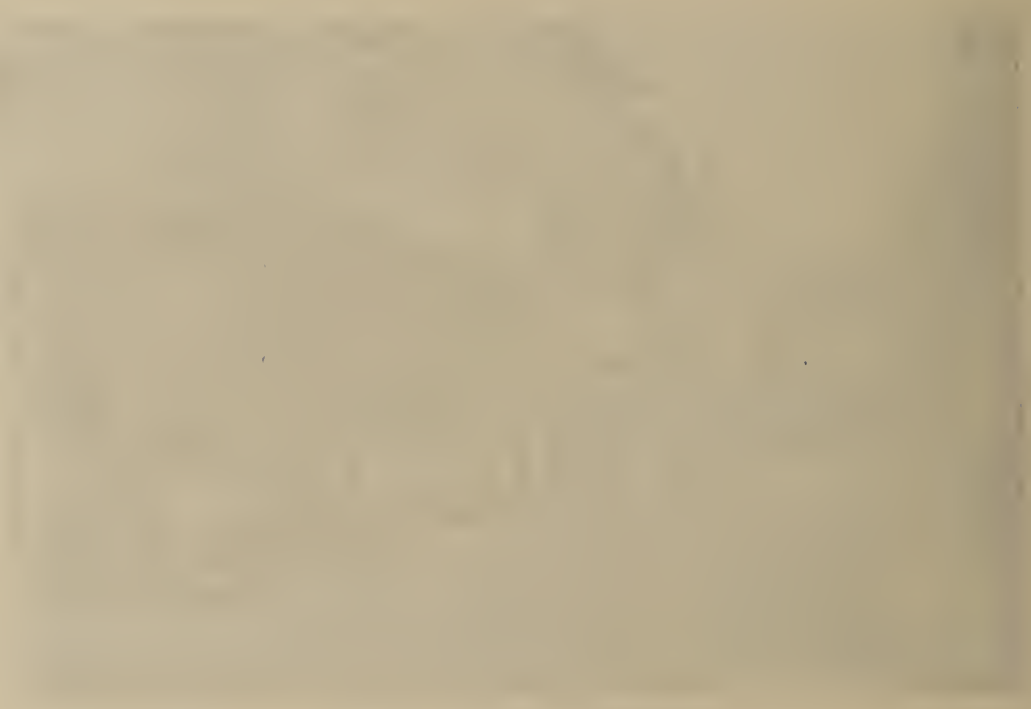
Group of French Children.

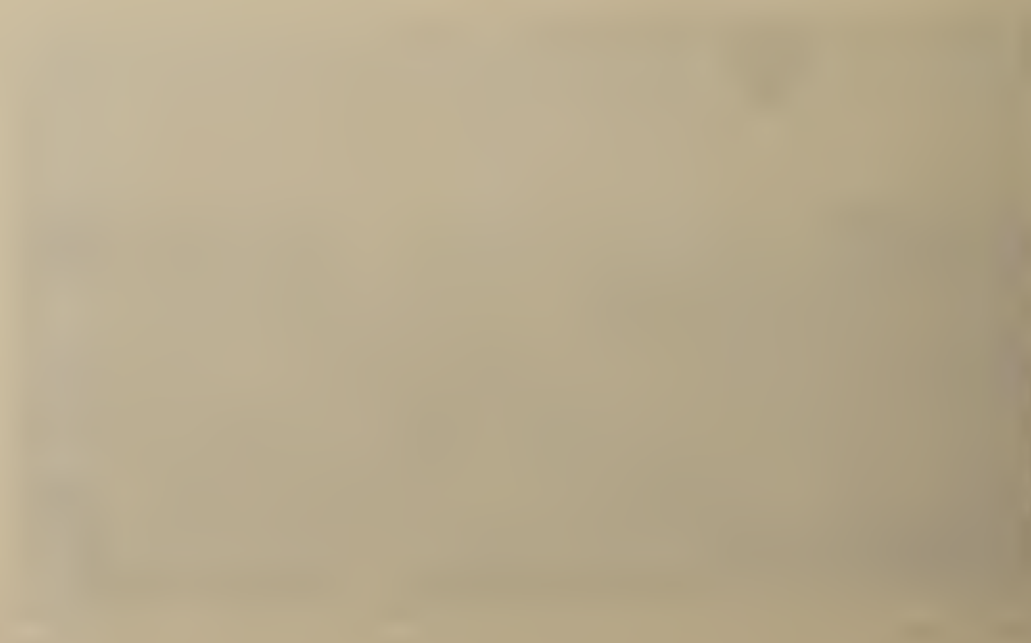


A Favorite Shopping Center.



Public Square With Kiosk Where American Band Played on Armistice Day.







Snow in Familiar Grove Outside City Wall.



Close-Up View of Cathedral Towers.



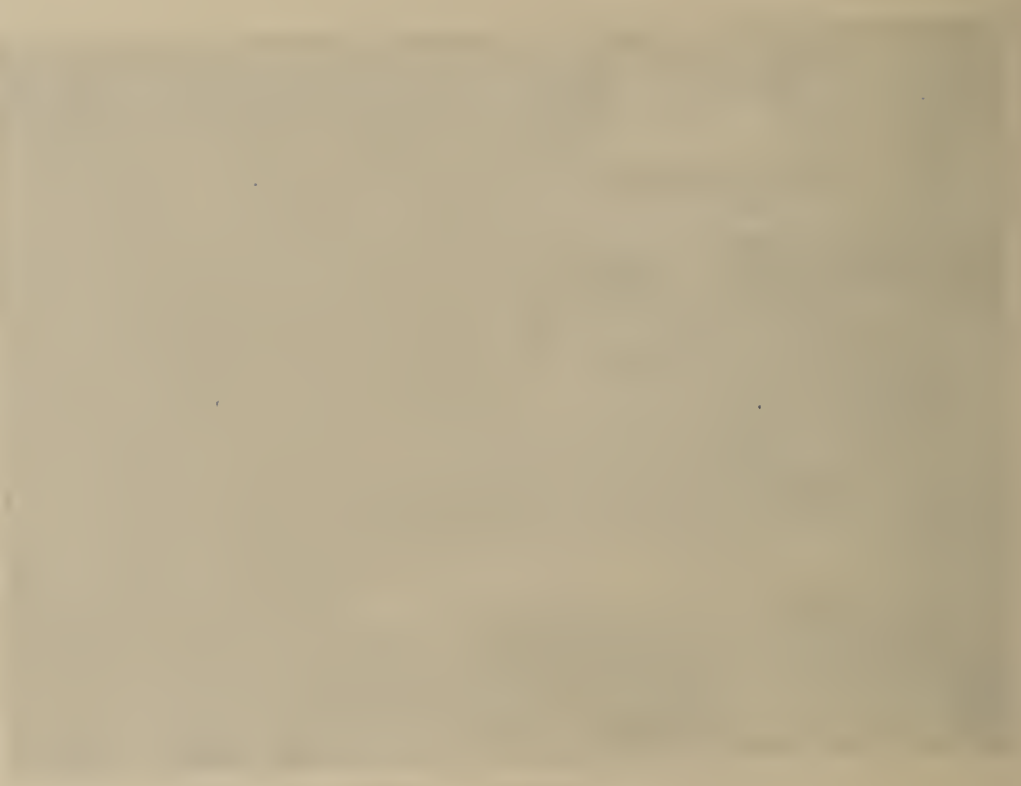




Interior of Cathedral.



Church of St. Gengoult.







View from Rear of Base Hospital No. 45.



Typical Street in Toul.



View Showing Canal and Depot.

IV. The Hospital in Action——

How we took a barracks and hammered it into a hospital is at first a dreary tale full of the woes of men in unaccustomed roles—willing but awkward in their essay into the strange realms of housekeeping. Then our women came and, stifling their smiles, set us and the beds and pots and pans and everything else straight. And left us with the rest—of which there was quite enough for the time. The Army makes no requests and accepts no excuses; it issues commands and expects compliance. A few miles beyond a battle was soon to begin. It was up to us as best we could to be ready in a week with 2,500 beds to handle the flood of wounded—and in the meantime, utterly barren of supplies and equipment, to care for 600 sick left on our hands. The memory of those days is burnt into our brains. We worked until it seemed that flesh and blood could stand no more—and then worked on. Now from the sky of the north came through the night the flash and roar of guns—and the great drive was on. An American army was over the top, into the belching hell of No-Man's Land. Back they came to us then—a bloody, crippled lot but real men if ever there were men on this earth. With a great thankfulness and a surging warmth of admiration mixed with awe, we knew then that our doughboy, in his first great test, had met the issue squarely and stood shoulder to shoulder now with anything the seasoned armies of Europe could produce. And as we saw him then—calm, stoical, clear-eyed and unafraid—we saw him always thereafter, and with pride claimed him as our own. After this a lull and then more of it, with the hospital stuffed and all its resources, human and material, taxed to the uttermost. So it went on, swaying back and forth, until one day the guns were silenced, and the carnage stopped, and the war was at an end. Then followed quieter times—dull and dragging and wretched times, with none of the stimulus of the fight to stiffen tired bodies and homesick hearts.

Transformation of Barracks Into a Hospital

IT was about 9 o'clock at night on August 21st that after a long and fatiguing trip on a troop train we reached Toul. As we landed on the platform of the dark station we were met by several officers who stated that they had been detailed to guide us to our new quarters.

These officers had arrived themselves only a day or two before and were eager to tell us of an air raid they had been through the previous night and to warn us against flashing lights or striking matches as it was about the hour the raiders usually visited this area.

Our officers were put in automobiles or trucks and our men formed in column in heavy marching order and we set off for our destination, which we were told was less than two miles distant.

We had not been on the road more than ten minutes before the sounding of the sirens and the ringing of the bells in Toul announced the approach of the Boche planes. Almost immediately the sky was lit with shafts from numerous searchlights and anti-aircraft guns on all sides of us began to fire at real or imaginary enemies.

The motor vehicles which were running without lights put on double speed to get out of the danger zone, but the enlisted men had to be hurried into dugouts by the roadside and kept there until the raid was over. Eventually we all reached the buildings we were to occupy. It was so dark we could not see much of our new quarters, so after feeling

our way indoors we lay down wherever we happened to be, most of us on the floor, and slept the sleep that comes from fatigue and excitement.

Toul is a strategic point of great military importance and a large garrison was always maintained there by the French government. To accommodate these soldiers a number of barrack buildings or casernes had been erected on high ground to the west of the city. These buildings stretched along on both sides of a road for a half mile or more. They were divided into separate units by high walls. Collectively they were known as "The Justice Group." Individually they had distinctive names.

We found we were in Caserne La Marche, which had formerly been occupied by the 153rd Regiment of the French army. The other buildings of the group were to be occupied later by American hospitals, but we had the distinction of being the first base hospital to be sent into the zone of the advance, and the first to be located so near the front. As we went into breakfast we saw aeroplanes over head, and as we ate we heard the sound of big guns only eight miles away. We knew that we had hard work ahead of us, and we were satisfied!

The grounds of Caserne La Marche covered about twelve acres and were inclosed by a high wall which opened on the road by a rather pretentious gate flanked on either side by a guardhouse and sentry box. There were three large barrack buildings at the northern end of the enclosure, one facing and the other two flanking a large open court which had evidently been a parade ground. The surface of the latter was scarred by zigzag trenches recently dug either for drill practice or for shelter in time of air raids. Besides the three main buildings there was another of considerable size which had been the infirmary. There were also numerous small buildings along the boundary wall used for kitchens, washrooms, latrines, stables and storerooms.

The barrack buildings were constructed of brick and

concrete and were four stories high, with a front of about three hundred feet and a depth of about sixty feet. Each building had six stairways that led from the first floor to the fourth. One stairway was at either end, and the other four divided the building into five equal sections, between each of which was a passageway and a small hallroom. Each section contained two barrack rooms, which in shape and size approximated the usual hospital ward capable of accommodating from twenty to twenty-four patients. There were no water or sewerage connections or provision for heat except small stoves, otherwise the buildings were admirably constructed for the purpose to which they would be devoted. We were told that after the buildings had been evacuated at the outbreak of the war by the troops then garrisoned in them, the French government had used them for a military hospital. When the Americans took over this section of the front there was no longer any need of a hospital by the French and they had been closed. Recently the United States government had secured control of them.

On our arrival we found that United States Field Hospital 355 had opened up one of the buildings and was then caring for about three hundred patients, with a force of thirty nurses and sixty enlisted men. Almost immediately the officer in charge sought an interview and said he had been notified that our organization was to relieve him. He told us someting we did not know before, which was that we were also expected to take over a contagious hospital then being operated by another mobile unit. This hospital was about a half mile distant and had three hundred and fifty patients suffering with diseases which ranged all the way from mumps and measles to meningitis

The officer was very insistent that we assume charge at once, but as according to our instructions, we had left all our equipment at Autun and as we feared his organization would take everything with it when it left, we insisted on being given time to look over the ground and make the

necessary arrangements to safeguard the proper care of the patients.

We had been told confidentially that this officer had orders to remain until he was satisfied we were in a position to handle the situation, but the assurance given us by this information was unfounded, because he left suddenly taking all equipment with him. This included hospital supplies, drugs and dressings, cooking utensils and even the kitchen stove.

Major Nelson and several other officers were put in charge of the professional care of the patients in the east building and Captain Fravel, with the necessary number of assistants, was assigned to the contagious hospital. For a day or two it was not a question of meals, but simply something to eat. Complete equipment was requisitioned, but nothing was immediately available, and officers, men and patients had to be fed out of such mess kits as could be collected with food cooked in dishes and pans bought from the scanty stock of the merchants in Toul. Everybody made the best of it, nobody really suffered and in a day or two we were on our feet.

Urgent telegrams began to come from official headquarters directing us to set up every available bed and get ready to care for at least 2,300 patients at the earliest possible day. Rumors were in the air of a big push which was expected in a few days. Fortunately for us it did not come off for nearly three weeks, or to be more accurate on September 12th.

The first plan of the general arragement of the hospital was afterwards refined, but not materially altered. The east building was to be for medical and gassed patients, the west building for surgical patients and the central building for the overflow from either of the first two. The executive officers of the hospital were to occupy the first floor of the central building. The officers were to be quartered in the infirmary, the nurses on the fourth floor of

the east building, and the enlisted men on the fourth floor of the central building.

The first thing done was to assign space for the offices of the commanding officer, the adjutant, the registrar, the quartermaster, the mess officer, the detachment commander and the chief nurse; also to designate quarters for the operating room, X-ray room, laboratory, dental clinic, eye, ear and throat clinic and receiving office. When this was finally accomplished in a way to facilitate and correlate the work as a whole, the various heads of the different departments were told to take the enlisted men previously assigned to the work of their offices and to clean and furnish the space allotted to them. The outcome will be described in detail later, but it may now be said in a general statement that a rivalry developed as to who should lead in speed and excellence that gave magnificent results. Windows were washed, floors and woodwork were scrubbed, shelves and partitions were built, and stools, chairs, desks and tables were either manufactured, salvaged, stolen or bought. In a few days the offices were adequately furnished and in operation.

While this was going on a large detail of men under Captain Geisinger, assisted by Lieutenant Carrington Williams, was at work on the wards preparing them for the reception of patients. These wards, as a rule, contained twenty-four low, narrow, black iron beds with wooden slats for springs. Felt mattresses to fit them and curious round pillows were found packed in storerooms on each floor. Everything was covered with cob-webs, and dust, and as buckets, brooms and mops were very scarce, the job of house cleaning was difficult. It was really work that needed women to supervise it, but our Richmond nurses had not come and those we had inherited from the field hospital were busy with the care of patients. Geisinger and Williams, while inexperienced, went at their task with enthusiasm. Bedsteads were taken down and the wards had their

walls wiped down, windows washed and floor scrubbed. Then the beds were put in position, the mattresses and pillows placed on them and the sheets and blankets spread. Each night a report would be made of the work of the day and each morning a telegram would be sent to the chief surgeon telling him how many beds were ready. In one week's time the required number of 2,300 was reached.

Two or three days before the ward cleaning and bed-making was finished a lieutenant of the engineering corps drifted into headquarters. He said his name was Jackson and he was located in Toul, where he had charge of the laundry, the ice factory, the gas plant and the electric light works. He said he was not busy and he came up to see if there was anything he could do for us. He was asked what he thought he could do. He said, "How would you like to have electric lights?" "What will it cost?" He laughed and replied, "That is a question never asked in the army." "How long will it take?" "Oh, about ten days." "Will any authority have to be secured or any obligation incurred in order to have the work done?" "No, indeed. It is a small matter. I will be here tomorrow with my men."

The work done was one of the greatest evidences of efficiency imaginable. The men wore the uniform of private soldiers, but they were evidently all skilled mechanics. They swarmed through the buildings, climbed over the roofs, hung out of the windows, and wires dangled everywhere in coils and loops. In ten days the job was completed and we had light not only from Toul, but also from a separate generating plant on our own grounds to be used when the main current was cut off during air raids.

And Jackson went off whistling without asking for a receipt or waiting to be thanked. It is said the French think he is a crazy man because up in the trenches he found a circular saw and salvaging the shaft and gears of an old mill he rigged up a combination by which he sawed wood with the power obtained from a truck whose rear wheels

he jacked off the ground. He was a true representative of American ingenuity and resourcefulness.

On August 29th just as we were about getting things straight Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Maddux, of the regular army medical corps, arrived. He called at headquarters and said he had been sent as the commanding officer of the group. He was evidently an old campaigner and soon established himself in offices of his own in the south end of the west building. At that time in addition to Base Hospital No. 45, there were also here Evacuation Hospital No. 3 and Evacuation Hospital No. 14. We had all been so busy that the officers of the different organizations had scarcely had opportunity to meet each other. Base Hospital No. 51 was soon to come and Base Hospital Nos. 55, 78, 82, 87 and 210 were shortly to follow.

Colonel Maddux was a Virginian, but had been a long time in the army. He was a hard driving, rough talking, but kind-hearted man, and an officer whose fairness and efficiency in time won our respect and admiration. He had seen service in the Philippines and more recently had charge of a hospital center in France. He was sent to get the Justice Hospital Group ready for the St. Mihiel campaign. He did it! He said when he left that he had expected Base Hospital No. 45 to give him more trouble than any other organization in the group, but he was frank to admit that the unit was his mainstay and he always counted on it to help him whenever he got in trouble. But if he entertained this notion during the early days he carefully camouflaged it, and he was free with his criticisms when things went wrong, although the fault was as often his as it was ours.

At the first meeting of the commanding officers at Colonel Maddux's office there were present representatives from Base Hospital No. 45 and Evacuation Hospitals Nos. 3 and 14. We were told that "Hell would break loose in about three days," and asked what we most needed. Base Hos-

pital No. 45 replied, "Nurses and equipment." It was stated that we only had the thirty nurses found here on our arrival, and that our equipment consisted simply of beds and bedding and a lot of antiquated junk left over by the French. We had requisitioned for hospital supplies, but nothing had yet come through. It was further said that we had a corps of one hundred nurses and six civilian employes which was on its way from America, or possibly already in France, and that we also had a complete and elaborate equipment furnished by the Red Cross chapter of Richmond which had been shipped to us and was then in transit. Colonel Maddux entered on the task of supplying our needs with energy and enthusiasm. His knowledge of local men and methods made him able to do much more than had been done before. He talked to every influential officer from a distance who visited his office, and he telephoned, telegraphed and wrote to various departments and headquarters telling of our necessities, detailing the importance of the work ahead of us, and urging assistance. As a result supplies began to come through, but best of all, we received the assurrance that as soon as our nursing corps reached France it would be sent to us intact and without delay.

On the morning of September 9th the nurses arrived. The battle of St. Mihiel, which was to begin three days later, had apparently been delayed for our special benefit, for we would have been swamped with the work that resulted if it had occurred before they got here.

Early on the morning of Thursday, September 12th, we were roused from sleep by the sound and the concussion of a barrage, the intensity of which it is impossible to describe. We knew the time for which we had been preparing had come, and we went to our various stations to await the advent of the wounded. The sights we saw and the work we did in the long days and nights that followed do not constitute a part of this story, which deals simply with the

organization and equipment of the hospital, but it is pertinent to say that Base Hospital No. 45 proved equal to the occasion. Ambulances were promptly unloaded, patients were undressed and put to bed, surgical operations were performed and medical treatments were carried out. Those able to be transported were evacuated, and those who died were buried. The kitchens furnished satisfactory food, the latrines were kept clean, and the grounds and buildings were maintained in a sanitary condition. Even amid scenes of horror and suffering that followed some of us found time to pause and watch with pride the machine we had created do its work.

About this time a letter was received from a government official which stated that our equipment had arrived and was then at St. Nazaire, but owing to the exigencies of the situation and to the fact that our needs had already been satisfied, it had been determined to turn the property over to the department of general medical supplies for distribution among other hospitals. The letter concluded with the statement that it was realized the equipment had been collected and paid for by friends of the organization and therefore if there were any special articles which were desired for personal or sentimental reasons an effort would be made to deliver them to us.

After consultation with Colonel Maddux a reply was written urgently protesting against the diversion of the property and earnestly insisting we needed every item of it. In conclusion, we said if our request for the entire equipment could not be granted we at least asked for the boxes indicated by the shipping numbers on the attached list. As may be supposed there was not much of value in the equipment that was not contained in the boxes designated.

Lieutenant Charles Phillips was selected for the diplomatic task of personally presenting this letter and making an appeal for the property. How well he succeeded in his mission was told by a telegram from him in which he said

he had secured authority to take over all the equipment he could locate, and he was on his way to St. Nazaire to take possession and convoy it to Toul. On September 21st he returned dirty, tired, but happy. By employing women as laborers he had loaded the property on a long line of French freight cars and in spite of an embargo had finally gotten it through to us. The entire motor equipment was missing, but otherwise the supplies were practically intact. That night and for many nights afterwards big army trucks were busy hauling the boxes from the station to our grounds. They made a stack as large as a house, and we were so glad to see them that we wanted to pat every one on its green corners.

We had furnished and equipped our hospital once, now we had to take practically everything out and replace the old stuff with the new. It would have been a hard job at best, and was rendered doubly difficult by the fact that every bed in the hospital contained a patient, but we undertook it gladly because we thought we were a wonderfully lucky bunch. Lucky to be in France! Lucky to be so near the front! Lucky to have lost none of our personnel or material, but to have officers, nurses, men and equipment all united at Caserne La Marche!

A detailed description of the hospital and all its accessories would involve too much technicality and consume too much space. In a way the plant was a little world to itself. The volume of administrative work was very large. Separate offices had to be set apart for the commanding officer, the adjutant, the sergeant-major, the registrar, the quartermaster, the chief nurse, the personnel officer, the detachment commander, the medical supply officer, the mess officer, the chaplain, the chief of the medical service, and the chief of the surgical service. There were three operating rooms, and separate quarters for the X-ray department, the dental clinic, the eye, ear and throat clinic, the laboratory, and the dispensary. There were also a morgue, a steriliz-

ing plant for delousing clothes, an incinerator, a laundry, an animal house for the laboratory, a guardhouse, a barber shop, a tailor shop, a butcher shop, one large and several small kitchens, a postoffice, a post exchange, rest rooms, a circulating library, a Masonic club room, and several warehouses containing subsistence, medical supplies, and quartermaster stores.

The rest rooms were very popular. Separate rooms were arranged for the officers, the nurses, and the detachment. In addition, there was in the central building a combination library and sitting-room which had been used by the French officers who preceded us at the barracks. This room and its contents did not come to us with the buildings, but by special agreement between the commanding officer of the base hospital and the colonel of the French regiment we were permitted to use them. Subsequently the room became a favorite meeting place for officers, nurses, and patients, and was also used for receptions, bridge parties, lectures, and medical meetings.

The officers' quarters were located in the dispensary building. The rooms accommodated from one to eight beds. The building was in good repair and was both comfortable and convenient for the purpose to which it was devoted. It had more space than was needed, hence one large room was used as a smoking-room and another reserved for visiting officers.

The nurses' quarters were on the fourth floor of the east building. The steps were an objection, but the location had the advantage of privacy, quiet, fresh air and a beautiful view of the surrounding country. The nurses slept on cots covered with floss silk pads and were each given an adequate amount of space in the large wards. There was a sitting-room for them on the same floor furnished by the American Red Cross.

The men's quarters were on the fourth floor of the central building. At first they slept on cots, but later by

army regulations they were put in double tier wooden bunks, each stack accommodating four men. They were given French felt mattresses and an abundant supply of blankets. They were very comfortable except for overcrowding, but this condition was overcome by allowing some of the bunks to be left unoccupied. Many hospitals had to put their men in stables or in tents, and the fact that our enlisted personnel were warm and dry was a great satisfaction to those responsible for their health and welfare.

While there was no plumbing in the hospital buildings proper, water was piped to various portions of the grounds. It was pumped from the Moselle river, was not always in sufficient quantities and was not safe for drinking purposes until it was chlorinated. The Lister bags in which it was sterilized soon became a familiar sight, and we got accustomed to the chemical taste that was given to it. The bathing facilities of the hospital were unusually good for France. There were tubs with hot and cold water in the dispensary building for the officers, a special bathhouse in the rear of the east building for the nurses, two bathhouses with showers for the men, and a newly constructed bathhouse for patients containing twelve white enamel tile showers. Truth compels the statement that sometimes owing to the lack of water or lack of fuel and sometimes on cold, raw days, owing to lack of courage, all of us were not always as clean physically as the description of bathing facilities might lead one to expect.

Latrine is a French word used to designate the French agent for collecting and disposing of human excreta. The subject is not a pleasant one to consider and those who do not approve of its discussion will kindly skip this paragraph. It is included because it presented one of the most vital and difficult problems we had to face and this history would not be complete without it. In France it is contrary to both public policy and statute law to dispose of feces by burning it, by burying it, or by emptying it in streams. Except in

certain large cities it must be collected and used as fertilizer for agricultural purposes. To accomplish this end iron cans are used as receptacles with seats above them. The cans are in compartments, the floor of which is at or above the level of the ground and this necessitates the seats being at such an elevation that they have to be reached by steps. The latrines at Caserne La Marche were built of iron and concrete. They were located at various points against the boundary wall so that the compartments could be emptied by wagons from the outside. As they had been designed to care for a large body of soldiers they proved adequate in number, and owing to their height they formed a conspicuous feature in the sky line.

When it is remembered that sometimes as many as three thousand people lived within our enclosure the importance of keeping these latrines clean and empty from the standpoints of both decency and health will be appreciated. At first there was constant cause for complaint and an interview was finally had through an interpreter with the head of the French company who had the contract to care for them. He was a very old, dirty and stupid man. After a long talk it was learned that he received no pay other than the commercial value of the product for his work, and that owing to the lack of demand for fertilizer because of the interruption to farming operations he was losing money and hence had lost interest in his business. An agreement was finally reached to pay him 75 centimes for each can he emptied and disinfected, and that his work would be checked up by a non-commissioned officer before the bills were paid. From that time on we had no more trouble.

For the hundreds of patients too sick to go outdoors or even to leave their beds special provision had to be made in the wards. With no running water this introduced one of the most serious problems in sanitation we had to face; much more difficult to solve than that involving the outside latrines. After much deliberation we finally devised a sys-

tem which, though crude, was effective, thanks to the co-operation of our enlisted men.

The wards of the hospital averaged about twenty-two feet in width and fifty-five feet in length. They extended completely across the building and were lighted and ventilated by windows in both ends. As there were no corridors running the length of the building it was necessary to pass through one ward to reach another by doors which opened at the center of the dividing walls. Each ward was furnished with twenty white or gray iron beds equipped with wire springs and good hair mattresses. In emergency, folding canvas cots were put up temporarily to give capacity for a greater number of patients. Some of the wards had white iron bedside tables, others had wooden tables and still others had boxes or chairs as substitutes. There was an abundant supply of soft, warm blankets, but bed linen frequently ran short because of the difficulty in getting the return of clean laundry from Nancy which was twelve miles distant.

At one end of the ward was the nurses' desk for charts and records, and at the other end was a press for medicines and shelves for nursing supplies. The latter were excellent in quality and sufficient in quantity owing to the liberal equipment provided for us by our Richmond friends. Each ward was heated by a stove placed as near its center as possible without blocking the traffic that had to cross it. The small hall rooms, four on each floor, were used as latrines and washrooms, and accessory wards.

Owing to the fact that a soldier does not own the clothes he wears, but that they are the property of the government, it was the practice when a patient was admitted to undress him and put him in pajamas either in the receiving office or at the baths, and to turn his shoes, equipment and wearing apparel over to the quartermasters' department. When he was discharged to duty he was given an entire new outfit. This prevented the wards of the hospital being encumbered

with patients' effects and enabled the nurses and ward-masters to keep them in an orderly condition.

A competition developed and was encouraged between different wards, different floors and different buildings as to which should present the best appearance, and the ratings given at the regular Saturday morning inspections were watched with keen interest. All in all, the wards of Base Hospital No. 45 would compare favorably in neatness, cleanliness and good order with the wards of any of the cantonment hospitals at home.

The mess for officers and nurses occupied one section of the first floor of the central building. It consisted of two large connecting rooms, the officers eating in one and the nurses in the other. Breakfast was at 7 A. M., dinner at 12:30 and supper at 5:30 P. M. French women civilian employes acted as waitresses. The kitchen for this mess was on the same floor only twenty or thirty yards distant. It was equipped with two army ranges and their accessories. This kitchen was badly overworked, as it was small and had to cook for approximately two hundred people, and despite the faithful efforts of a competent staff, the food often was not what might have been desired. The Saturday night dances, which became so popular, were held in these rooms.

The mess for detachment men and walking patients was located at the northeast corner of the grounds in a one-story building formerly used as a storehouse. The quarters at first looked very unpromising, but when the rubbish and racks had been removed, one end partitioned off for a kitchen and the other end for a dish-washing room, and the inside woodwork painted, we had a conveniently located and comfortable room capable of seating 400 men. The kitchen was equipped with two army ranges and several large cauldrons. Food was issued directly through windows between the kitchen and mess hall to orderlies who served it to the tables. When the men finished a meal they

filed out through the dish-washing room carrying their plates, cups, knives and forks which they deposited to be washed. The tables were immediately reset and a second installment of men fed. Sometimes there were as many as 1,200 at a meal. The food was hot and well prepared and the men had no cause for dissatisfaction.

The diet kitchen, as it is known in the army, cooked for the patients who were confined to the hospital wards. It was located in a detached building formerly used by the French as the main kitchen for the caserne. Here was installed the equipment selected for the organization by Mr. Burbank, of Richmond. Everything was as complete as in a first-class modern hotel. There were a twenty-four-foot French steel range, cereal and vegetable cookers and soup pots operated by steam; a battery of coffee and tea urns, plate warmers, bread cutters, ice cream freezers, potato peelers and dishwashers driven by electric power. At fixed hours the wardmasters reported at this kitchen with proper containers to convey the food to their patients. Each had a written order for a definite number of meals and as they filed through the kitchen they were given the proper amount of each dish as they passed the various serving tables. They carried the food back to the nurses in charge of their wards, who supervised its distribution to the patients. Owing to the distances to be traveled it was difficult in some cases to keep the food warm, but taking it all in all, the system worked well. To give an idea of the wholesale scale on which provisions had to be provided the fact is cited that turkey was donated by the Red Cross for Thanksgiving Day dinner and that the single dish for one meal cost twelve thousand francs.

The dietitian's kitchen was located on the second floor of the central building. Here under the personal supervision of Miss Chappell were made broths, cocoa and other liquid and light nourishments that were served to very sick patients.

The morgue was located in a detached building in the southeast corner of the grounds. Bodies were held there until released for burial. Post-mortems were done on about two-thirds of those who died. It was a grewsome place, but everything was done decently and in good order.

The post exchange carried a large assortment of articles which were sold to officers, nurses and men. There was commonly a long line of customers and it was hard to keep up the stock. Usually there could be bought tobacco, cigars and cigarettes; candy, nuts and grapes; sewing materials, toilet articles, matches, shoestrings and the like.

The postoffice was a very popular place and on the day mail came in it was the center of interest in the hospital. The officers and nurses had mail delivered to them, but the enlisted men had to wait in line until they reached the window and asked for theirs. It was a study in physiognomy to watch the expression of pleasure or disappointment on the faces of the men as they heard the answer to the question, "Is there anything for me?" To the credit of those at home there usually was something for most of them. And they deserved it, for no braver or more unselfish lot of boys ever lived.

STUART MCGUIRE.

THE PLANT

The Caserne La Marche was a huge barracks consisting of three large four-story main buildings and numerous smaller outbuildings, all enclosed within a high wall. The grounds were quite spacious, the main buildings forming three of the sides of a quadrangle used for the maneuvering of the infantry who had previously occupied the place.

Here, almost empty handed, we began, while we worked over the sick men around us, to build our home and our hospital. When we were done we had within those walls a little world to itself. The volume of administrative work was very large. Separate offices had to be set apart for the heads of many departments. There were three operating rooms and separate quarters for the X-ray service, the dental clinic, the eye, ear and throat clinic, the laboratory and the dispensary. There were also a morque, a sterilizing plant for delousing clothes, an incinerator, a laundry, an animal house for the laboratory, a guard house, a barber shop, a tailor shop, a butcher shop, one large and several small kitchens, a postoffice, a post-exchange, sleeping quarters, mess halls, rest rooms, a circulating library, a Masonic Club room, bath houses, and several large warehouses containing subsistence, medical supplies, and quartermaster stores. And then as the axis of the whole establishment, the wards occupying nearly eight full floors. We had electric lights but no other modern conveniences—no elevators, no heating system, no water system, no sewerage system.



General View of Base Hospital No. 45 at Toul.



View Across Court, With Line of Ambulances—Gate in Distance.



Red Cross in Court—Base Hospital No. 210 in Distance.



Section of Typical Ward, Showing Details, Including Heating System.



Chief Operating Room With Conspicuous Mural Decoration.



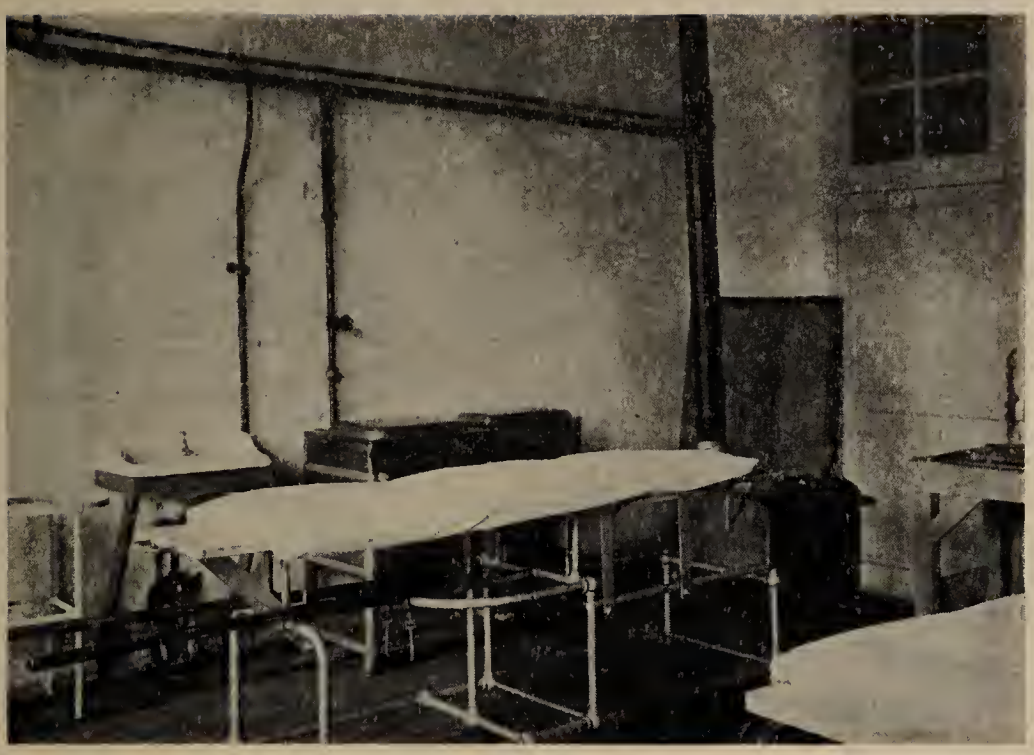
Pathological Laboratory.



X-Ray Department—Machines.



X-Ray Department—Plate Racks and Illuminating Boxes.



Another Operating Room.



Nose and Throat Department.



The Laundry.



Entrances to Headquarters and Receiving Ward.



Building Containing Laboratory, Dispensary, Baths, and Officers' Quarters.



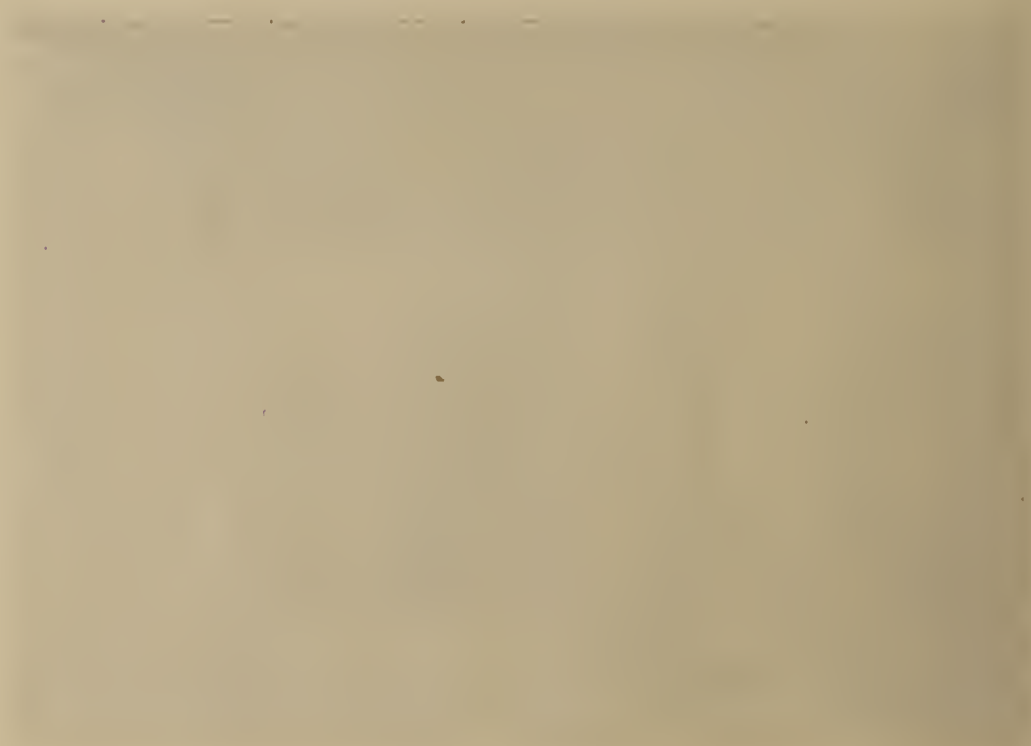
Nurses' Rest Room.



Shower Bath Room.



Men's Kitchen.







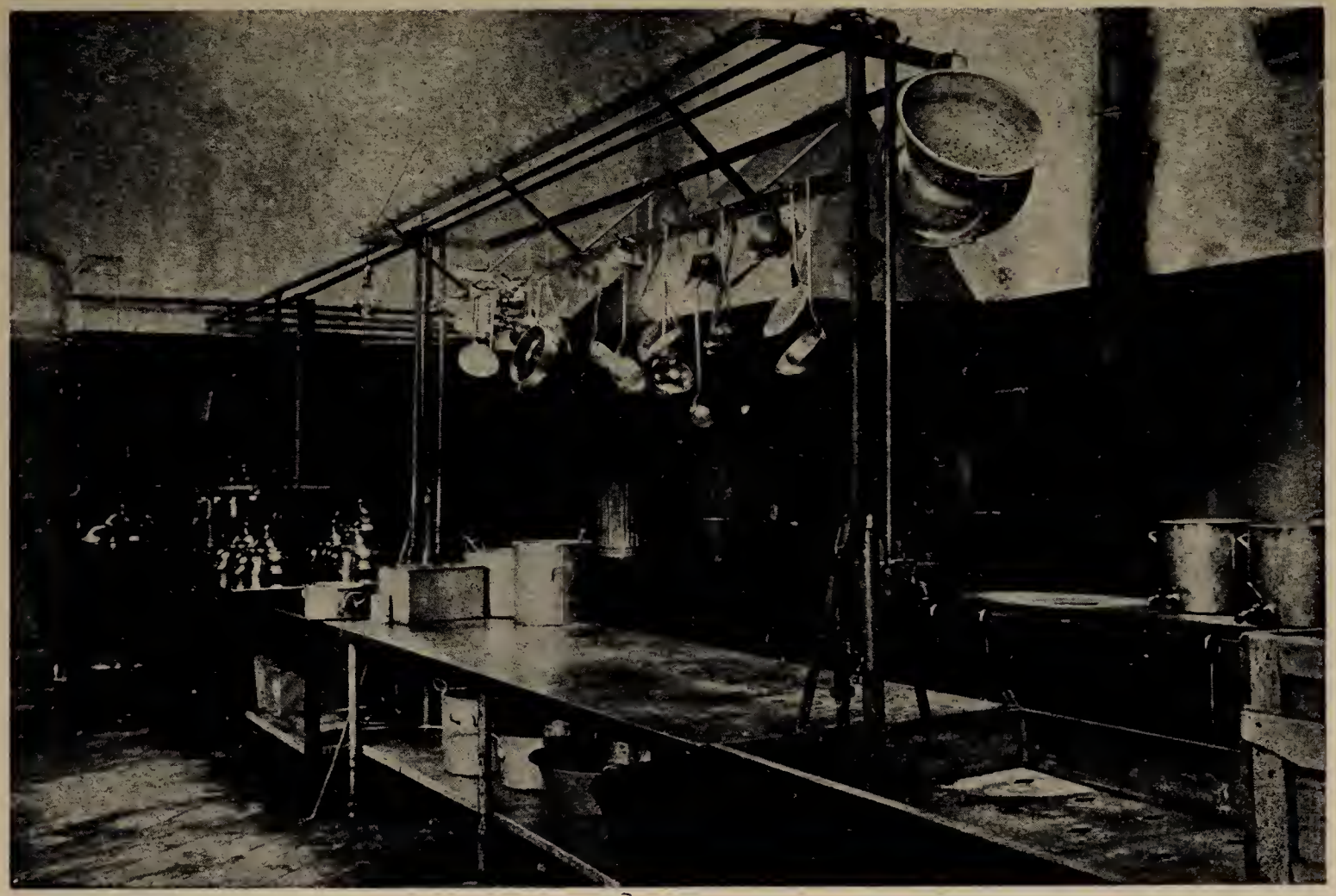
Men's Mess Hall.


IF YOU SPIT ON THE
FLOOR AT HOME SPIT
ON THE FLOOR HERE
WE WANT YOU TO
FEEL AT HOME

The Canteen.



Officers' Mess Hall.



Diet Kitchen.



Headquarters of Justice Hospital Group in West Building.



Nurses' Quarters.



Hospital (Adjoining) for Gassed Patients.

The Patient

ONE would have to compete with the best of character writers to describe the many sides of the thousands of soldiers who passed through our base hospital during its stay in Toul.

The army was a great moulding plant, where North, East, South and West met on common ground and where friendships and characters developed that time will not blot out. And there we learned many things, but chief of all this—that men are not very different, that the sons of the rich and the sons of the poor American as well as the sons of those of foreign birth, carried with them the same spirit—that of Liberty—and gave their lives freely for a common purpose.

The spirit of America and of its soldiers was never questioned, especially after the "dough boys" got in," yet I dare say no one in the A. E. F. had the opportunity of seeing the boys as they really were except those connected with base hospital work. We saw them when they were sick and wounded and dying; and this is the greate test, for mankind shows his real self then. All the whines and whims come out at that time—the little suppressed criticisms break through the surface, as it were. But if one American soldier showed his yellow, I failed to see it. They came into the hospital wet, muddy, wounded, with arms and legs blown off, with bullet holes in their heads and bodies, but always smiling, smoking cigarettes, "cussing" the Huns and bemoaning their luck to have gotten shot and thereby transferred from "the outfit" to the hospital. They always were thinking and worrying about the "buddy" who got "knocked off," and asking when they would be able to get back with

the boys; and this though many of them were desperately, often fatally, wounded.

Little bragging was heard from the boys themselves except about their officers—what a "swell fellow he was," "how he had cared for the boys," "how he had led the charge up the hill or ravine," showing the kind of bravery that spells success in battle, but all too frequently the loss of the leader's life. The officers, in turn, were praising the men, how they had fought, how the Hun had been pushed back inch by inch at times—but always towards the Rhine. These utterances were constant so that one cannot help but know that both officers and men were really what the English call "full out."

We had the opportunity of seeing the boys, and officers, too, at their best, during the St. Mihiel drive—several surgical teams having been sent from our unit to an evacuation hospital (about one hundred yards from our back door) where the wounded came directly from the field or the dressing station. They were full of excitement, eyes bright and snappy, talking all the time except when a Red Cross chaplain stopped them with cigarettes, or the "Rose of No Man's Land" (the Red Cross nurse) filled them with coffee or chocolate. They entered through the triage, then went to the pre-operative tent and to the X-ray room, when the wards were full, lay in halls and yards until the surgeons could take them. They were then carried to one of the operating tents, anaesthetized, operated upon, dressed and removed to bed. The next day most of them were on a long train getting back to the rear—making room for other wounded. The wonderful part of this to me is that no matter what was done, none of them ever questioned. They must have had a "don't care" spirit, or else trusted the doctors farther than is usual with people—for in civil practice the doctor's advice is sought and then often all the arguments in the world are used to keep from carrying it out.

These boys did not ask, "Is an operation necessary?"

"Will you take off my arm?" "Will I get well or home some day?" "Will tomorrow do?"—not these boys. They went to the operating table as they had gone to battle, like American soldiers, like men.

The war was a big lesson, and showed that there can be placed in humanity a confidence that will not be misused, for every effort was employed, day and night, to preserve life and mitigate suffering, and in every way to get the best results possible for the wounded.

The boys themselves did so much to aid. They worked for the sicker ones, helping to keep the wards clean, and really at times making a hospital possible.

Real humanity is refreshing to see anywhere, and during war is not expected, yet amongst our officers and men it was not rare. The following instance seems well worth recording: A line of sick and wounded crowded the receiving ward. A man wounded and worn out lay in the corner for a long time awaiting his turn to be admitted. Finally some one gave him a gentle kick and said: "Here, get in line, buddy." He got in line, and finally to the desk, where his name, age, organization and rank were asked. When it came to his rank, he said calmly, "Colonel." He was typical of the American officers who had really been in the big show at the front. They loved their men as Marshal Joffre loved the French poilu, and it was not unusual to see them take their turn with the men, and satisfied with what the men got. One lieutenant with a small wound, in the rush of things got into a ward with the enlisted men, and in a few days was ordered out by the sergeant for work on an outside detail. He went, did the work with the other men, and would have kept at it if we had not discovered that he was an officer. He then asked to stay in the ward with the men, and for the remainder of his period in the hospital was permitted to do so.

One would not create the impression that all the men were perfect patients and soldiers, for there were grumblers

and trouble-makers, but we judge by the majority, and the squealer was the exception.

If the same spirit prevails throughout life with these men, and if these A. E. F. millions can and will impart it to the rest of America, surely the war will be a big lesson to us. American ideals will change, and success in life will not be measured so much by the number of dollars we make, as by the cheer we carry and the good to mankind we render.

Though the hospital was filled with sick and wounded, and housed much misery and pain, it was not without its humor, for the patients were full of good stories. Men from various divisions vied with one another, and men in various branches of the service teased one another, and all this helped to pass away the long days of confinement. One often heard expressions which went something like this: "Mother, take down the service flag, I'm not in the army, just in the medical department!"

The negro afforded, as usual, the bulk of amusement. One patient was a negro from Texas, who was well educated, though he had not been on a train before he was drafted and sent to camp. He knew that Uncle Sam was President of the United States, and had sent him across to France to kill the Kaiser. He was at times very homesick and would have much rather been home in jail than with the army in Europe. When asked what was the best thing that had happened to him since being "requested" to join the army, Duke would say: "Mumps and the horsepitle!" Now, when a Southern captain finds in the army a black, ignorant "nigger" from away down South, he usually adopts him, and Duke was adopted.

We saw some of the Alabama boys, now famous for their fighting, who licked almost as many M. P.'s as Germans. These boys showed utter disregard for life and limb, yet they had good hearts and kindly spirits. The stories about them constitute some of the real humor of our hospital life. In a nearby town, an order was issued re-

quiring all soldiers to wear their coats when on leave in the village. Now it was just like waving a red flag in a bull's face to tell the Alabama boys how they should dress. They took off their coats—so many as had them on—and started into the town. An M. P. stopped them and shouted to them, "Here, you fellows, where are your coats?" "Out in No Man's Land, you loafer, where you ain't never been," came the reply as they calmly went on.

At another town, a fight occurred between them and the M. P.'s, for fight these fellows would; Germans first, but amongst themselves if need be. The officer in charge of the Military Police in this district reported the frequent scraps to the colonel, and asked why he didn't stop his men from fighting. His reply was, "The Germans can't stop them, how do you expect me to."

Turning to the more serious aspect of hospital life, I record the following to further illustrate the type of man our patients were:

A captain was very ill, bleeding from ulcer of the stomach. He needed transfusion and operation very badly. His type of blood was such that few other persons could be found whose blood would properly mix. After examinations of many volunteers, and I might say there were as many volunteers as there were men who knew what was going on, a lieutenant was found whose blood would be just right. The transfusion was done, and in a few days had to be repeated. The lieutenant came back and said, "Take all you want, all the captain needs, for I surely do want to see him get well." Now these men were strangers to each other. There was, of course, no monetary consideration and no chance of "write-ups" in the morning papers as is so disgustingly frequent in civil life. This was done close up to the front, where the roar of cannonading could be heard, and the smoke of battle could be seen. The captain got entirely well, which added to the joy of us all.

Appreciation is always refreshing, and adds to the satis-

faction of work, and our patients did not lack it. They had needed medical attention, good warm beds, food, and the kindly services of the Red Cross nurses and workers—all of which meant more to them, thousands of miles away from home, than the people who actually did it can imagine. And these boys showed the kind of appreciation that makes hard work light. I would not dare intimate that they should not be grateful, for who sacrificed more—except the doughboys themselves—than the women who left comfortable homes in the States, braved an infested sea and came to the land of battle, facing horrors many of them did not know existed—and did it all cheerfully.

And then, there were other patients of whom I would say a reverent word, hoping some time someone will take it up fully and give it the justice it deserves—the ones who died.

Up the road from us, the distance of half a dozen city blocks, was an American cemetery, where many of our boys are resting, and I want to bear witness that they died like they did everything else, like Americans.

A few mentioned wives and children, most whispered of their mothers, and "Went West," giving their all without comment. How different from the talk we hear from so many of us who only did our bit!

Many of these boys died from disease, and how disappointed they were not to have been up on the front, and, if death was necessary, not to have died on the field of battle! This is to me the saddest part of our hospital work. When I think of the many graves, and of such things as influenza and pneumonia, and then picture the waving of flags and the playing of bands in all the American cities, I can fancy an old father or mother peeping through the cheering crowd with tears in their eyes and their thoughts on a spot in France we know so well.

But after all the world goes on, and there are often worse things than dying—especially for one's country, and

even though our boys saw little sunshine in Northern France, it shines somewhere. Our hope is that those who died are in the sunshine of the great beyond, and that the remainder may for many years enjoy the sunshine of America.

ROY C. FRAVEL.

The Doctor

IT now being 8 A. M. the surgeon, duly assigned to a group of wards, begins his daily routine with a smile regardless of his feelings.

The duties of ward surgeons are numerous and ever changing. Besides being responsible for the treatment of the patients and everything else necessary for their care and comfort, we have the general management of our wards, and we frequently find ourselves functioning as commanding officer, registrar, receiving officer, operating surgeon, quartermaster, sanitary officer and medical supply officer. With the latter we have many disputes as to the question of responsibility and accountability of property. Fortunately, we soon learn not to worry about this. As ward surgeons, we are both accountable and responsible since we put ourselves at the head of any department represented within our sphere and console ourselves over the loss of any property by special order G. H. Q. relieving any officer of accountability and responsibility of property in the A. E. F., after having given good reason why the property had not been better cared for, sometimes calling for a perfunctory survey; more often, however, the delightful little clause "lost in action" being sufficient.

After having equipped our wards with everything available from our quartermaster department, from our medical supply department, by borrowing from our fellow-officers during their absence, etc., it is agreed by our C. O. that we are ready for patients. Then the influx of sick and wounded

begins, and when we enter our wards at 8 A. M. (or fifteen minutes earlier in case we were prompt for breakfast), we find every bed taken. Then we realize that we face an opportunity to exercise our ability as the head of each department mentioned above.

After having gotten a summary of the general situation of the wards under our service we then have a short consultation with our head nurse, who tells us of her numerous difficulties. Possibly the sergeant in charge of our wardmasters, or someone less in authority, has taken away every wardmaster who had been especially trained for the duties assigned to him and put him on some outside detail, and substituted for the batch a class B duty patient of Polish descent, with flat foot, bilateral complete, and so much so that his entire footprint is shown on a dusty floor. Before he could get between the beds for the purpose of giving aid to a sick man it would be necessary to disarrange the entire ward, which adds to the attractiveness of things for the 9 A. M. inspection by our commanding officer. He is usually led around by some sergeant with a Broncho Bill voice shouting attention just before entering the wards. Or perhaps three doughboys had gone A. W. O. L. the night before. Maybe Sergeant John Doe has refused to eat soup with a fork, and is doubtful about using the community drinking cup, having read in the *Saturday Evening Post* of its dangers. After all of the general complaints are sifted out, we then inquire as to the condition of patients, special attention being paid to any ill cases of the day before, and to admissions through the night, their whereabouts, urgency as to treatment, etc. Frequently this leads to numerous examinations, consultations and possibly operations before the day is over.

Then your nurse will request a number of prescriptions written, requisitions for supplies from the quartermaster department, medical supply department, pharmacy and numerous other things necessitating the signing of your name so

many times that it reminds you of the signing of checks on the fifteenth of the month at home.

Then comes our usual morning report of the number of patients remaining in the wards and the beds available for others, to be followed later in the day by another report of the number of evacuables, post-operative litters and sitters, non-operative litters and sitters, the walking litters, what number are unable to return to duty in two weeks, and all class C and D cases for the disability board's attention, and report to the chief of the surgical service of the number of seriously ill. After we have made what seems to be a very thorough and complete report, the chief of the surgical service will send his sergeant around with Memo. 299 requesting the number of wounded on the entire floor. Now we have to stop everything and question each man as to whether he has a good reason for being wounded; or why he shot himself in the right hand instead of the left, or some less important member of his body, further classifying him as to whether he was accidentally wounded, a battle casualty or the victim of self-inflicted wounds, and for every self-inflicted wound a poster bearing S. I. W. must be placed above the bed on the wall conspicuously.

Our early morning routine being pretty well completed, and seeing that everything is in good condition for the day, we go to the operating room to do a number of cases which would take the entire morning under the very best conditions without any handicap. Being in the midst of an appendectomy, or removing a piece of shrapnel from the descending ramus of the ischium, the sergeant from the C. S. S. office enters again and reads Memo. 330 over your shoulder requesting information about a German prisoner operated on three months ago, when you thought you had done credit to yourself, having done your bit; but remembering his condition on completion of the operation (and the patient being evacuated early the next A. M. before you had an opportunity to see him again) you did not altogether wonder why

the next ward surgeon from a more quiet sector would inquire just why Fritz hadn't done better. Remembering as little as possible, however, you refer the sergeant to the operating scribe or floor sergeant for further information. The operative work is still going on and the second case well under ether when your assistant is suddenly taken from you and assigned to some work foreign to the medical profession. The operation continues with the assistance of the sponge nurse or one of the corps men who does not know what hands surgically clean mean. However, we manage to complete our schedule by 12:30 P. M. and fall in line for chow, where we are served pomme de terre, natural, rump steaks and chicory, dessert being pudding du pomme or pudding au riz. Our appetites being now completely satisfied we go to the officer's call at 1 P. M., where we have all rumors of home-going settled, all new orders from G. H. Q. read, or anything else that has a tendency to take the joy out of life. Immediately following this is a short meeting of the floor chiefs in the office of the chief of the surgical service, where we discuss numerous points of interest about our work in general and just why the receiving officer persists in sending the genito-urinary, or eye, ear, nose and throat cases into our general surgical wards, read all old and new orders to keep us refreshed with unpleasant things and finally exchange jokes with various members of the staff. The meeting standing adjourned, we disband and return to our wards, where we begin dressing wounds, having something like fifty or seventy-five to do, and get our men generally comfortable for another twenty-four hours. In the midst of a very tedious dressing one of our doughboys is brought in after having had a terrible fall from the water wagon, and having gotten through the receiving officers with a diagnosis of possible fracture of the skull, which is more often relieved by a shot in the arm, a good night's rest and a canteen full of water the next morning. We lose an hour's time discussing with our consultant whether the

patient was badly wounded, or whether his condition was entirely due to *vinegar blink*, and then the bugler calls for supper, with our work only half finished. It is now dark and all the corps men and nurses are tired and the ward surgeon himself is pretty well used up. We have supper (a duty never to complain of) and resume dressings immediately afterward. While rushing along making every effort to complete the job before 7 P. M. we are confronted by a memo. from the registrar's office stating that no report of the patients evacuated this morning has reached his office. Number 2. Was Giovanivia Macukini wounded in line of duty or not, understanding that he went over the top the morning of September 12th, was wounded in the left leg three and one-half inches above the ankle, on external lateral aspect, and it had not been shown clearly on form 52 whether he was wounded as result of playing with captured Leugar pistol producing S. I. W., or wounded in action.

All ward surgeons are required to keep their records up, with a history of the present disease, recording daily any new developments in a given case, and signing one's name to a diagnosis which isn't always quite correct, but is intended to represent the best you can do under trying circumstances. A difficult case usually requires time and skill on the part of someone, frequently going to the laboratory, or the X-ray department, with numerous consultations from chiefs of each service, the neurologist and the head of the eye, ear, nose and throat department, finally resolving itself naturally to the ward surgeon's original opinion of the condition. Furthermore we have to show on our ward books the record of all patients, their admission date, diagnosis, complications, treatment and disposition, whether transferred, evacuated or died. The matter of disposition is not always a simple one, especially when we are called on to evacuate a large number to the hospital train at 8:19 A. M., so many sitters and so many litters, all litters loaded thirty minutes early, and are then notified that the train is two

hours late. Often after completely up-turning our wards and getting everything clear, with all beds freshly prepared and the place presentable again, sixteen more or less of our patients are returned because some sergeant (promoted six days previously from K. P.) thinks them too sick to travel. The train having gone in the meantime, nothing is left to do but readmit the patients.

The week's work completed up to 1 P. M. Friday, we are notified by our commanding officer that he will hold the regular Saturday morning inspection at 9 A. M. Usually he comes accompanied by the sanitary inspector, the quartermaster, the chief nurse, the ward surgeon and a sergeant from his office to make any notes necessary. The sergeant is more often rather busy and occasionally hears something like "fair," "good," "very good," seldom "excellent." His chief function, however, is to call to attention in our wards, as our C. O. likes everybody in the erect position, heels together and toes not more than six inches apart, hands sharply to the sides. This performance being well staged the sanitary officer proceeds to give *"at rest,"* and then the quartette will proceed to see how many faults they can find with the wards, latrines, diet kitchen, corridors, etc. Before we have gotten our wits together we may be hearing comments not always relished in civil life. At the same time the chief nurse is having a pointed consultation with your head nurse about some patient who has two mattresses, producing an irregular appearance in your ward. After careful inspection the floor nurse finds a mattress of regulation length, width and thickness and for an instant cannot imagine why she had made such a mistake, finally discovering, however, that the patient occupying this bed had simply tucked under his mattress his clothing roll, extra suit of clothes, underwear, overcoat, etc., attempting to score a high mark for his ward.

And so they go—the critical entourage—from ward to ward, from floor to floor, from building to building, out-

spoken, overlooking nothing, leaving in their wake a stimulating flurry that shapes itself into the weekly effort toward improvements here and there. Back at his headquarters the C. O., stern and unforgiving on his rounds, relaxes and allows a smile to sit beside his cigar. The full sweep of the plant is still before his vision and he cannot suppress a little thrill at the magnitude of the machine he has erected, with all its cogs spinning in their grooves, each in its place and at its proper task—and not the least among them, perhaps, that doctor of whom we write.

Alvah L. Herring.

THE STAFF

"Whether or not we did our bit worthily the records will have to show. All that we undertake to say for ourselves is that we did the best we could, earnestly, conscientiously, not only with willingness, but with pride in the opportunity to render service in such a cause. It will perhaps be permitted to us to note that the commanding officer of the group, at first harsh and unsparing in the words with which he drove us on to almost superhuman efforts in the great push, soon adopted us as a model for the group and officially commended our work."



Staff Assembled at Main Extrance of Hospital at Toul—Officers Absent When This Group Was Taken Will Be Found Among Pictures Which Follow.



The Adjutant, Lieutenant T. C. Boushall, at His Desk.



Lieut. Phillips and his Staff.





Lieut. Willis

Lieut. McKinney



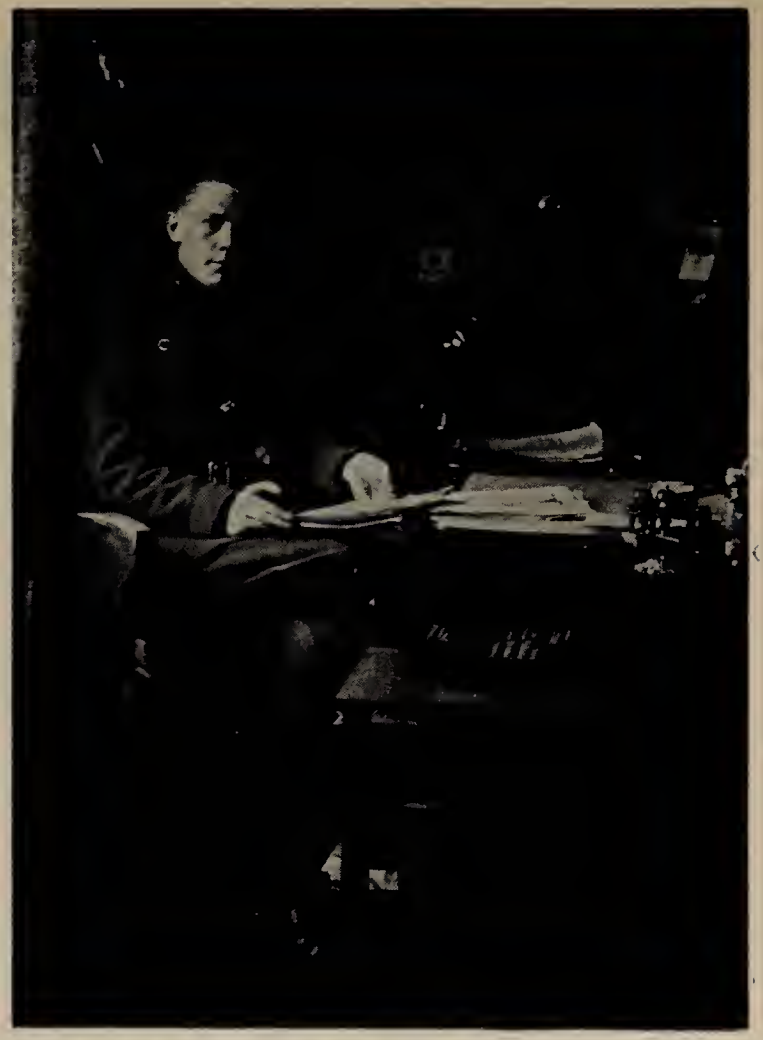


Capt. Anderson

Capt. Wright.



The Three Chiefs
Major Peple of Surgical Service
Major Nelson of Medical Service
Captain Hopkins of Laboratory Service



Lieutenant Jenson, Quartermaster, in His Office.



The Dental Staff at Domremy.



The Registrar, Captain Greer Baughman, and His Office Force.

The Nurse

NUMERICALLY the nurses formed a very small proportion of the base hospital, but the need of them was so great, and they proved themselves so equal to the emergencies that arose, that they were conceded to be a decidedly important factor in the success and efficiency of the unit, and, being the only trace of femininity in that vast sea of men, they probably unconsciously exercised a greater influence than would ordinarily have been the case.

There were a hundred of them all told, most of them Southerners, but still from many different parts of the country, and from a great variety of training schools. These two facts had their advantages and disadvantages. It gave more character and versatility to the staff, but the diversity of methods of working and the difference in manner and customs made it at times difficult to obtain complete harmony of viewpoints, and all the more credit then is due for the manner in which they managed to adjust themselves, and for the general splendid spirit of co-operation that manifested itself.

The enrolling of the full quota of nurses took almost a year. Time and again the required number would be obtained only to have illness or domestic complications—or more often matrimony—upset the calculations, so that the final personnel was quite different from the original enlistment. There were quantities of red tape and endless details to be gone through with and we were all so new to the game, so full of surmise and so ignorant of what was really expected of us, that possibly we gave ourselves more work and worry than was necessary.

In November, 1917, the first call came for nurses to go to the cantonment hospitals for temporary duty. There was little difficulty in securing volunteers for the number required. Five went to Camp Lee, Va., viz.: Miss Ruth Atkins, Miss Pattie Hargrave, Miss Hallie V. Inge, Miss Anna L. Jerdone and Miss Lucy W. Jeffrey. Four went to Camp Green, N. C., viz.: Miss Anne Campbell, Miss Bessie M. Chapman, Miss Martha Sue Pigg and Miss Ethlynde E. Smith. The cantonment hospitals were still in the process of being built, the equipment not fully in place, the accommodations for the nurses poor, the heating arrangements by no means adequate, and, as will be remembered, the winter of 1917-18 was unusually severe. The experiences they went through with were truly those of pioneer nurses, and they had their first taste of war conditions long before they came overseas. Later on orders came at intervals for other groups of nurses, until finally all had been assigned to temporary duty at the various camps. In this way they were in a measure broken into army life and the routine work of an army hospital before going abroad, so that, although conditions in the cantonment hospitals in America were very different from what they found overseas, the experience was of the greatest help and value to them.

One of the hardest parts of the life in camp was possibly the unsettled state due to the uncertainy of the future. Most of the nurses went with the idea that they would be there only a few weeks, and when those weeks lengthened into months and still no word came, and other units were called, and persistent rumors placed No. 45 as one of those saved for home duty, it was impossible to obtain a state of tranquility of mind, and the strain was hard to bear. There was general rejoicing, therefore, when early in July the orders finally came which mobilized them at the Holley Hotel, New York City. They had to come from fourteen different camps, scattered from Texas to New York, so that it took them several days to assemble, and, until they all

arrived, there was an atmosphere of the greatest excitement in the lobby of that staid old hostelry as one group after another was eagerly greeted and welcomed by those who had preceded them.

The Holley Hotel was the general mobilization station for nurses going overseas, and for months there had been a steady flow, in and out, of hundreds of energetic, enthusiastic young women, which was doubtless most upsetting to the dignified equilibrium of the place. One could not help but wonder sometimes what the old building must think of the sudden change from the quiet of former days, when its guests were largely confined to decorous old bachelors and spinster ladies. The manager, at least, looked quite a nervous wreck.

Before we reached New York I think we all had rather a hazy idea we would have time to do many pleasant personal things there, but the five weeks turned out to be as busy as any we ever had in our lives. There were so many things to be attended to, uniforms to be made, passports to be secured, shopping to be done, Red Cross equipment to be received, immunity treatments to be taken, insurance and allotment papers to be completed, and so forth and so on; as quickly as one thing was completed another loomed large ahead of us, and with it all was the feeling that we must hurry, hurry, hurry, lest orders come and find us unprepared.

In addition to everything else we had an hour's military drill in the armory of the Seventy-first Infantry each morning, a fifteen minutes' drill in singing, and three times a week an hour of French. The first few mornings of drill were not what could be termed a success by even the most biased observer. In the first place, none of us knew anything about drill, in the second, the building is so huge that it was almost impossible to catch the instructions or the orders, especially when one was quite unfamiliar with them, so we found ourselves frantically endeavoring to do something we didn't understand, and the result was so bad that Lieutenant Dale,

our instructor, almost gave us up in despair. A feeling of pride, however, made us determined not to be beaten by the other units which had mobilized at the same time and were drilling on the same floor. We had made up our minds at the outset that as far as lay with us Base Hospital No. 45 should be surpassed by none. Pride and ambition are two great incentives, so in spite of the intense heat we marched and marched, drilled and drilled, until one fairly did squads right and squads left in one's dreams, and eventually it was mastered sufficiently for the various movements to be done with some degree of smoothness. Some of the success was probably due to our drill sergeant, Sergeant Plum, who for some reason seemed to feel a personal responsibility in our success and labored over us diligently. He was a man of few words, and our initial attempts had been so pathetically bad, that we felt we had received commendation of real worth when we heard he had said that "Base Hospital No. 45 was his pet outfit."

When it came to singing though, our efforts were not crowned with as much success. We did our best, but though Lieutenant Reed, our singing master, tried to encourage us by saying that "we sang like birds," we felt they were words of futile flattery, and trusted that the future would not demand of us an exhibition of our powers. Fortunately it did not.

One of the events that stand out in our memories of those weeks is the ceremony that attended the dedication of our flag. Most of us I think will always remember that early morning service when we met at St. Paul's and brought our flag up the aisle of the dim, dignified old church to the altar to be blessed, and the communion service which followed, so simple and yet so beautiful. In all the turmoil and rush that we associate with our days in New York we have that, at least, as one memory of quiet peace, comfort, and strength.

It will readily be seen that there was little or no oppor-

tunity to be idle, and with it all there was the terrible overpowering heat that drained one of every particle of superfluous energy. At the end of the five weeks we were a very weary lot of people, and our sailing orders were as enthusiastically received as were the ones which called us from camp.

The voyage over, and the journey from Liverpool to Toul will be dealt with in other chapters so there is no need to more than mention them. It was a wonderful voyage, full of interesting events and people, and as we hear other units tell of the trying experiences they passed through we realize more and more how exceedingly fortunate we were in our accommodations, the people we met, and the speed with which our transportation was handled.

Almost two months had elapsed from the time we left camp until we entered the gates of Caserne La Marche, which, as far as we knew, was to be our home for an indefinite period. We had passed through many adventures, had been shifted from one place to another, and had lived so long in our suit cases that the one thought uppermost in our minds was one of intense relief that we had at last reached a permanent station. The accommodations were crude, the discomforts ahead of us, it was easy to see, were many, but the welcome from our men who had preceded us was a very hearty and sincere one, and for the time being, at least, we felt we had a little bit of "home" with us again; the present was accepted and the future faced in a philosophically cheerful spirit.

I shall never forget my feelings that first day as I made rounds with the commanding officer and saw the size of the place, the meagreness of the equipment with which we had to manage until our own came to hand, the lack of the many conveniences which we had come to regard as absolute necessities in a modern hospital, and realized how much was expected of us in spite of these handicaps.

In addition to everything else, within a couple of days

twenty-five of our nurses were detached from us for duty in other hospitals in the neighborhood which were even less well equipped than ours, and six others were sent out on operating teams during the big drive, so that, although when we first organized we had wondered how we were going to manage a thousand-bed hospital with only a hundred nurses, we found that we were expected to run a hospital twice that size with less than seventy.

Seventy nurses is not many to stretch over a day and night service, an operating-room force, a canteen service, and the administration work, and it would have meant hard work even had the surroundings and facilities been of the best, but as it was there was so little to work with. For instance, there was no running water; all water, both hot and cold, had to be carried from the kitchens, which were situated in separate buildings, and not only the time taken up in going that distance had to be considered, but the physical effort entailed in carrying it up two, three or four flights of steep stairs. This work was done, of course, as much as possible by the corps boys, but there was a shortage there at first as well as everywhere else; then, too, they were continually being needed in carrying litter patients either coming in or going out, so that it was frequently necessary for the nurses to take this work upon themselves. There was no sewerage, practically no way of heating or sterilizing anything in the wards, so few of the ordinary utensils, such as basins, buckets, pitchers, cooking and eating utensils, that it was pitiable, and as for such things as hypodermics and thermometers the nurses had to rely largely on what they had brought with them. I asked one nurse what equipment she had and she replied: "I have 192 patients, 2 basins, 2 thermometers, and 30 mess kits." That, perhaps, was a little worse than in some other parts of the hospital, but it was not so unusual as to stand out as a surprising statement.

The problem of feeding the patients was one of the hardest to be solved. The meals were more or less a con-

tinuous affair lasting all day long owing to the fact that there were so few dishes in which to put the food that only one small group could be served at a time, then the dishes were washed and the next group had its turn.

Instead of hospital beds there were cots or low French beds, there were few bedside tables or chairs, and practically no screens, no medicine chests, and scarcely any presses in which to lock things up. This all resulted in the development of unexpected talent in various directions. It was wonderful what a little ingenuity could do in taking the most unpromising things and making them answer purposes for which they were never originally intended, and a salvage heap which at home would have been regarded as a pile of trash was looked upon as a veritable gold mine, the eye of necessity finding latent possibilities in things to which ordinarily one would not have given a second glance.

In spite of all these difficulties, though, the nurses managed to get the patients washed, fed, and made comfortable, ready for their journey on evacuation trains back to a more stable base, even though the finer points of nursing had of necessity to be largely overlooked. Our equipment arrived before long and was installed, the work gradually became systematized, and finally the day came when one made rounds with a feeling of pride in this sure-enough hospital of ours. The hardest part was back of us. None of us would willingly go through with it again, unless a like necessity arose, but there was a feeling of satisfaction in knowing that as a body we had met a crisis and proved equal to the emergency.

This little sketch is scarcely complete without one word of mention of our Christmas celebrations. We had looked forward with dread to the holidays, feeling sure that for all of us they would be dreary days of homesickness. But the house was full of convalescing patients, many of them ex-prisoners from Germany, and many boys who had been through hard weeks and months in the trenches, and it

seemed as though something must be done to give them a real celebration. Starting from a small thing it grew and grew until the whole place fairly bubbled over with the Christmas spirit. The nurses supervised, directed, encouraged, and admired, and the boys devised decorations, worked, whistled, and sang. Every ward had its tree. Sixteen hundred pairs of socks were filled and distributed, and banquets, impromptu concerts, and general merry-makings were without number. When it was over the nursing staff was more or less a wreck, for the combination role of nurse, chairman of an entertainment and decoration committee, general hostess and social supervisor of one, two, or even three wards is quite a nerve-racking undertaking. But they all agreed that the result was more than worth the fatigue, and that it was one of the very happiest Christmases they had ever spent.

I do not wish to close either without a word of appreciation of the six attached to us who were termed in army parlance "civilian employes," but who were as much a part of our little family as any registered nurse amongst us. They lived under the same conditions, rules and regulations, and though their work was of a different nature—one being our dietitian, another the supervisor of the nurses' quarters, and the other four stenographers—it was faithfully and well done, and they contributed as effectively as any to the success of the organization.

In considering the nurses and the work which they accomplished in this war one should never forget they formed one part of the army that was absolutely voluntary. There was no law that could force them; the sacrifices entailed were really greater than those most men were called upon to make; war is and has always been a man's job, not a woman's, and yet, when the call of duty and patriotism came, those women by the hundreds and thousands offered their services. By some strange kink in the mind of the nation, however, it was taken as the most natural and matter of

fact thing that they should go, and, while every man that donned a uniform was acclaimed a hero and nothing too much could be done for him, little thought was given to the band of women who had given up so much and were so willingly and cheerfully accepting the dangers and uncertainty of the future. No rank was given them and their status was a very undefined thing. They were neither officers nor privates, and this one point caused difficulties, problems and embarrassing situations which no one can properly appreciate but a nurse who has passed through the experience. Their restrictions were many, their privileges few, and their uniforms most unbecoming—this last is a minor incident, 'tis true, but most trying to a feminine heart. They slipped quietly out of their community, and out of the country, and as quietly did their work abroad. Little notice has been given to what they accomplished. One hears little of the long hours, the hard work, the trying nerve-strain, the discomforts and privations which they have undergone. Only the doughboys who have passed through their hands, or the doctors and wardmen with whom they have worked, shoulder to shoulder, will tell you what good soldiers they proved themselves to be, and how many boys are back home today because of the fact that the nurses were there to care for them.

The nurses of Base Hospital No. 45 were fortunate in being spared many discomforts. The work at times was very hard and conditions were very discouraging, but difficulties were overcome, apparent impossibilities accomplished, and with it all the general atmosphere of the house was one of cheerfulness and happiness, so that one could not help but feel proud of their spirit, and the way they so bravely played their part undoubtedly had its share in placing our unit in the high position which it earned as one of the very best base hospitals in France.

RUTH I. ROBERTSON
(Mrs. Stuart McGuire).

THE NURSES

"As men, we shall always pay a respectful tribute of admiration and devotion to the women who stood so loyally by us. Earnest, tireless, unafraid, swiftly efficient, they faced a great ordeal in a way that is beyond the power of simple words to express. It was no place for women, and yet what would have happened to us without them we shudder to think. With boundless grit, unsparing self-sacrifice, loyalty that never swerved, they went with us wherever the way led—into the depths and out again—always at their posts, ready for anything, real comrades upon whom we came to lean heavily and with assurance."



Chief Nurse and Her Assistants
In Center—Miss Ruth I. Robertson (Mrs. Stuart McGuire); on Her Right—Miss Celia Brian; on Her Left—Miss Juliet Montgomery (Mrs. H. J. Winans).



Miss Mary Broaddus, in Charge of Operating Rooms.



Our "Civilian Employes"
Left to Right—Misses Hobson, Scorgie, Watkins, Gray, and Jones.



"Platoon" No. 1.



"Platoon" No. 2.







"Platoon" No. 3.



"Platoon" No. 4, in Battle Array.







"Platoon" No. 5, With Commander-in-Chief.



Off for a Ride.

The Wardmaster

WHEN one thinks of the medical department, he thinks neither of officer nor storeroom, of clerk nor typist—but, rather, there comes in his mind the picture of a lad, sick, gassed or wounded, far from home, taken to a hospital behind the lines, to be cared for, nursed and strengthened back to health, so that another small cog in the machinery of war may be again in condition to battle for the nation's honor.

And in the picture, who is there to nurse, to encourage and to strengthen the health and spirit of this boy? There are three persons under whose care he comes—the doctor, the nurse and the wardmaster, and the wardman must have in part, the ability of the physician, the resourcefulness and tenderness of the nurse, the love and affection of a brother. The medical officer has been a doctor for many years; he has administered medicines thousands of times, or as a surgeon has operated in many instances. The nurse has been carefully trained to nurse. She has attended many patients, has seen them recover or die. These two factors work as a profession and they have saved the lives of many. Their work overseas with us is a symbol of unfailing loyalty and painstaking service, but they have many patients and they have not the time or opportunity for special attention to everyone. To the wardmaster, then, to him who is taking up a strange work and playing a new game, falls the duty of being this "3 in 1" and a good wardmaster does not betray his trust. He is a doctor, nurse and brother.

It has been at times very discouraging to the wardman that his work and endeavors have been frowned upon by

those on the outside who do not know the real part he played in this hospital of ours. I wish more recognition could have been given him—more authority, more credit, a higher rank. In truth, the father of thirty or more patients, their benefactor and commander, he does not receive the respect or admiration of the outside world as does the sergeant at the desk, who has never seen the interior of a ward, nor nursed and restored to health, nor carried out the chief reason for and the one duty of a hospital. If the folks at home can be awakened to that fact—the responsibility and work of a wardmaster, his attention to duty, his untiring efforts in behalf of their sons—and if they give thanks and praise to him, he will feel that these men who handled 18,000 patients in less than five months' time have been in some small way elevated to the place in which they belong.

The day of the wardmaster is long and hard. There is plenty of work—mean, disagreeable, difficult—and though he labors from twelve to fourteen hours a day, he must keep his mind alert, his eyes open, and, above all, his cheerfulness apparent. Have you ever considered what a cheerful environment means to a sick man; how his own resistance can be strengthened or shattered by the air of faith and trust, or of sullenness and sorrow which he breathes? And that is the wardmaster's most difficult and dangerous work—to encourage, to give hope, to strengthen faith and to make the sick and suffering atmosphere of a hospital ward seem happy and free to the boy in bed. It is hard because during those hours many disagreeable things occur—most of them small things to be sure, but disagreeable none the less—a late dinner, a bed inspection, or merely a day when everything seems to go wrong. But enough of that, for you do know, don't you, just how difficult it is to smile when your heart aches, to pity though you feel as if you are the one to be pitied, to cheer and comfort when

your whole person is nauseated with the horrors and disease around?

In the early morning the patients' hands and faces must be washed, the breakfast gotten from the regular and diet kitchens and served, dishes washed and the ward put in order. This latter means the mopping of the floors, sweeping, dusting, etc. A good wardman would make any *good* wife jealous during this hour of housework. Rounds are made with the medical officer, as the wardmaster does a great deal in the doctor's stead. Why, I have had to dress a wound, bandage many an arm and stand watch for ten minutes over a man to see that he wiggled his toes to cure his flat feet. I believe that latter duty was the hardest I had to perform. Dinner-time comes and he has to serve the meal, often missing his own when he has to go back for the officer's tray. One of his most trying times comes always in the "run in" with that most independent man in our Uncle's army—the cook, though this trouble was not apparent when we were overseas and had our own mess. So the day runs on and every other moment there will come an interruption to do this or that, to administer medicine, to take a temperature, to count the laundry, to carry the dirty and bring back the clean clothes, to give baths, to joke, and always to smile and give a pat on the back, just to make Tom, or Dick, or Harry believe he is the prince of good fellows and will soon be back with his company or at home with his dear ones.

Recreation and pleasures—there are few, except in listening to the tales as told by "his" boys, in the eyes, too, of "his" and "your" boys, those eyes which gleam their thanks and show their gratitude, and in one's own heart that feeling of ease and contentment, of joy and freeness, that comes from duty done and faithfulness to a trust. And, oh, yes, sometimes "nursie" will make cocoa, chocolate, or punch, and the wardmaster comes in for his share—

after he has looked after his patients—but a good one never allows himself to be caught in the act.

While the other members of the detachment are out throwing baseball, the wardman is usually engaged in breaking up a "hob-nail" barrage. At night, after he is relieved, he bids all good night—there is, perhaps time only for a letter home, but there is no complaint—another day has been given in the service of humanity. It would be unfair if I did not add here that in our organization there existed such friendships and associations, such understanding between officer and enlisted man, such examples of trust and confidence that much of the monotony and tenseness was relieved.

However, in our days overseas there was indeed a larger responsibility on the wardman. Our force was small, nurses and doctors were very few, but many patients were sent in to us—over 8,000, I believe, in September when American history was being made at St. Mihiel. They stayed a short while and were evacuated to the rear. It is a matter of great pride and lasting memory to me, that a handful of doctors could so efficiently examine, diagnose and treat so large a number. All were cared for as quickly and expertly as possible; the surgeons were naturally busiest with the emergency operations, and to the wardmaster fell much of the responsibility of the milder cases. It appears very remarkable that one small hospital force could so well handle this number of patients in one month, for as many were evacuated as were admitted. There always had to be beds enough for the next morning's advance, and the price that advance would cost! We must remember also that the nights were long and Fritz's aeroplane would not allow the showing of any lights.

Besides the knowledge of honest endeavors, the lesson the wardmaster learns is the lesson of human life. There comes into his ward banker and butcher, farmer and city

sport, bootblack and financier—men of all creeds and nationalities—whites and blacks, Gentile and Jew, French, American, British, Italian soldiers, united for the good of the world. There is the man of family and the man of affairs, men you wish to call your friends and men who seem a drag on society, but, all soldiers in the common cause and all his patients. Three months in a ward is an education.

This is not intended to be a plea for praise or applause, but I will be permitted to remark of the duty all of us performed—each in his or her own way for the service of all. A glance at the results accomplished by intelligent work will show the closest co-operation between every department and rank of our unit. But I do ask that when the history of this splendid hospital of ours comes to be written and credit is given to those to whom it is due—when you and I begin to praise, do not forget the man who so faithfully performed his duties, who nursed to health and strength many a mother's son—Mister Wardmaster, Private, First-Class, Medical Department, U. S. A.

ADRIAN L. BENDHEIM.

The Chaplain

IT is hard to know just what to write about the chaplain's work, because so much of it is made up in the hospital of personal contacts, sometimes very simple, sometimes very intimate, with the sick men, the convalescent men, and the dying men in the wards. Such things cannot well be told about in a general narrative.

As probably every one knows, the first fifty base hospitals—ours being one of them—were organized under the auspices of the Red Cross, and afterward taken over by the army. The doctors were commissioned in the medical reserve corps, but there was much vagueness as to the status of the chaplains. The whole matter of the expansion of the chaplain service to meet the new demands of the war had not been worked out in Washington, and remained unsettled for a long time. However, more than twenty of the first fifty hospitals had sailed for Europe at the time when "45" was mobilized at Camp Lee, and the chaplains had gone with their units without difficulty. In May, however, chaplains of the hospitals began to be stopped at the ports with the announcement that because the status of the chaplains had not been officially verified they would not be transported. As soon as I heard of this I began, by personal visits to Washington and otherwise, to try to get the matter straightened out, and thought I had done so when Lieutenant-Colonel Williams received a telegram from the surgeon-general directing him to carry the chaplain with the rest of the organization to the embarkation port. But at

Newport News the embarkation officer declared that he had no authorization to provide space on the transport for the chaplain, and so, in the good army phrase, the chaplain "was out of luck." What I did then was to go at once to Washington and ask that arrangements be made by the Red Cross to send me overseas independently, with the hope of being re-attached to Base 45 when I actually got across. I was able to sail finally on the 7th of August, and after some delay in Paris and a very short term of service with Evacuation Hospital No. 9, at Vaubecourt, south of Verdun, I arrived at Toul and got "home" with "45" on the 10th of September.

Two nights after that the thunder of the guns from beyond the hills told us that the St. Mihiel drive was on, and the next day the wounded began to pour in. In those times when the nurses and the men of the detachment all had their hands full, there was a special chance for the chaplain to help in the receiving ward by having bouillon, etc., made and kept hot for the men who came in from the front, hungry and cold and many of them wet from lying on the ground in the rain in the nights preceding the drive. But, of course, it was in the wards where the wounded were carried that I spent most of my time. None of us I think will ever be likely to forget those wards as they were then, with their tragic and glorious mingling of agony and heroism and magnificent patience—men with faces white from the torture of amputations, men who struggled for breath with great wounds in their lungs, and downstairs in the wards next the operating room the floors filled with men on stretchers—a pool in the unceasing river of pain that seemed to flow in at one end from the ambulances as fast as it flowed out at the other through the doors to the operating tables where the tireless surgeons worked. All the wounded were pathetically grateful for whatever I or anyone else could do for them, whether it were some simple

thing like writing a letter home, or the ministry to a man whose life was obviously slipping away.

The pressure of surgical cases from the St. Mihiel drive was hardly over before the influenza epidemic had developed to its maximum seriousness, and then it was in the east building rather than the west that the wards were full of desperately ill and dying men, and though the great size of the hospital made the work very scattered and imperfect, I tried to keep in touch with those men and let them know that whatever I could do to help them, I was there to do.

On September 21st Lieutenant-Colonel Maddux asked me to be the chaplain in general charge of the whole group of hospitals, in addition to my particular responsibility at "45." There was at that time only one other chaplain among all the other hospitals, and so I began to visit at intervals in the wards of these others, particularly No. 87, No. 78, and the contagious. As group chaplain I was responsible also for the conduct, or for arranging for the conduct, of all burials—and once I buried eighty bodies in three days. For the first month I was at the cemetery practically every day, sometimes for as much as two hours. Later it was arranged that the chaplains in the group should take the services week by week in rotation.

On each Sunday I have held at our own hospital a short early morning service before breakfast, and a longer one with a sermon at night. But in addition to these, and in some respects almost more important, are the services in the wards. The hospital is so huge that I have never been able to hold a service in every ward on any one Sunday. By standing in the doorway between two connecting wards and thus reaching two wards with one service, I could cover—as on one Sunday when I had seventeen services—about half the hospital. Sometimes also I would have services on weekdays in our wards; and I have held many, both on Sundays and weekdays, in the wards of the other

hospitals. All these services of course were short. Generally I would begin by reading a hymn, and a passage out of the New Testament, or one of the psalms; then I would talk to the men for a little while on what I had read, and end with a prayer.

But the service which most of us have shared in, and which I for one will always remember best, is the service Sunday nights. At first I had it in what later became one of the receiving wards, but soon we moved it to the men's mess hall. In its general appearance one would have had to admit that our "church" fell a bit short of looking churchly. A long, low room with concrete floor and bare walls, the tables of the enlisted men's supper cleared away and piled back in the corner, all the benches arranged to focus on a little open space; add one table, one piano without much tune, and one preacher without any surplice, and the occasional smoke and sizzling of inevitable night cooking for the hospital which went on in the kitchen the other side of a partition—and these were the visible ingredients of the service and the appearance of our pro-tem cathedral. But with Miss Robertson to make the old piano with its stubborn, sticky keys to ring with real music, and Siegelman to add his violin, and *everybody* to sing, the spirit of the service grew warm and big and glorious, and hearts were lifted up to God.

By Lieutenant-Colonel McGuire's appointment, I was chairman of a committee on entertainment and recreation, but the real work was done by the sub-committees which the central committee appointed. Each month there was a committee of officers and nurses to arrange for dances on Saturday nights, and with enthusiasm and ingenuity these committees got up entertainments, and decorated the mess hall where the dances were held. The special Christmas committee carried through the big enterprise of filling stockings with candy and nuts and oranges and cakes and toys for

every single one of the more than sixteen hundred patients in the hospital Christmas Day, and there the stockings were hung at the foot of their beds Christmas Eve, just as if they were children at home and Santa Claus had really come! The co-operation of the nurses and wardmen made possible also the decoration of all the wards, and the picture, described more fully in other pages, was one we will never forget.

My position as group chaplain made me responsible to arrange such entertainments as were possible for all the hospitals here at the centre. Up to the time of the armistice, troupes of entertainers were sent out to us through the kindness of the Y. M. C. A., and performances held in the tent at Base No. 87, or in the theatre of Base No. 78 (these being the best available assembly places), once or twice a week. Later it was more difficult to secure troupes of performers in this part of France; but some came to us at "45" to sing in the wards, where they were vastly welcome.

At the minute when I came to this point in writing this account, the big thing happened which will take out of everybody's thought any lack or disappointment of the other days, which makes everybody forget whatever has been hard to live through, in the overwhelming, exuberant rejoicing of the news that we are going home! The telegram has just come! Evacuation Hospital No. 20 has been ordered here to take our place, and we are to start away. The pandemonium of laughter and yells and shouts could almost send its echo clear to Richmond now!

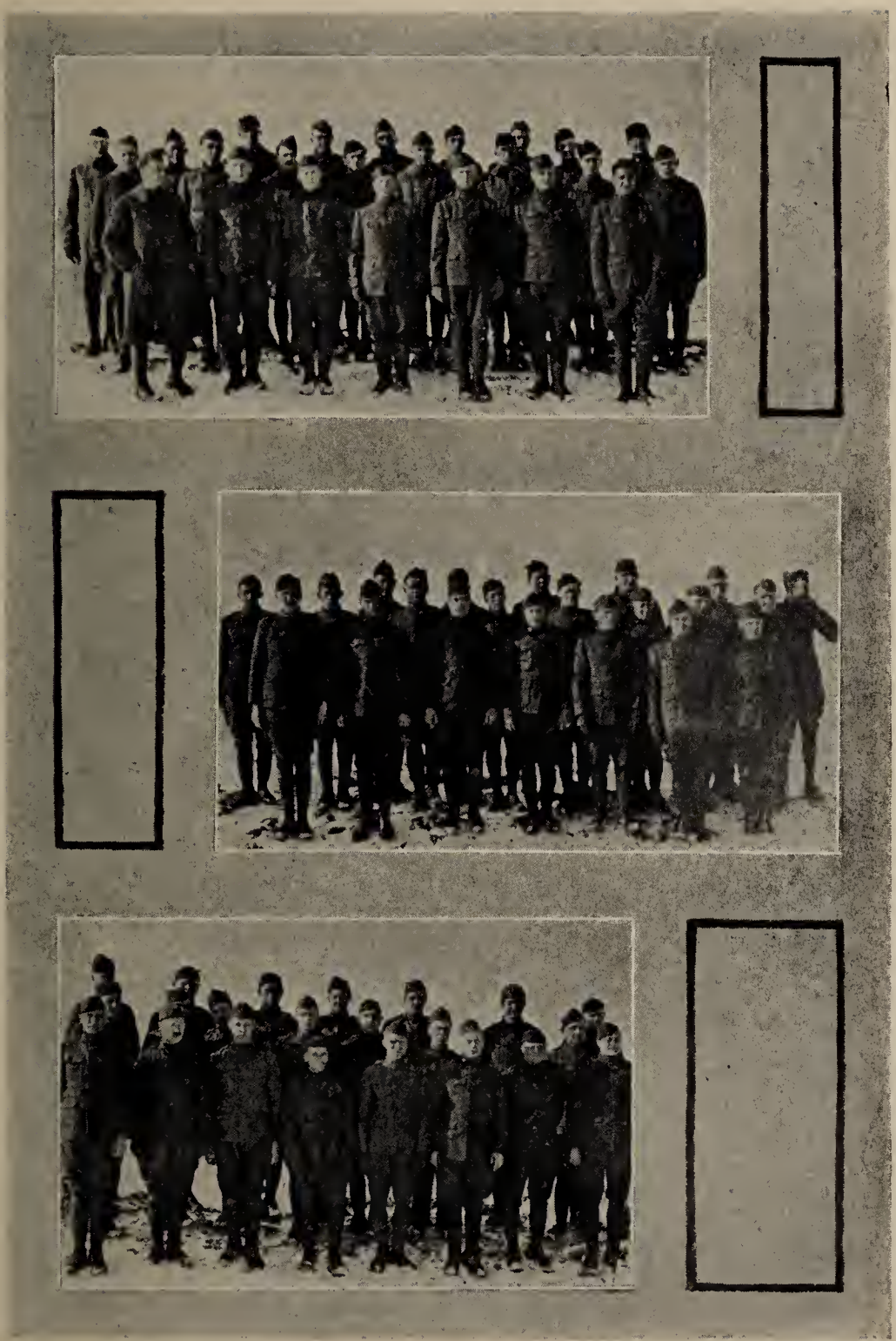
So—as the last word—I want to set down what I was just going on to say when the news came. The privilege of being a part of Base Hospital No. 45 has been a growing experience with fine things. As the organizer of the hospital and as the director of the work in France, Dr. McGuire has given day by day and unflaggingly the example of a determined industry, a cheerful courage and high purpose which have made the hospital into a living fellowship

proud of itself and of its chance for service. My own work, taking me into all parts of the hospital and all the wards, has shown me a staff of doctors who have given to the men of the army brought here to be our patients such unsparing devotion of time and energy as money could never have paid for; it has shown me nurses swiftly efficient, gentle, and strong for all tasks through their great self-forgetfulness; and it has shown me one other thing which I think of as perhaps even more notable still. I have watched the wardmen in their work—a work for which they had never been trained before and which they will not expect to follow hereafter, a work which was hard and menial. And I have seen them again and again do that work with a fine simplicity, and a kind of brotherly tenderness, which has been beyond all praise and beyond all price to the men they were helping. Some, of course, have risen higher than others; but the spirit of the organization has stood for faithful service. I, whose part it has been from time to time to preach sermons, have seen more and better sermons preached in the quiet witness of the women and men of this hospital who day by day were walking on those ways of duty and of kindness which are the truest ways of God.

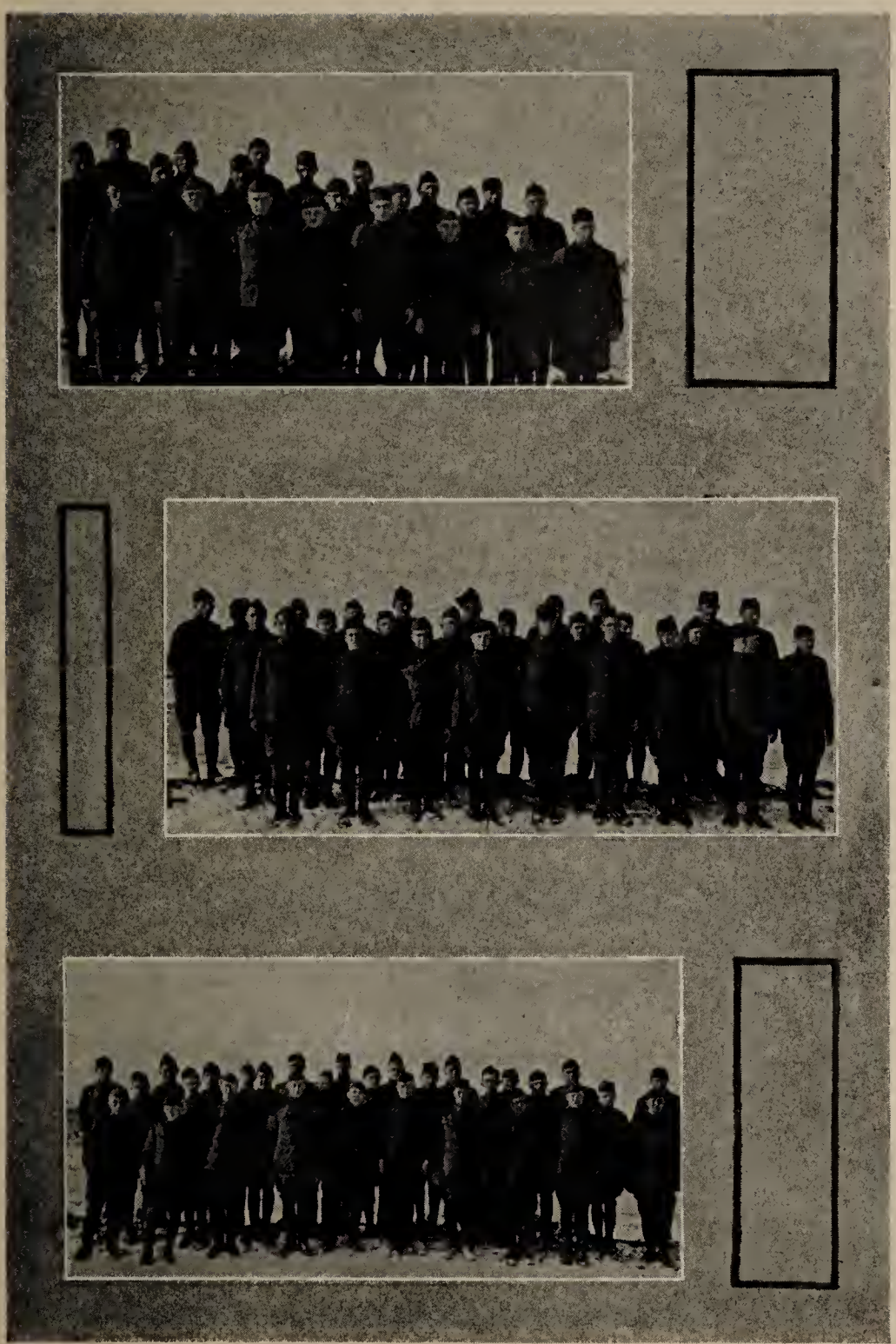
W. R. BOWIE.

THE DETACHMENT

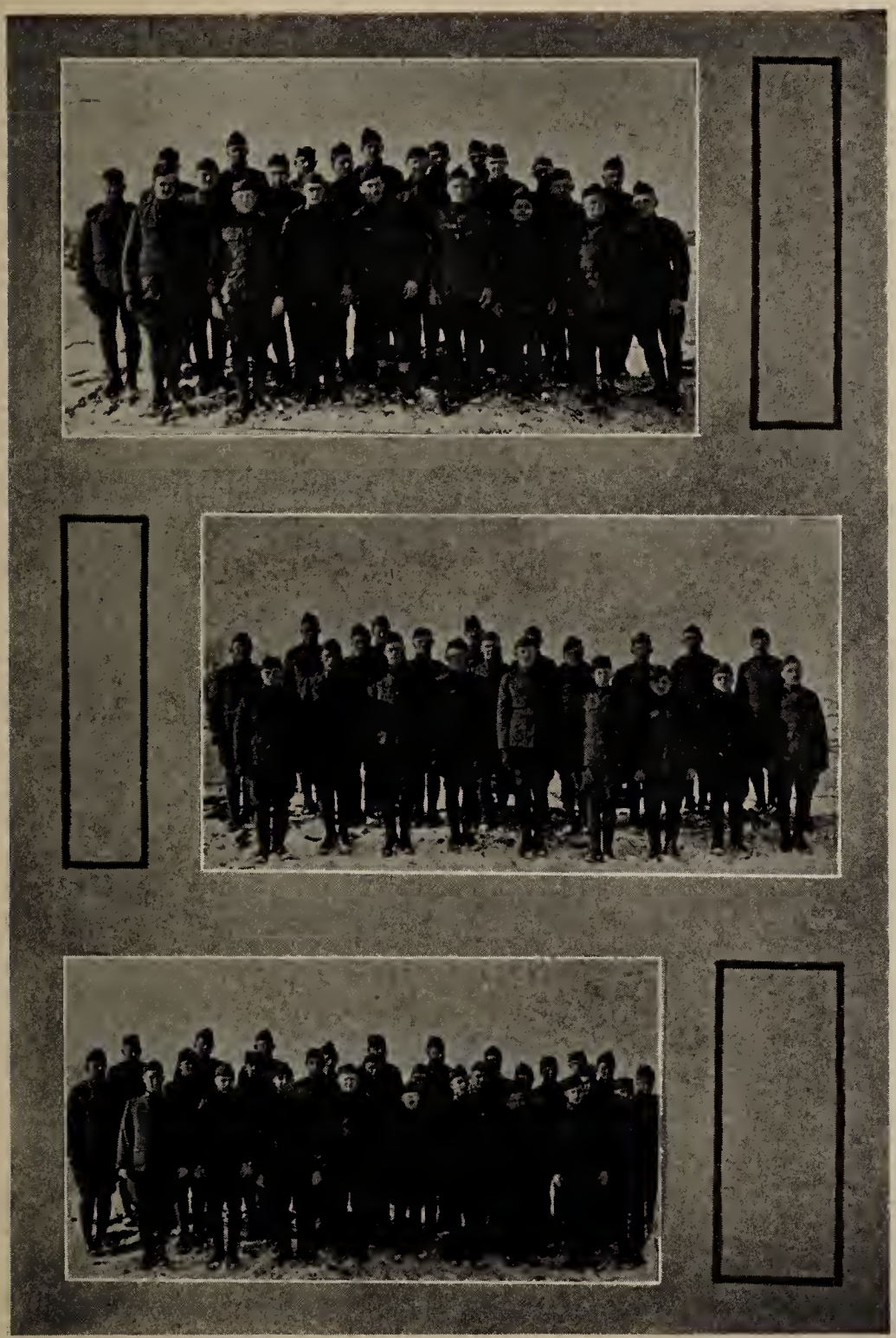
"The majority of these boys came from homes of refinement, were well educated, and were accustomed in varying, sometimes notable, degrees to the luxuries of life. Now their individualities were submerged; they enjoyed but few of the necessities and none of the luxuries of former days; they were subject to brusque, often ill-considered, orders which they dared not question; when they traveled they were herded up like cattle; when they worked they encountered quite frequently a duty so menial that it stung their pride and shocked their sensibilities. All the more to their credit then that they balked nowhere, and gave not only the service which law required of them, but a hearty and cheerful co-operation which comes only from stout and loyal hearts."



Detachment Groups No. 1.



Detachment Groups No. 2.



Detachment Groups No. 3



Chow Line on a Rainy Day.



X-Ray Force.



In Quartermaster's Service.



Platoon in Competitive Drill.



Marching in Platoons.



Wheelbarrow Race (Nantes).



Three-Legged Race (Nantes).







100-Yard Dash (Nantes).



Finish of 220-Yard Dash (Nantes).



Baseball Team and Rooters (Nantes).



Baseball Game—Liggan Sliding (Nantes).



Detachment as it Appeared Just Before Sailing for Home.

The Administration

THE work of so large an institution as Base Hospital No. 45 necessitated a good-sized staff of doctors, nurses and corps men to carry on the purely professional work, but these were ineffective for an army hospital without an administrative staff to co-ordinate and systematize the whole.

Army hospitals differ widely from civilian hospitals in function, methods and management and in nothing is this difference more clearly shown than in what is often called red tape, but more properly, "paper work." This means that many persons must be engaged alone in purely clerical duties. The prevailing record system, though complete for each department, was co-ordinated through interwoven reports to the commanding officer's headquarters. The commanding officer had thus, through his adjutant's office, a close detailed check on the administrative departmental heads, their assistants and all the work in really running the hospital.

The administration of our base hospital was carried on by the commanding officer; his well-informed and efficient adjutant who in turn was seconded by the sergeant-major's office with its clerical force; the registrar's office, which was chiefly concerned with data of various kinds about the patients; the quartermaster's office, which was attached to the hospital to look after many kinds of supplies, such as quarters, food, clothing for patients and the hospital corps; the medical supply office, which was responsible for medical supplies, such as beds, bedding, medicines and surgical in-

struments; the personnel office, which was responsible for recording certain data about the hospital corps men and for making up their payroll; the mess office, which was responsible for food and the cooking for the entire hospital; the detachment commander's office, responsible for detailed administration of affairs concerning the hospital corps men, such as conduct, discipline and welfare; the chief nurse's office, responsible for records, welfare and administration of nurses and nursing service of the hospital. In order that all this may be more fully understood these departments will be taken up in order and some detail.

Our first commanding officer was Major Alexander W. Williams, who joined us at Camp Lee and whose immediate responsibility was to see that this new unit of recent civilians be converted as fast as possible into a real 500-bed base hospital as outlined in the army tables of organization. His work included drill, discipline, records, instruction of officers and men in their duties, assignments of officers to duty in various departments, procuring as far as possible the full quota of officers and men, and trying to build up an esprit de corps, as well as seeing to the equipment of the whole. Major Williams did his organizing thoroughly in true army technic and methods and at the expense of his own health.

In early July, 1918, orders came to entrain for Newport News for extended field service. This meant strenuous work for the commanding officer, the adjutant, the detachment commander, the quartermaster and the personnel officer. The medical supplies which had been so amply given by the Richmond chapter of the Red Cross and assembled at the State fair grounds in Richmond, had in the meantime been moved to the port of embarkation, and Major, now Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, tried to get assurance that this property would accompany or at least belong to us in France. The life of a commanding officer in those

days was no bed of roses, and Lieutenant-Colonel Williams was exceedingly conscientious to perform his duty as he saw it. Finally on the morning of July 10th the main body of the unit marched down to the Aeolus and embarked for nobody knew where. On the way across, paper work kept the commanding officer and adjutant busy.

On July 21st we landed at Brest, France, and marched out to camp near Pontanazen barracks. Here new duties and orders gave the commanding officer more trouble in addition to that furnished by flies, mud, passes and quarters. In a week orders came to entrain for "somewhere in France." The commanding officer alone knew the destination of his command. In several days' travel we reached the little town of Autun and getting out marched to our new home, the "Caserne Billard." This building, formerly a monastery, was assigned as our place to build up a base hospital and the commanding officer quickly made his own assignments to duty so that no time might be lost getting ready to function. While at Autun Lieutenant-Colonel Williams' health gave way and he was sent to a hospital at Dijon. Major McGuire was made acting and then later full commanding officer. Autun proved impracticable as a permanent site for a regular base hospital, and so in a few weeks Base Hospital No. 45 was ordered to Toul, which was its real home while in France.

Although a distinguished surgeon, the new commanding officer while in France did but little real surgery, for it was his lot to serve as executive and administrative officer. Things were badly disorganized or rather unorganized when his unit reached Toul which was not so many miles from the front line trenches, and a tremendous lot of work fell on his shoulders immediately. Commanding Officer McGuire had no previous experience to guide him in putting into immediate function a base hospital of the sort demanded by an urgent need but somehow by hard work he and his as-

sistants got things ready for the patients that must soon come in large numbers. Lieutenant-Colonel Maddux, commanding officer of the hospital group forming at Toul, knew many of Base Hospital No. 45 personally and was a good friend to Major McGuire and his command, although at times it seemed otherwise, when orders apparently conflicting came thick and fast. Where lack of experience in army routine caused Major McGuire to use common sense in getting results in organizing, Lieutenant-Colonel Maddux would apparently be too rough in insisting upon proper procedure. All this was very trying, but was put up with for "the good of the service." Lieutenant-Colonel Williams' assignments of his various officers to duty were largely left intact by Major McGuire. The morale of the whole unit rose to support the commanding officer and a large part of the success achieved by Base Hospital No. 45 was due to the co-operation he received and the very definite sense of personal attachment each member of the unit had for him. Major McGuire was fortunate in having with him as officers, men of wisdom and judgment who had assimilated a fair amount of the army spirit and routine. Lieutenant Boushall proved to be a very efficient adjutant. Gradually the commanding officer found that he could leave much of the mere routine to his adjutant and his staff of assistants and devote his time to things more properly the function of a commanding officer of a large base hospital.

Although far from effectively equipped, the administration of Base Hospital No. 45 was told to prepare immediately to receive a large but unknown number of wounded men. The St. Mihiel drive started on September 12th and pretty soon these patients began to come in. The beds available were quickly filled up and yet the wounded came in ambulance-fuls. Finally Lieutenant-Colonel Maddux really saw that "45" was full to overflowing and ordered the ambulances to go elsewhere. He had been told

this several times but did not seem to comprehend or care. Such things as this made the early administration of Base Hospital No. 45 a difficult one, but these experiences made the staff wise in several ways at once.

Medical supplies were urgently needed and could not be obtained locally in sufficient quantity. All that fine Richmond Red Cross equipment had never shown up. Besides, this was only intended for a 500-bed base hospital while "45" was housed in buildings that could accommodate several times that number and the group commanding officer saw to it that every available space was used. Major McGuire had recently been notified that the "original equipment" was to be pooled into a central supply depot and issued on requisition only, but that he might try to save some of it if he chose. This he did and sent Lieutenant Phillips away in search of it and any more that he could get hold of. No hospital could run without supplies and this the commanding officer knew only too well.

The food problem was difficult to handle also. Fortunately Captain James knew all army routine and his assignment as mess officer saved the commanding officer much worry, for if food was to be had Captain James would get part of it at least. The same was true of Lieutenant Jenson as quartermaster, for he knew how to "go get it" when there was apparently no "it" to be gotten. The unit was fortunate in having assigned to it these two men. Gradually the novelty of its new function wore off and Base Hospital No. 45 settled down under its administration into a routine which lasted for six months.

Medical supplies began finally to come in and especially when Lieutenant Phillips came back with his freight train of green-cornered boxes labeled "Property of U. S. Army Base Hospital No. 45." About this time, too, the motor transport corps put more transport at the disposal of the group and "45" got its limited share. By the middle of

October the hospital was responsible for 2,000 or more beds, all full and pretty well cared for in spite of handicaps of many kinds. The administration was by this time well on to its job and things were running fairly smoothly with co-ordinated departments, each working to capacity, but not complaining. The group commanding officer kept Base Hospital No. 45 functioning as an evacuation hospital, although known as a base hospital. This, of course, brought its troubles, particularly to the registrar, nurses, chiefs of service and property officers, as well as trouble to everybody to keep pace with the movement. The group commanding officer finally established the group triage in the yard of "45" and this made conflicts of authority, particularly at first. Major McGuire was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel Maddux was followed as group commanding officer by Colonel Thornburgh, while Lieutenant-Colonel Goodall recently commanding officer at the gas hospital next door was made assistant group commanding officer. The group, with several other hospitals added, was organized up to a capacity of nearly 15,000 patients. Second Army headquarters moved into Toul and the area was filled with things military. As the administration got the whole hospital so well organized and co-ordinated, daily routine became somewhat less burdensome.

The armistice cut off hostilities, but for a month or more Base Hospital No. 45 continued to take in and evacuate large numbers of patients. Gradually, however, these dwindled in number though at Christmas of that year there were still 1,960 there. Group headquarters had relieved "45" of the 300 beds at the contagious hospital and so the capacity rating was lowered to about 1,900. Another and new duty came to the administration with Christmas approaching and the commanding officer appointed a joint committee of officers and nurses as a Santa Claus commit-

tee to prepare some sort of Christmas celebration for the patients. He let them have several thousand francs from a Red Cross fund given him in Richmond for such needs and this was supplemented by a fund given the nurses on board ship by some troops of the Eighty-seventh Division. Another problem that had a most touching human aspect was what to do about that large and increasing number of Russian ex-prisoners who hung about the gates wanting food, clothing and shelter. Many of these poor unfortunates were helped in many ways at "45," but the administration had to keep carefully within orders in so doing.

After Christmas nearly all the unit became restless and as work became lighter and as one by one orders for home came to different ones thereabouts this restlessness grew hard to bear. Then Lieutenant-Colonel McGuire was ordered home and his place was taken as commanding officer by Major, later Lieutenant-Colonel, Nelson. Next came orders relieving Base Hospital No. 45 from duty at Toul and bringing in Base Hospital No. 82 to replace it. The property officers and their assistants worked night and day trying to get ready for the transfer which finally was made just before orders came to entrain for a port of embarkation. Lieutenant Boushall, who was to stay in Europe for business reasons, was relieved from duty as adjutant and Lieutenant Phillips, who had made his transfer of property to "82," was appointed adjutant. About one-half of the nurses stayed in France for further duty. Early in February what remained of "45" left Toul for the coast, the officers and men stopping at Nantes while the nurses went to La Baule, awaiting embarkation for home. The administration of Base Hospital No. 45 was now largely contracted down to a commanding officer, his adjutant and the necessary clerical staff for daily routine, but these stayed on the job until the last. Many officers were detached and the nurses came home on a separate order, sailing from

Brest early in March, 1919. The rest of the unit stayed under Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson, who now had Major J. B. Williams as adjutant, at Nantes for some time until sailing orders came. They embarked at St. Nazaire and arrived in the United States in April. Demobilization soon followed with Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson as last commanding officer and Major Williams as last adjutant.

* * *

If in the original assembling of the nucleus of the base hospital there was an adjutant in function it was Captain Geisinger. Later Captain Smith served in the same official capacity. Finally the war department appointed a permanent adjutant in the person of Lieutenant T. C. Boushall, S. C. Lieutenant Boushall's equipment for this important position was his native ability, plus business experience, plus a few months of active duty inspecting gas masks in New York. He knew nothing of the technical requirements of an adjutant, but in spite of this made an excellent one by dint of hard work, patient learning, obedience, courtesy and rigid attention to his duties. An adjutant is a sort of glorified combination of chief clerk, encyclopedia of army regulations, private secretary and general manager, and he must know all about everything. He gives technical advice to the commanding officer, answers many questions of different sorts by many people in a day, sees that daily routine reports are made and on time, keeps up with and handles all new orders concerning the hospital and its personnel, knows what everybody should or must do, stands between his commanding officer and many outside bothers, sees after headquarters mail, signs headquarters orders, issues passes of various kinds, receives visiting officers and delegations, and through and in all this and more, he must be respectful and

respectable, punctilious in habits and discipline, decent and human.

The organization of the adjutant's office really began at Camp Lee when Lieutenant Boushall was selected to head it and then the commanding officer and he finished the personnel by adding "Ed" Barlow as sergeant-major and several other clerical workers as assistants. Their instructor was the commanding officer, their text-books were army regulations, the manual of the medical department and the large batch of orders and regulations constantly changing and modifying these. This office personnel remained together practically complete until the release of "45" from active duty at Toul in February, 1919. In France it was strengthened by having Miss Watkins, Miss Hobson and several corps men added to it. Together these workers mastered the details of their duties unusually well and the adjutant's and sergeant-major's offices together were one of the largest elements in the successful administration of "45." Many duties that helped to co-ordinate the work of so large and busy a hospital were performed quietly and without complaint. Physical difficulties, such as inadequate supplies and office space, insufficient number of typewriters and a large bulk of uninteresting and tiresome clerical work were handicaps overcome without show. Although this part of the administration was not directly concerned in professional work it had its long hours and hard times, too.

The writer late in the life of the base hospital was called upon to serve a while as adjutant following Lieutenant Boushall, and so became more intimate with the details of the office and its duties. He wishes to take this opportunity to pay his tribute to Adjutant Boushall, Sergeant-Major Barlow, Misses Watkins and Hobson and their associates for their long, patient and inconspicuous service, performed cheerfully, faithfully and efficiently, which so greatly helped to give our hospital its splendid rating. I

regard this department of work as the most effective section of the administration and want to honor it and its former personnel by giving full credit for its unusual performance.

* * *

The registrar's office is a very important part of the general administration of a military hospital, for it is here that actual detailed records of its patients, their effects, their admission and discharge are made and kept. Under army regulations then in force, it seemed as if these records were quite as important as the patients themselves and in the ratings of hospitals the records of the registrar's office were given large value. The receiving ward made initial entry of each patient for this office and thereafter daily entries were made on the individual patient's record by those in charge of him. His clothing and property must be cared for and recorded, his former pedigree and present status determined, medical and surgical treatment and changes in condition must be recorded, orders respecting his status as officer or soldier must be recorded, and finally his "disposition," must be recorded. Certain other data must accompany him when he leaves the hospital. All these and more must the registrar supervise without the least error or deviation from exacting regulations. Indeed a difficult and tiresome task! Base Hospital No. 45 had but one registrar, Captain Baughman, who was selected by Commanding Officer Williams. Captain Baughman was a prominent physician in Richmond and special tools of his trade were included in the "original equipment," but never used by him. Besides being good natured and an inveterate optimist, he had ability and was a good soldier and Major Williams chose wisely in this instance also, although depriving the army of well-trained professional services and Captain Baughman of all medical experience save a short period with Major McGuire up behind the lines in July, 1918.

Sergeant May, Sergeants Walter V. Moore and Henry G. Warinner, Corporals Adrian L. Bendheim, D. Q. Eggleston, R. S. Ellis and Magnus Lewis, Privates Thomas Geddy and Harry Siegelman and others faithfully and efficiently seconded their chief's efforts and together they carried out a good piece of work. There was much drudgery and uninteresting labor in this portion of the administration, but it was done quietly and effectively and much credit is due the registrar and his assistants. Out of duty hours Captain Baughman did his best to see France and its highways and hedges, but it is doubtful if he ever kept up with Lieutenant McKinney, or found out where the Edict of Nantes was signed.

* * *

The quartermaster department was one of the two large supply departments of the hospital. Its supply tables included such things as food and clothing for patients and hospital corps men, furniture, kitchen and office supplies, laundry and pay for the hospital corps, patients and nurses. This arm of the service was carefully organized and had its own methods of doing things and men to do them. A base hospital had attached to it an officer from the quartermaster's corps to serve as quartermaster and carry out the special duties arising from this assignment. The war department attached Second Lieutenant Jenson to Base Hospital No. 45 while it was organizing at Camp Lee. He immediately gave evidence of his Q. M. ways of efficiency by "going and getting" many things hard to get. Sergeants Geddy and Jolliff were his chief assistants, but others were added later on when duties became heavier. There are many things needed in an army hospital besides food and clothes, but these at least must be had and between Lieutenant Jenson as quartermaster and Captain James as mess officer these necessities were never lacking, for what this pair could not get between them could not

be gotten. It was in France that Lieutenant Jenson best showed his ability and when any real lack developed the commanding officer would talk it over with him and before long somehow and from somewhere something came to fill the need. The only thing he and his staff failed to get was an automobile for his regular use. The M. T. C. stood in the way of this, but sometimes even the headquarter's assistant commanding officer found out that members of "45" could and did use cars besides himself for "official duty." The effective handling of this quartermaster work by Lieutenant Jenson and his assistants eased many a worry of our commanding officer and speeded up the hospital work.

* * *

The medical supply office is the second of the supply departments for army hospitals. Under its supervision came such things as beds and bedding, stretchers, nursing supplies, medicines, surgical instruments and supplies, and equipment for the X-ray and laboratory departments, and certain equipment for the hospital corps personnel. These are essential to the life of any hospital and must be had for establishment and maintenance. Under regulations then existing an officer of the hospital was designated by the commanding officer as medical supply officer and made responsible and accountable for all material of this character used there. This could not be bought but obtained only from designated supply depots. Careful detailed records must be made on suitable forms for all that comes in and goes out, for the officer in charge is personally accountable for it.

When the unit was being organized in Richmond in 1917, the tables of organization for base hospitals gave detailed instructions for their equipment and on a basis of 500 beds. The generosity of the Red Cross made it possible to procure within this limit the best available material

and all this was packed and stored at the fair grounds in Richmond until needed. When the unit reached Newport News for embarkation overseas they saw these boxes with their green corners and labels in the freight warehouses there. The commanding officer was told in apparent good faith that this property of the hospital would follow him across and belong to his command there. In France at Autun he found out otherwise. No trace of this original equipment was found until about the time the unit moved to Toul. There an acute shortage of medical supplies was met. Some things were gotten from different sources, but in limited amount and variety. The need was urgent for the reason already given and the ingenuity of Lieutenant Jenson, then acting medical supply officer, was greatly taxed to get what he did. When Commanding Officer McGuire found out that there might be a chance of saving some of the original equipment he acted quickly and sent an officer down to Chaumont, Paris and Tours to see what could be done to get supplies right away. Lieutenant Phillips was given this job. At Tours he was successful in pleading the need and by good fortune finally saw Brigadier-General Kean, a Virginian and a gentleman, who added his personal word in behalf of the Virginia unit in distress. Shortly at St. Nazaire things were arranged by ingenuity, honest use of French francs to hire labor, personal influence and sympathetic co-operation of friendly officers, and that American habit of doing things "toute suite," so that practically all the green cornered boxes were loaded on about fifty freight cars and routed out of the yards toward Toul. Lieutenant Phillips convoyed most of this all the way, sleeping under a hastily rigged tarpaulin in an open-topped gondola car three days and nights, until the train pulled into the yards at Toul. Of course, a 500-bed equipment could not suffice for 2,300 patients, so this was

supplemented by additions from other sources until finally "45" was remarkably well equipped in nearly every respect and particularly so in kitchens, X-ray and dental departments and operating rooms and in nursing supplies.

Lieutenant Phillips was made medical supply officer, relieving Lieutenant Jenson, and assumed the duties of this office right away. Sergeants Kimbrough, Maynard and Stainback with other assistants ably supported him. Gradually this "original equipment," and other added, replaced make-shifts and French equipment, and by some time late in October medical supplies at Base Hospital No. 45 were not particularly disturbing. The chief difficulty encountered by this section of the general administration was keeping track of its supplies. The hospital was rated and known as a base hospital but functioned as an evacuation hospital and this meant a rapid change of patients all the time. The "pajama episode" will simply illustrate this whole problem. New patients were given pajamas when put to bed. If later these same patients were evacuated on stretchers the pajamas went out, of course, on them and were never seen or heard of again, for many of these patients left for unknown destinations. Under regulations the medical supply officer was accountable for pajamas as medical property, but how could he keep track of this kind of property scattered all over the A. E. F.? Gradually new pajamas had to be obtained for more patients. When later at headquarters S. O. S. the medical supply officer was making his final checking in of accountability, the narrow-minded, regulation-fed, old army crowd insisted upon having strict accounting for these pajamas. This obvious impossibility was later settled by a "survey," but what will not an army "survey" settle! In January and February, 1919, Base Hospital No. 82 took over from Base Hospital No. 45 its place and Lieutenant

Phillips finally transferred his property accounts to the new medical supply officer. May he have rested in peace!

* * *

That section of the administration presided over by the mess officer is important in more ways than one. Major Williams appointed Captain James of the sanitary corps to this duty while at Camp Lee and he remained as such until "45" broke up at Toul. None of us knew Captain James beforehand for he was assigned by the war department in May, 1918, coming to "45" from Camp Meade. He was not a doctor, but had been in the medical department from time immemorial; indeed it is said that he is the man who invented army paper work as well as that bit of impedimenta known as the "Belt, web, medical." Our records did not show how long his service had been but experience did show that there was nothing about army routine life that he did not know, and especially how to get rations. His duties kept him closely in association with the quartermaster and from the standpoint of former army experience the enlisted personnel of the base hospital were well clothed and well fed. Former civilian experience did not match these ideals, but "you're in the army now boys." Regulations made other provision for the feeding of officers and nurses in hospitals than from ration allowances. At Toul there were heard from these sources complaints of too much "gold fish," "inside mustard plasters," and a monotonous sameness to their food, but nobody starved and generally there was enough of its kind. Base Hospital No. 45 had in its enlisted personnel excellent cooks, thanks to Red Cross generosity, but these were hardly used to advantage under the army system. It was not always easy to feed the staff and patients at "45" and Mess Officer James, Mess Sergeant Levy and their cooks and assistants had their troubles and were frequently blamed when the

fault was not wholly theirs. Under the administration of Captain James the hospital fund accumulated to a large figure, this being later expended perforce on the enlisted personnel, to their sweetening advantage. When Base Hospital No. 45 was relieved from duty in February, 1919, Captain James being in the regular army was ordered elsewhere for duty and practically lost sight of by us. Though simple and quiet in his tastes and habits and a reticent nature preventing his being generally well known, Captain James was a very useful officer in the administration of "45." One of his most valuable and inconspicuous services was his accurate advice and counsel to other sections of the administration on matters of army routine, procedure and paper work.

* * *

Up until May, 1918, there was no such officer in the army as the personnel officer. The war department created then this new position and gave its occupants the duties of collecting and keeping on file data about the qualifications of the enlisted personnel of the command, and making up the monthly payroll. There were a few other duties added from time to time. At Camp Lee Major Williams appointed Lieutenant Phillips personnel officer of Base Hospital No. 45 and as nobody had ever heard of such an office before he had the unique duty of almost creating his own office within regulations. Sergeant White was assigned as the sergeant in the personnel office and he and Lieutenant Phillips carried on this work almost alone. Lieutenant Phillips was moved in and out of this office intermittently, as the physician would say about medicines, "p. r. n." (as occasion demands). Lieutenant Boushall served a while here, too, like Lieutenant Phillips, "in addition to his other duties." This portion of the administration was inconspicuous but regarded as necessary by the war department.

It was no easy job making up payrolls of enlisted men and nurses each month for of necessity this part of the hospital personnel was moved about considerably. The quartermaster did the actual paying in cash but the rolls were brought to him in shape and he used them as records. The personnel officer was required to witness the paying and see to it that nobody was left out.

* * *

While not actually considered by some a part of the administration proper, the office of the detachment commander and that of the chief nurse were so co-ordinated into the general scheme that no little part of the general administrative success was attributable to them. The chief nurse, Miss Robertson, and the detachment commander, Captain W. B. Hopkins, had their work so well systematized and their assistants were so familiar with routine duties that these offices were practically automatic sections so far as the commanding officer was concerned. While individual assignments to duty were made by the heads of these respective departments, the commanding officer and his adjutant were constantly in touch with the personnel and their duties through the report system in use.

Such is a more or less sketchy description of the administration, its personnel and duties. As said before the army system made all this complicated arrangement necessary, but Base Hospital No. 45 worked it out rather successfully. Just how far this success went is told elsewhere.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

V. The Work We Did—

We did our best.

From the records a few facts might be cited. During our stay of five months in Toul we handled 17,438 *patients. Nearly half the total came through in one month—that never to be forgotten September when an American army wiped out the St. Mihiel salient.*

Official maps, of which we reproduce one, show without the need of comment, the relationship of Toul to the zone of the advance. When we arrived, the fighting line was a little less than a dozen miles away. For a brief period we were the most advanced base hospital in France and always as advanced as any other. We were known by name as a base hospital; but by actual function as an evacuation hospital.

A comprehension of the size of the plant may be gathered from the fact that the capacity of one floor was greater than the entire capacity of any single hospital in Richmond; and the total capacity greater than the total capacity of all the hospitals in Richmond put together. Associated with the little band of doctors caring for this army of patients were nurses and wardmen whose unconquerable spirit and boundless devotion to their duty overthrew obstacles seemingly insurmountable. The co-operation was perfect. The results will have to speak for themselves.

The maze of administrative detail detached many sorely needed elsewhere—but it was necessary. Here again we were led by that lucky star which had already given us much, including this location where real deeds were doing. Capable minds were in all the administrative offices and the adjutant's accomplished hand steered us safely through many a narrow channel.

Over it all presided the genius of the commanding officer—and since he has no hand in this writing it is permissible to say that the popular abbreviation of the name of U. S. A. Base Hospital No. 45 *into "The McGuire Unit" is correct. It was his unit.*

The work we did—it taught us many things, but in this application one stands out in particular, that the seemingly full days of our ordinary lives are false criteria. If a man wishes to know how much he can actually do and with what little he can do it when backed against the wall and faced by an imperative emergency, he can learn in an evacuation hospital behind an advancing army.

Told In Figures

DURING the operation of Base Hospital No. 45 a great mass of statistics was gotten together by the registrar's office. It seems better to print only those facts that might be of general interest to the members of the hospital as a whole.

There can be no doubt for instance of the interest of such a table as this:

1918.	Admissions.	Deaths.	Death Rate Per Thousand.
August	1,029	4	3.887
September	8,652	142	16.412
October	2,883	131	45.438
November	2,427	41	16.893
December	1,611	21	13.035
1919.			
January	836	11	13.157
Grand total	17,438	350	20.073

The greatest number of patients in the hospital on any one day was September 24, 1918, when we had 2,185—1,544 at the base and 641 at the annex.

It might be interesting to redistribute the figures as follows:

Surgical admissions, 5,241. Deaths, 75. Rate per thousand, 14.3.

Gassed admissions, 1,379. Deaths, 2*. Rate per thousand, 1.4.

*Deaths of gassed cases developing pneumonia are recorded as due to pneumonia.

Medical admissions, 10,818. Deaths, 273. Rate per thousand, 25.2.

Cause of Death

Received in action—Gas	2
Received in action—Gunshot wounds	30
Surgical	
Accidental	14
General surgical	7
Empyema	24
Medical	
Meningitis	6
Enteritis	1
Dysentery	1
Diphtheria	1
Typhoid fever	1
Myocarditis	1
Myocarditis and endocarditis	1
Streptococcic endocarditis	1
Nephritis	1
Malformation of ureter	1
Tuberculosis	4
Pneumonia	254
Total	350

The number of allied soldiers that were cared for at the hospital was considerable, particularly after the armistice, when the prisoners of war were pouring through Toul. Many of those that were sick or wounded found their way into one of the group of hospitals. Who will ever forget the night after the St. Mihiel drive when a squad of German prisoners arrived!

The table that follows does not represent the numerous

French civilians and soldiers that were treated without record having been made:

ALLIES AND PRISONERS OF WAR ADMISSIONS

	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Total.
British	0	0	0	52	1	0	53
French	2	5	5	0	2	0	14
Italian	0	1	3	31	1	0	36
Russian	0	0	0	22	16	6	44
Belgian	0	0	0	2	0	0	2
German	0	43	12	4	0	3	62

Certain diseases have been selected from the admission cards because it seemed that a table of this sort would give a better idea of the character of the work done by Base Hospital No. 45. The diagnosis of many of these cases was changed as the cases developed. This was notably true of the pulmonary group, where so many of the cases eventually developed into empyemas. The gassed cases really belong in the eye group, because all of them were treated intensively by the eye men. It might be interesting to note that no case of blindness developed from that group.

DISEASES ON ADMISSION

Bronchitis	796
Broncho-pneumonia	95
Empyema	11
Influenza	4,004
Pleurisy	119
Pneumonia	146
Pneumonia lobar	158
Pneumonia suspect	24
Pulmonary tuberculosis	25
Pulmonary tuberculosis suspect	55
Tonsilitis	235

Mastoiditis	6
Mastoid operation	30
Otitis media	90
Gassed	1,379
Malaria	21
Diphtheria	76
Measles	30
Meningitis	38
Meningitis carriers	15
Mumps	535
Scarlet fever	11
Trench fever	4
Typhoid fever	14
Arthritis	29
Rheumatism	274
Rheumatism gonorrheal	11
Rheumatic fever	47
Exhaustion	13
Diarrhoea	275
Dysentery	330
Enteritis	182
Entero-colitis	87
Gastritis	116
Gastro-enteritis	147
Scabies	211
Abscess	88
Appendicitis	291
Appendicitis suspects	14
Burns	65
Conjunctivitis	136
Contusions	144
Flat feet	173
Gonorrhea	293
Gunshot wound	1,044
Hemorrhoids	358
Hernia	277

Infections	166
Injuries	95
Lacerations	69
Sprains	228
War injuries, face and jaw	87

AMBULATORY CASES

Refraction of eyes	900
Sinusitis	1,000

AMBULATORY DENTAL CLINIC

General dental work	3,000

X-RAY DEPARTMENT

Number of cases fluoroscoped more than	1,500
Number of cases upon which plates were made more than	2,000

LABORATORY

Total number of examinations of various sorts	8,075

The above figures cover the five-months period during which the base hospital was operating at Toul.

GREER BAUGHMAN.

The Surgical Service

TO get a comprehensive idea of the surgical service, one must briefly trace all the steps in its development. The mobilization at Camp Lee. The long period of waiting for orders. The sudden summons, entraining, the journey to the sea, the arrival at Camp Hill. Basking in the sunshine on the headland overlooking Hampton Roads. Betting as to which of the fleet of ships riding easily in the roadstead would bear us across the ocean. Wondering if luck, or fate, or Providence would let us pass in peace, or, if on some dark night the dull thud of a torpedo under the waterline would end the whole project e'er ever we set eyes on France. The march through the silent streets of Newport News, just between sunrise and moonset. The crowded transport, the many new friends and old ones, too, into whom we stumbled when we went aboard the big ship. The long days and longer nights, on the ocean, and finally the first glimpse of France. The debarkation at Brest. The march to Pontanazen Barracks. The strange sights and quaint costumes of Brittany. The camp in the mud. Days of waiting in utter weariness to be on our way and at our work. To be settled somewhere, anywhere, to be dry and warm once more.

The telegram in the night, breaking camp, the long march through the country along roads blocked with moving troops, on through the slumbering city of Brest, and then the French troop train. Visions of France, sunshine and warmth, wonderful fields and gardens; a beautiful panorama of hills and valleys, towns, villages and hamlets. On through the land of vineyards where wine for all the

world is made. Through forests, over rivers, skirting wonderful canals for miles and miles. Through big cities, on many of which the track looked down from a great height. Throngs of people cheering, troops of little children waving flags and crying "au succour, vive les Americaines." Nights and days of crowded discomfort, hours and hours on sidings and finally the arrival at Autun, there to be overwhelmed by the waiting seventeen who had gone on the famous "Hwah-Jah," whom we feared were lost to us for the rest of our stay in France. Through the quaint streets with pleasant welcoming people, and happy throngs of children, through the great gateway of "Caserne Billard."

Someone else will tell of this age-old monastery, of late years used as military barracks, of its pleasant garden with flowers blooming and with fruit trees nailed flat against the walls like the sticks of a fan, or trained like vines into an arbor or made to bend and turn in a score of fantastic shapes. It was a restful place with mountains, streams and valleys, clear and dry so that one never tired of the wonderful view that stretched away to the hill-bound horizon. But, as a hospital, the famous old abbey looked quite impossible. A camp hospital had occupied it and had made a little operating room upstairs and fixed up some beds, but it was hard to really view the place as a hospital. On first glance it would have seemed an ideal place to raise pigeons or bats, but not to care for the sick. However, we fell to work with a will. We organized our staff, consisting of the following officers:

Major William L. Peple, Chief of the Surgical Service.
Captain Joseph F. Geisinger, First Assistant.
Captain Roy C. Fravel, Second Assistant.
Captain Alvah L. Herring.
Captain Raymond Voisinet.
Captain L. F. Barrier.

Lieutenant Beverley F. Eckles.
Lieutenant Frank C. Pratt.
Lieutenant Frank G. Scharmann.
Lieutenant Quintus H. Barney.
Lieutenant Cornelius J. Corcoran.
Lieutenant Carrington Williams.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Department.

Captain Robert H. Wright.
Captain W. B. Hopkins.

X-Ray Department.

Captain Fred M. Hodges.
Lieutenant Joseph T. McKinney.

Department of Dentistry and Oral Surgery.

Captain Guy R. Harrison.
Captain John B. Williams.

There was an engineer there whose name I do not recall. He was a second lieutenant with lots to do and little to say. He had a wonderful faculty for getting things done, and a positive genius for making a thing that was designed for one purpose serve in another, never dreamed of by its maker.

We chose a large room with a tiled floor for an operating room, and he soon had electric lights dangling above five operating tables. Running water came through strange looking pipes and left by queer looking aqueducts of tin and galvanized iron. We had requisitioned for supplies of all kinds. We bought up all the cotton cloth in town and as the supplies came in all hands set to work at making dressings. All the officers, medical as well as surgical, were put

to work. Some were detailed to show a large group of enlisted men downstairs how the work was to be done and with this large force we made rapid progress. Cut, fold, wrap and pin, all were at it and the piles of dressings grew and grew, the sterilizer running night and day to keep up with us. They were good, carefree days, those first weeks at Autun. We sat and cut and wrapped and folded and sang like negroes in a stemmery, and order grew out of chaos. In a large room next to the operating room was the chapel and a small congregation still came to worship there. The Mother Superior let us have our office here and allowed us to put up shelves to store our dressings. We strung a wire across the room and hung sheets up, thus shutting off the altar, leaving it in a separate room.

Supplies now began to arrive, a few trucks turned over somewhere near by and broke some arms and legs. A case or two of appendicitis developed and we began to be a real hospital, and to take a pride in our handiwork. And then came the end. The order read: "You will proceed to —— with nothing but your personal belongings." One could not help but recall a similar order, over 1900 years ago to "Eat with your loins girded and your staffs in your hand." It had become our home, our pride, and we must leave it—leave it, with all the work we had bestowed upon it, with all the little touchings, fixings and fitments, which we had so cunningly devised, leave it to go where?

Troop trains again, more cities, villages, rivers, canals and forests, more waiting on sidings. A new sight, the passing hospital trains with the French wounded. More waiting on sidings, night in a freight yard, new railroads, new camps, construction gangs of all the motley nations of the four corners of the earth. Aeroplane fields, acres of big green hangars with flocks of planes circling everywhere. Trains of flat cars loaded with guns, field kitchens, and all the appurtenances of war. More weary hours, until finally

we rolled into Toul and made our way to Caserne LaMarche, an old military barracks, and there turned in and forgot the world. The next few days were spent in going over our new possessions with a view to selecting the best place for our operating rooms, sterilizing rooms, X-ray department, dental and eye, ear, nose and throat clinics. There was neither light, heat, nor running water and the accessibility of all these must be carefully considered before a choice was made. We settled on the west building for the surgical department. This had been occupied by the French as a gas hospital. They had fitted it up with great care and were loath to leave it. We knew just how they felt. It was Autun over again, only this time we were in the right pan of the scale.

The medicin chef was a wonderfully courteous little man who wore bright scarlet trousers and did it gracefully. In fact, he got away with them. He showed us everything and said it was all ours as soon as the necessary papers could be drawn up making it over to us. There were piles and piles of dressings, gauze, bandages, sponges, cotton, everything for such an emergency as we knew to be imminent. The instruments were old and many were quite impossible, but until others could come we looked upon them as a god-send.

In the meantime we were growing rapidly as a medical institution. The other buildings were being filled with all sorts of medical cases. In addition to other legacies left us by the outgoing organization which had occupied the east building, we had inherited a contagious hospital, well filled. To this and the medical side, before we could organize and get our bearings, the surgical staff was drafted. By ones, twos and threes, they went, dentists, specialists, X-ray men and all, until only Captain Geisinger and I were left to try as best we could to make ready our plans for a time that was surely coming.

Captain Geisinger collected a group of French women and, with a nurse or two left by the retiring organization, set to work to accumulate a big store of dressings. He cleared storage rooms, grouped supplies and set things going at a good brisk pace. We had established friendly relations with Evacuation Hospital No. 3 which was quite close by, and they kindly sterilized for us a small mountain of dressings and supplies; meantime, and in the very midst of things, there came an order for the following named officers to proceed to Evacuation Hospital No. 1 at Sebastopol as observers for a week: Major W. L. Peple, Captain Joseph F. Geisinger, Captain Alvah L. Herring and Lieutenant Frank C. Pratt. It was only a matter of a few miles, so dropping everything we got into an ambulance and rolled away to Sebastopol. Evacuation No. 1 was a sort of model hospital, located in the newer type, one-story French barracks. To it from all parts of France men were sent to watch the methods of modern war surgery conducted by men of skill and experience. It was within easy ambulance distance from our lines and the "reciprocal bombardments" and "moderately severe artillery duels," as the papers at home describe such things, furnished a wonderful clinic, fed to it regularly day by day, without rush or turmoil. We watched these men at their work and watched the dressing of the ugly wounds day after day until we had absorbed the ideas and noted the many little practical points that had been developed in this new line of work.

It was early September and cold and crisp. The hospital lay back of a forest that we knew was a perfect nest of ammunition dumps. There was a big red cross on the roof and a huge black one, made of coal, in the yard to let the aviators know that it was a hospital. Behind us lay an aviation camp. To our right arose Mount Bruley with its crest bristling with anti-air craft guns. In sharp

contrast, or shall I say as a corollary, close to the woods and in plain view of Fort Bruley, lay a peaceful little graveyard. They were all newly made graves, each with its little wooden cross above it. There were many aviators here, for the great sweep of plain was a famous fighting ground for the air men. Among others, we recognized the names of young Thaw and Lufberry. Some one had set up a large propeller of some great bomber. It made quite a picturesque cross and seemed a fitting emblem to mark the last resting place of our fliers.

Air raids were frequent, though every one had grown accustomed to them. The Germans could have bombed the place at any time they wished, but they never did. I dare say that behind the hills that we could plainly see, back of the line, marked by the two rows of big sausage-shaped balloons, there was a similar hospital, that was quite comfortable as it was. The Germans, in my opinion, were prudent rather than magnanimous.

We made some interesting trips while here—one to a field hospital some seven or eight miles up. It was a neat, trim, well ordered place, empty save for a few gassed patients. But it was all ready for the great event, when our army should come out of the ground, take Mont Sec and obliterate the St. Mihiel salient. Far over to the right was a peaceful little village almost under the shoulder of the hills, that marked the deadline. Here was the dressing station, where the ambulance companies collected their poor wrecked passengers, brought them from the aid stations in or near the trenches themselves. Here one could reconstruct the whole scheme of caring for the wounded—the bursting shell, the wounded men, the litter bearers finding their way back to the aid station, then back to the dressing stations. At night the ambulances could even move up closer than this point for their loads but not by daylight.

At the dressing station they are given food and hot

drinks. Dressings are adjusted and then the patient is sent on to the field hospital. Here splints and dressings are gone over and needed changes are made. Emergency treatment, such as checking of hemorrhages, is done. Tetanus antitoxin is given, if it has not already been administered on the field. Everything done is noted on the man's field medical card, which is attached to him and accompanies him throughout his entire journey. Those too seriously ill to travel are held and the others go by ambulance on back to the evacuation hospital. Men are not taken from their litters to make the various stops and changes. Often a man is operated on lying on the same litter on which he was first placed when picked up on the field. There is a litter, blanket and splint exchange between the hospitals and ambulances and evacuation trains. The empty ambulance carries back an equal number of these articles so that the wounded man will not be disturbed and yet the supply of these necessary things will be constantly maintained at the front.

The evacuation hospital is the operating centre. All needed operations are done here and the patients are sent away as fast as trains can be secured. The trains take them back to the base hospitals out of the danger zone. Here they remain until well and go back to duty again, or are sent on to base ports to take ship for home. This is the chain, forged to utilize human material to the utmost, to conserve it, to use it, to nurse it and finally to salvage what is left. We were following it link by link from end to end.

It was a good week well spent and we all returned feeling surer of ourselves, surer of our ability to meet the many new conditions that confronted us. When we reached home we set to work again and were getting things into pretty good shape when we were ordered to send the following three operating teams to Evacuation Hospital No. 3 for duty:

Team No. 1.

Operator—Major William L. Peple.
Assistant—Lieutenant Beverley F. Eckles.
Anaesthetist—Miss Agnes T. McD. Lynch.
Nurse—Miss Madge Driver.
Orderly—Private A. B. Luck.
Orderly—Private H. G. Smith.

Team No. 2.

Operator—Captain Joseph F. Geisinger.
Assistant—Lieutenant Carrington Williams.
Anaesthetist—Miss Adah Corpening.
Nurse—Miss Esther M. Cameron.
Orderly—Private O. R. Hodgen.
Orderly—Private G. H. Hester.

Team No. 3.

Operator—Captain Roy C. Fravel.
Assistant—Lieutenant Frank C. Pratt.
Anaesthetist—Miss Julia Loretta Dougher.
Nurse—Miss Alberta Reed.
Orderly—Private L. S. Liggan.
Orderly—Private N. T. Crossley.

The news had leaked out that the long expected battle was about to start. The guns had been roaring the night before, beginning promptly at midnight. The sky was full of flashes all along the horizon to the north and the far away thunder was ceaseless. We knew what the sad sequel of this would be and were not surprised when our orders came. Evacuation No. 3 was also located in one of the many French barracks that abound around this part of France. It was ideally located with a rail head close to the buildings so that the wounded could be rapidly evacuated

when the surgeon's work should be completed. It was an admirably conducted place. Major DeForest was in command and Captain Cutler was chief of the surgical service. These officers were experienced in this work and it was wonderful to see how smoothly everything was done. The buildings had been supplemented by tents to accommodate the large numbers that were expected. There was room in the operating room and operating tent adjoining it for ten teams to work at once. Each team had two tables so that one patient could be prepared while the other was being operated on. We went on in twelve-hour shifts, but our first shift began at 3 P. M. and did not end until 7 A. M. next day.

It was grim work, but I shall never forget it, nor shall I lose the admiration that I conceived for the men who ran this big machine so smoothly. I think our first impression of the wounded as they arrived was one that will never leave us. In they came in ambulances, and in trucks piled two rows deep—a long, tired, bloody stream of them. It was a wonderful moment. Our men had gone over and done their job in a perfectly workmanlike manner. The thing had been a big success. American troops with short training periods could do what British, French or Germans could do, and do it well. That was all. The spirit of the men was wonderful. They were quiet, reserved, not loud, never boastful. The less seriously wounded sat about in groups and smoked and chatted, while the severer cases were carried through the triage or sorting station. There was no impatience, no hurrying, no slipping in out of turn, no question as to whose turn came next. They just sat or sprawled about, a muddy blood-stained crowd, and talked in hushed voices of the great events of the day as each had seen them. There was a rugged dignity about them that made us proud to be their fellow-countrymen, that made us feel that nothing that we could do, or endure, would be too

good, or even half good enough for men who had gone where they had gone and seen the things that they had seen.

After three or four days, or rather nights, of this we returned to "45," feeling that all the long months of training in camps and cantonments, all the weariness of more than a year of waiting, at last had met its compensation. We had known what the nurses would do. They can always outwork men. But the way the enlisted men attached to the teams went at their task was a veritable joy to our hearts.

When we reached home again we found that "45," which was supposed to be all medical at this time, had caught the overflow. Our gate was the nearest on the road and into it they had come. Captain Herring organized his team with Lieutenant Barney, Lieutenant Corcoran and Lieutenant Willis, Captain Voisinet taking care of fractures and helping with the surgery. Miss Mary Broaddus was running the operating room. These men, in addition to working night and day, had medical wards to run and evacuations to assist in. It was, indeed, a trying time and all of us were glad enough to see the work slacken and begin to wane.

But just then Evacuation No. 3 was ordered to close and follow the army. All the cases too ill for an evacuation and many others were sent over to us. We were full to overflowing. It was just at this juncture that our wonderful equipment from home arrived, and as our hospital would not hold another soul, our gates were closed and we were granted a respite from new cases to get our house in order. Such a tearing at boxes was never seen before. Carload after carload was unpacked and distributed over the building.

Before this could be finished another drive was on. The gates were opened. We were again an evacuation hospital for surgical as well as medical cases and away we went back to our tasks—day and night, night and day. To

briefly review the situation, let it be remembered that with the personnel of a base hospital of 1,000 beds we were suddenly called on to function as an evacuation hospital of approximately 2,000 beds. The medical side which all had expected to be small had twice as many patients to care for as the surgeons. The surgical service was curtailed by having to send men to the medical service and to perform other necessary military duties. We had calculated on just such a possibility, however, and when the emergency arose we did our best to meet it.

We had four full operating teams with Captain Voisinet acting as a splint team and caring for the fractures and orthopedic cases. This, however, took every man of the staff and when teams worked on a twelve-hour operating shift there was still all the ward work, dressings and evacuations to be attended to. It meant a change of scene rather than a period of rest when a team left the operating table. Fortunately drives do not last long and we fought along until this one spent itself. We were glad, indeed, when the two armies were safely burrowed in the ground once more. Our position so near the fighting line made our experiences and work valuable to others and numerous officers were sent to us from time to time for "observation." We established many new acquaintanceships and some warm friendships in this way. Others came also, either as neighbors or chance visitors. Among the most welcome faces in our quarters was that of Major B. R. Kennon, a Virginian and an old friend, whom we were soon regarding as one of ourselves.

When acting as an evacuation hospital, the whole lower floor of the west building was turned into a pre-operative ward where the wounded were received. This was an admirable arrangement, as it adjoined the X-ray department which in turn was next to the operating room. But it contained only 100 beds and when a drive is on, and the ambu-

lance men are on their mettle 100 beds is a small matter as we soon found out. To better understand the task before us it might be well to tell just what happens to a wounded man when he comes into the hospital grounds. He is taken out of the ambulance at the receiving ward on the same litter on which he came. There are racks like wood horses made to fit the litters so the men are practically in little beds and the litter bearers are spared two lifts. Here his name, number, rank and organization are taken and a brief examination is made to verify the cause of admission. He is then assigned to a ward. Next he goes to the dressing room, where all his clothes and equipment are taken from him and thrown into the salvage dump. Next he gets a hot shower and clean pajamas and a dressing gown, is wrapped in a blanket and taken to his ward and put to bed—at least that is the theory of the thing. That is how it is managed in quiet times and it works nicely and smoothly.

But when a rush is on, when every rack in the receiving ward has its litter, when the floors are full, when the halls are full, and filled ambulances are lined up outside with impatient motors roaring to be gone, the problem changes. Wounded men cannot be stripped and marched about and showered. Splintered limbs, shell-torn chests, bleeding heads, broken jaws, shattered thighs and gaping flesh wounds, have to be gotten at quickly. This throng must come to the pre-operative ward, be undressed, their mud-caked garments often cut from them, their wounds examined and noted, the most urgent cases selected from the others and designated for the X-ray rooms. For all wounded must go through the X-ray department. A large proportion, probably eighty-five per cent, of the wounds are made by shell fragments. It is not shrapnel as is so commonly believed but high explosive. The shells burst into thousands of jagged pieces of all shapes and sizes, and they are most effective. One would scarcely credit the damage that one

of these tiny bits of metal can accomplish. A modest little hole may cover a shattered thigh and a pulpified mass of destroyed muscles, torn vessels and severed nerves. It is the task of the X-ray operator to find each of these bits of metal, to state its size and shape and its relation to the wound or to certain indelible marks which he puts upon the skin to indicate to the surgeon the exact location and the best method of approach for its removal.

The X-ray department had been well placed and admirably equipped through the indefatigable energy of Captain Hodges. Here he and Lieutenant McKinney worked like beavers day and night, night and day. The place looked like some weird alchemist's shop with its pale green phosphorescent glow and the crackle of the sparker, and the tiny glow of the wires shimmering in the utter darkness. All of this work is done with the fluoroscope. Few plates are made. The operator makes his estimates and calls them out to a clerk who sits behind a screened light and takes them down, much as a tailor takes your measure for a suit. When the localization is done, the patient is ready for the surgeon. He goes directly to the operating room or back to a ward of completed cases ready for call. To choose the most urgent, to get them undressed and put through the X-ray, to care for the new cases that are surging in, and to supply the operating room with a steady flow of patients is no small task. This work was done by Lieutenant Eckles and Lieutenant Scharmann and was most efficiently carried out.

Remember that all movements of patients had to be made with litters. There were no elevators. There was no hall running lengthwise of the building. To go from end to end of a building the litter bearers had to pass through every intervening ward and four cross halls that led to the stairways. Remember that outside the buildings everything was in pitch black darkness. No glimmer of light was permitted. It was not allowable to smoke, strike a

match, or use a flashlight. All windows were screened, all doors kept closed, and the hallways dark lest we attract the attention of some night bomber.

Just follow the patient for a little while and see what the litter bearers must do. From the ambulance to the receiving ward. From the receiving ward to the pre-operative ward. From the pre-operative ward to the X-ray room, from the X-ray room back to the pre-operative ward. From the pre-operative ward to the operating room. From the operating room to a bed in a ward somewhere in this or another building. The buildings have patients on all three floors. They are nearly one hundred yards long. The yard and halls are dark.

No story would be complete without a tribute to the litter bearers who toiled and strained and carried through those long days and nights. When flesh and blood could stand no more a call for volunteers always brought a fresh group, convalescent patients, ward masters, X-ray and laboratory men, clerks, men who had worked all day gave up their hard earned rest to trudge and lift and carry all through the long, long nights.

The operating room is the very heart of an evacuation hospital and though we were classified as a base hospital, we were constantly functioning as an evacuation hospital with only the personnel of a base hospital. We had good warm rooms and, thanks to the engineers, we had good electric lights and had actually gotten running water into the room itself.

The operation most frequently called for in battle wounds was new to us. It is called by the French debridement. It consists of opening a wound and removing all foreign material, such as dirt, clothes, bits of bone and metal, and of paring away all the destroyed tissue, that if left will slough and cause trouble. Often one can clip out the dead muscle and skin and leave a wound that can be

stitched at once. As a rule, however, the wound is kept open and treated with antiseptic solutions (usually Dakin's solution) until a bacteriological examination shows it to be free of germs when it is closed like a new wound. In this way days and weeks and months are saved in the healing of wounds and extensive scars of the deep tissues are avoided. It must be remembered that these wounded who are being operated on tonight may be hurried aboard a train next morning going back to some base. An evacuation hospital with full beds is about as useful as a field gun without ammunition. Its duty is to tend, then speed the parting guest. To paraphrase a well-known poem:

" 'Tis but a tent where takes his one night's rest
The wounded to some safer base addressed.
The base train whistles and the tireless workers
Strike and prepare it for another guest."

Again the cases grew less and less until only a small steady stream came trickling in, the kind produced by the "moderately severe artillery duels." The teams were relieved one by one and the operating room was put on a base hospital basis, with one operator designated for each day in the week and one for night duty for a week at a time. The operating rooms were in charge of Miss Broaddus and Sergeant McFall. Each of the three captains was in charge of a floor with a lieutenant for assistant and things began to approach a comfortable, normal trend. Then the Germans gassed a new division. The medical side was filled, and they soon ran over into the surgical side and filled every crevice. It was mostly mustard gas and some of the burns were miserable. The eye men were now the overworked contingent. Day and night they were at it easing and soothing the smarting, burning eyes. I think I would know a gassed ward blind-folded from the constant barking, brassy coughs that rise from scores of irritated

lungs. For putting men out of the running, if one discards all the moral and human aspects of the case (and Kultured ones can do this), gas is wonderfully efficient.

Then came influenza. Again the surgical side became medical and we all found ourselves doctors of medicine once more. During all this time the casual wounds of battle, the accidents incident to tremendous traffic movements, and all the acute surgical conditions that one meets with in civil life were with us all the time. Throughout it all there were the evacuations to convalescent hospitals, to evacuation trains, and recovered men to be sent back to duty. For each class a different equipment had to be secured and all necessary papers executed and all must be done on time with short notice. There was always the imminence of another drive and an evacuation hospital organization with every member with his designated place and duties mapped out had to be kept in readiness. For, should we decide to strike hard again, a complete change of plan and personnel would be instantly necessary. One may have a beautiful plan that will fall like a house of cards unless those entrusted with the details are capable and conscientious.

Of our nurses we will have more elsewhere; they had been tried at home and no one had a moment's fear of their not meeting any emergency. But there are a myriad of things to do—to put all this mass of humanity to bed, keep it in order, clean, and clothe it, dress it, equip it, and send it on its way to make room for another human flood. Then there was the office work with a multitude of lists of every kind to be made, reports covering every conceivable condition, classifications of patients for duty, evacuation, all called for in haste and needed immediately. Then there was the management of all the ward masters who were constantly being changed and shifted.

Let me pause to pay a merited tribute to the intelligence and earnest devotion to duty on the part of our non-com-

missioned officers and enlisted men who made the accomplishment of all this myriad of tasks possible. Without Sergeant Elwang, who was in charge of the west building; Sergeant Reed, who labored over books, lists and reports early and late; Sergeant Poindexter, and Smith, White and Poulson, I often wonder what we would have done. Without Sergeant McFall and the ever-ready "Happy" Jones, what would we have done in the time of greatest stress in the operating room? I wish time and space allowed the mention of every one concerned in the work, for after all, they made what success we may have achieved possible.

The work now moved along smoothly until the day of the armistice. The morning of November 11th the Second Army went over. It was a sad sight to see them coming in. Many had gotten their wounds hours after the armistice had been actually signed and some just an hour before the firing ceased.

It may be well here to correct an impression that has been perpetuated in history and fiction, that military hospitals are like great charnel houses in which the air is rent with the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying. This is not so. It is more like a big busy work room. One rarely hears groans. The men, on the contrary, are usually filled with a sense of relief that the tension and strain are over. Rarely is a question asked as to the severity of an injury or what the consequences are likely to be. There is no haste or impatience. The men have a sublime confidence in those to whom their care has been entrusted. They just want to be dry and warm and quiet, and to be let alone and allowed to sleep. It was a common sight to see them on the operating table sound asleep awaiting their turn while to right and left the most ghastly operations were going on. They discuss their wounds casually, often jocularly. They do not regard them as pieces of hard luck, but rather as natural consequences of the dangerous work in which they

have been engaged. Men complain and grouch and "crab" when they feel good. It is a mental exercise that does them little harm. But a hard hit man is quiet.

The nearest I ever heard to a complaint or reproach against fate was from a soldier named William Skidmore. He was caught close to a high explosive shell. His right thigh and leg were badly torn in ten or more places. The shaft of the thigh was shattered just above the knee. Gas gangrene had developed and was slowly filtering through the muscles. A big piece of metal had torn through the left ankle joint and lay buried in the tissues of his leg. A large piece had lodged in his temple and taken away the sight of his left eye. Somewhere in his journey his watch, money and valuables, together with a picture of his wife and children, had all been lost. He hung for days between life and death, but finally began to mend. In making my rounds one day I asked him how he felt. I shall never forget his face as he turned his head slowly and said, "Major, I am a young man. I have a wife and two little children at home, and here I am just a wreck, broken all to pieces. This war business," he said. "This war business. There is just nothing to it." Then he closed his eyes and lay still. I could but wonder if William of Hohenzollern had lain thus with shattered limbs and sightless eye, away from his home, his wife and his children, with three thousand miles of sea between him and all he loved, all his hopes, all his ambitions, with all the countless billows of all those countless miles beating, beating, beating, crippled, broken, maimed, crippled, broken, maimed—I wonder if William of Hohenzollern would not have exclaimed even as William of Skidmore, "This war business, this war business, there is just nothing to it!"

William Lowndes Peple.

THE DAY'S WORK

Two thousand or more people within a brick wall, most of them sick and under the care of the few who were not. An ever shifting population—long lines of those within being hurried out and on to make room for long lines of others knocking at the gates. Two thousand meals to be furnished three times a day; two thousand beds to be made. No elevators. Water, fuel, litters to be carried by hand. Endless rounds of examinations, treatments, dressings, operations. Bales of records to be kept. Mountainous dumps of salvaged clothes to be sorted and reissued. Grounds and buildings to be kept scrupulously clean. Sudden upheavals to meet new emergencies. Everything uncertain. Always a bit more to do than time or endurance permitted.

The day's work can be better imagined than described.



Commanding Officer and Property Officer Leaving Gate.



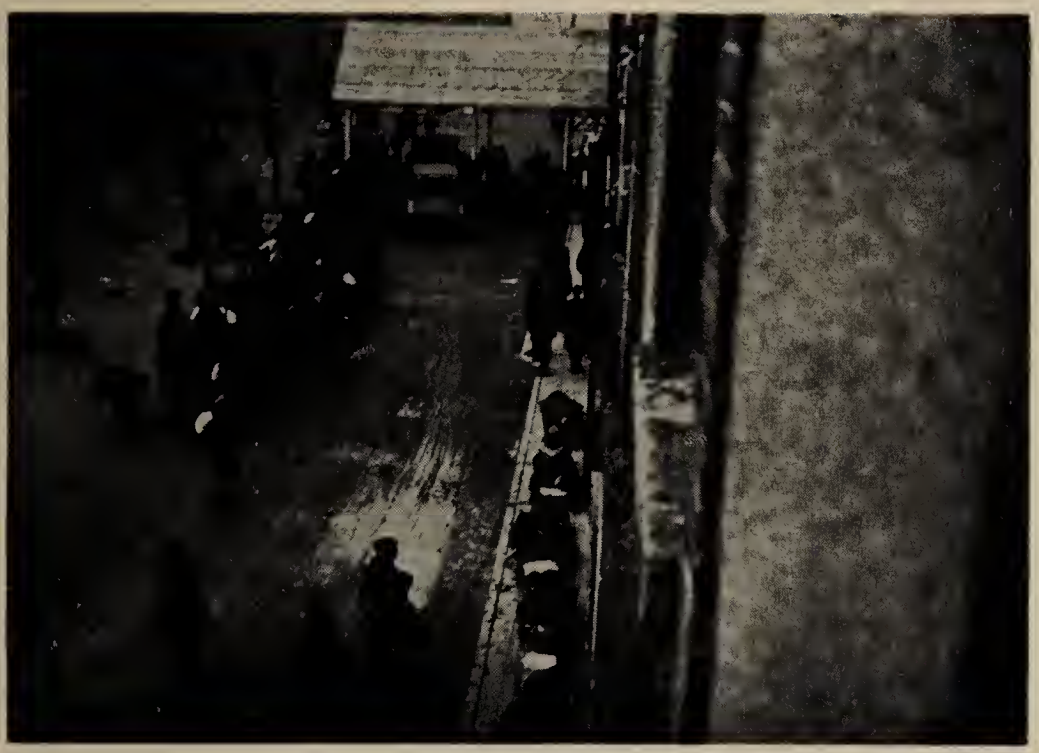
Busy Hour in Receiving Ward.



Unloading at Triage.



Ambulances Arriving With Patients.



Evacuation of Patients.



Roll Call Before Evacuation.







Evacuation of Litter Cases.



Evacuation Train Waiting to Be Filled.



Evacuation Train Ready to Move.



Seeing Patients Off.



One of Hospital Trucks.



Hospital Motorcycle Messenger.



At Work in Registrar's Office.



Corner in Quartermaster Warehouse.





In Sergeant-Major's Office.



Photographer Stimson Taking These Pictures.







In the Dispensary.



Dental Clinic in Action.



At Work in Laboratory.



At Work in Main Operating Room.







In the Nose and Throat Clinic.



Medical Supply Headquarters.







Red Cross Worker and Train of Ambulances.



In Rest Room, Showing Nurses' Flag.



Russian Refugees at Base Hospital No. 45.



German Prisoners at Base Hospital No. 45.



English Soldiers from German Prisons—
Patients at Base Hospital No. 45.



Guard (Jack Johnson) at Hospital Gate.

The Medical Service

THE arrival of the base hospital at Toul, with the taking over of Caserne LaMarche and the contagious annex marked the beginning of any real work done by the medical department. For, although we spent three weeks at Autun, our work there was entirely preparatory and amounted to very little, consisting of a conference or two daily together with the frequent enumerations of beds, blankets, linen and what other property we had. The rest of the time we spent taking long walks or sightseeing. These were trying days. We were all most anxious to get to work and felt that there was not much chance of being able to put over at Autun what we hoped we were capable of, nor fulfilling the purpose that influenced us when we joined the service.

Fortunately for us preparations were being made early in September for the drive on the Toul sector and the need of hospitalization for the sick and wounded back of the American line became very acute. The Justice hospital group was planned and we were ordered up as one of the component units. On our arrival we found two field hospitals awaiting us, under orders to move as soon as we could relieve them. Our hopes of getting into close touch with the war with enough work to try our mettle were immediately fulfilled.

About 600 patients were left by the organizations moving out, consisting of mustard gas burns of greater or lesser severity and contagious diseases, about 300 being in the east building and a similar number at the contagious hospital, or base hospital annex, as it was then called. We

took over the care of these soldiers with, as I look back on it now, a surprising lack of fear or trepidation, especially surprising when we remember that we had practically no equipment, cooking utensils, eating utensils, etc., and practically no food, nor did we know exactly where anything was to be obtained.

This was especially true of the annex. The field hospital in charge there remained for a few days longer than the one in charge of the east building and when they did move out took everything that was not screwed or nailed down. During these few days the number of patients had increased to over five hundred. Captain Fravel was ordered to take charge with six specialists from departments that had not yet opened—Captains Hodges, Voisinet and Williams, and Lieutenants Hopkins, Scharmann and McKinney. They carried with them fifteen nurses and fifty enlisted men.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of their taking over the annex a hurried inventory of their responsibilities and property showed certain buildings containing over five hundred patients; food, absolutely none; stoves or ranges, one old field range; cooking utensils, absolutely none; eating utensils, absolutely none except a few mess kits; drugs, none; ward supplies, hypodermic syringes, thermometers, etc., none; records, incomplete or entirely wanting; transportation, none.

However, the whole organization was very keen about its efficiency, and determined to work early and late in its efforts to get the best possible results, and it was not many days before we were going smoothly enough, all things considered. Five officers, fifteen nurses and sixty casuals had been left behind by the field hospitals, and proved to be of immense assistance. These officers were Lieutenants Artz, Bondi, Bryant, Clough and Doherty, and, though I did not know it at the time, had had as their original assignment the contagious hospital.

The organization of the medical department was at first very complicated and cumbersome, leading to a great waste of man power. All the patients in the east building were on the lower three floors and a portion of the fourth, the remainder of the space being used by the fifteen nurses, or reserved for our own nurses in the event of their ever coming.

In the beginning the work on these three floors was put under three chiefs—the chief of the medical service on the first floor, Captain James H. Smith on the second, and Captain Roy C. Fravel on the third. The wards on the several floors were divided into several groups under the floor chiefs. It is impossible to give any accurate account of the assignments and duties of the members of our staff during these early days, so manifold did they seem to be and so often were they changed. The original staff at work was composed of Captains Smith, Porter and Anderson, and Lieutenants Willis and Van Camp regularly belonging to the medical department; Captains Fravel, Voisinet, Barrier and Herring, and Lieutenants Eckles, Pratt, Scharmann and Corcoran of the surgical department; Captain Hodges and Lieutenant McKinney of the X-ray department; Captain Wright and Lieutenant Hopkins of the eye, ear, nose and throat department; Captain Williams of the dental department; Lieutenant Manheims of the laboratory, and the five attached officers, a total of twenty-five officers counting the chief. Doubtless we would have included the registrar, the detachment commander, the adjutant, the mess officer, the quartermaster and the rest of the surgical staff except for the fact that with everybody used up running the medical department the hospital would not have run at all. And the strange part of it all is that we were all as busy as bees, and thought we had more work than we could do. Captain Williams and Lieutenant Eckles were in my office, and the

three of us working very hard seemed never to get our day's duties done.

No one who has not lived through the formative period of the development of a base hospital that has nothing in it except several hundred very sick patients can realize the immense amount of work. Such simple things as the orientation of one's self in regard to the physical geography of the buildings, the location of wards, diet kitchen, and latrines take hours of meditation and diagram drawing. Then, too, the division of a very limited number of cups, plates, spoons, buckets, mops, brooms and other articles, that might be called the proximate principles of housekeeping, so as to make them go as far as possible, is a man-sized job. Also the office has to learn as rapidly as possible to get out all sorts of reports, and be able to answer promptly questions which may pop into the head of an adjutant or registrar and to gratify the curiosity of a group commander. Lieutenant Eckles tackled the housekeeping with a will, and Captain Williams the paper work, or both together on the same problem, getting more than satisfactory results.

It is impossible to pass by this part of our work without alluding to the transient medical officer, temporarily attached. With rare exceptions he is a nuisance, and this through no fault of his. He or they, one or fifteen, arrive unheralded and are assigned to a department and put to work and, of course, know nothing of what really makes the wheels go round. Being very willing they presently learn, and then disappear as suddenly as they arrived. With the kindest personal feelings in the world it must be said that their visits do not make for the efficiency of any organization.

This period of confusion gradually passed, and order came out of chaos. Captain Fravel with Captains Williams, Hodges and Voisinet, and Lieutenants Hopkins,

Scharmann and McKinney were recalled from the annex. Captain Barrier took charge then with Lieutenants Artz, Bondi, Bryant, Clough and Doherty, and the annex became a separate hospital. A great load was thus lifted from the shoulders of the medical department.

Early in September, several days before the St. Mihiel drive, the field and evacuation hospitals up along the line began to empty themselves back on us, increasing our number of patients so rapidly that we soon had the east building full and ran over into the central, filling this very rapidly, and the problem of evacuating as many as possible each day became conspicuous. In our first evacuations we were very strictly limited as to what classes of patients we sent back and quadruplicate lists giving name, number, company, rank and organization of all evacuations carefully prepared, with field medical cards completely written up were required. But on or about September 8th Lieutenant-Colonel Maddux, our group commander, gave orders to move everything except contagious diseases, and those whose lives would be jeopardized by travel. Paper work therefore had to be done as well as circumstances permitted, its completeness being entirely secondary to the necessity for providing vacant beds for the steady rush of patients, over and over again 600 or 700 daily. By this time some of our men on the surgical teams had been sent to Evacuation Hospital No. 1 or other hospitals, and the X-ray, dental, eye, ear, nose and throat, laboratory, surgical and other departments had troubles of their own compelling them to withdraw from the medical department the officers properly belonging to them.

Captain Williams and Lieutenant Eckles had disappeared from my office and the floor chiefs, Captain Smith and Captain Fravel, had ceased to be such, the latter going on a surgical team, and the former helping in my office, doing consultations, and running several wards. Fortunately the officers from the other departments had been able to

stay long enough for us to smooth out the rough places, our nurses and equipment had come, and we were as ready as we could expect to be. The final shaping up left Lieutenant Willis, Captain Porter and Lieutenant Corcoran running the three floors of the east building with Captain Smith and Lieutenant Scharmann running the two floors in the central, each having a capacity under crowded conditions of over 200 patients. The contrast between this personnel of medical officers taking care of from a thousand to fourteen hundred patients and the officers we began with taking care of three or four hundred is very striking, and I am convinced that due to the tireless vigilance, energy and conscientiousness of these five officers no patients suffered from lack of attention. They managed in some way to see each soldier as often as was necessary, find out what was the matter with him, and see that he got whatever he needed.

Of course, hundreds and hundreds of the medical patients who passed through our hospital had very little the matter with them. They were hungry, so weary that they could scarcely stand, and had some trifling ailment, a slight cold or something of the sort, enough to make them useless as fighting men, but not enough to make them need much attention in a hospital. What they needed was exactly what they got, a bath, a warm, clean bed, some hot food and twenty-four or forty-eight hours' rest. Then, although they were not yet ready for the trenches, they could be moved further back without danger of becoming seriously ill. To my mind this is the really great work that the medical department of Base Hospital No. 45 did, and resulted in saving hundreds of lives. Another twenty-four hours in the rain and mud, or a forty or fifty kilometer longer ride in an ambulance, still without food, after being without it for two or three days, wet, cold, exhausted and half sick, and num-

bers and numbers of boys who are now well and strong would undoubtedly have died.

Besides looking after this great mass of only prospectively ill patients, scrupulous care was taken to see that no contagious disease got by, and that all those who were really ill were stopped in wards set aside for this purpose. The whole of the second floor of the east building and wards of twenty to forty beds on each of the other floors were reserved for pneumonias, typhoids, severe dysenteries, and other patients who needed definitive treatment here, and, although the rest of the hospital was run as an evacuation, this portion was run as a base. Complete clinical records with full histories were kept and the hearty co-operation of Captains E. G. Hopkins and Hodges enabled us to do most satisfactory and illuminating laboratory and X-ray work.

Although this more definite clinical work did not constitute the bulk of what we had to do, still it fitted in with our experience in civilian life, as well as our training in the bases in the States, and our preconceived ideas of what we would do before we came over, giving us an excellent opportunity to improve ourselves as clinicians, and furnishing an ever-varying field of intense interest. Numbers of the boys in these wards of the hospital were so desperately ill when they came in and the mortality was so high that looking after them was almost demoralizingly depressing.

Probably the worst conditions we encountered on the medical wards were those resulting from gas, chiefly mustard and phosgene, and the influenzas, which were so often complicated by pneumonia, or empyema.

The mustard gas burns, especially those about the face and eyes, the mouth, throat and upper air passages were very horrible. Their suffering was intense and the amount of treatment they needed and got with astonishing regularity called on our limited staff for the utmost courage and physical endurance.

This continuous and detailed attention was not so imperative with the phosgene cases. The only thing that really worried us about them was that men who looked and felt perfectly well would now and then drop dead. Our people who worked on the second floor in the central building will recall the two men who were dying in adjacent beds, having gotten some phosgene about a week before. One of them turned over and tried to reach something that was on a little table by his bed and immediately collapsed, but did not die. The other sat up in bed to call the nurse and dropped dead.

The influenza, or "flu" cases were the worst of all. Men in apparently splendid health and perfect physical condition were suddenly desperately ill, and many of them dead in less than forty-eight hours. One week in October, 1918, there was a series of nearly one hundred "flu" and pneumonia cases of whom over eighty per cent died. Of course, some of these were nearly dead when we took them out of the ambulances, and never rallied, dying a few hours after they reached the wards. In fact, it happened more than once when a large convoy of ambulances came in from around St. Mihiel or up towards Verdun that one or more had died on the way.

The highest commendation possible is due the ward surgeons, nurses, and corps men for their tireless labor through these strenuous days. The ward surgeons were on their wards day after day and late in the night, literally living on them, the nurses gave up their hours, and the ward-masters worked fourteen hours on a stretch. Everyone seemed to realize that a few miles away American boys were under fire, driving day and night and pushing further and further away from us what danger there was from shells and planes. The morale of the whole hospital was very fine.

No attempt to describe the work done by an evacuation

hospital is complete unless the number of patients handled is given, and a fairly clear picture painted of the actual process of getting them into and out of the hospital.

From August 21, 1918, to December 31, 1918, a little over four months, the medical department handled nearly thirteen thousand patients, carrying on its daily roster for many days over fifteen hundred. Fifteen hundred patients who keep still furnish a very different problem from what you have to face when you evacuate between six and eight hundred during the day and the same day and following night take in six or eight hundred more, moving into and out of the hospital over twelve hundred and still having on the roster on the following morning over fifteen hundred.

Moving large numbers of patients is a fine art and comes only by prayer and fasting. Our early evacuations were blunders, the later ones very smooth pieces of work. The very first consisted of a total of one hundred and nineteen patients and took several hours, if I remember correctly. Ten ambulances were to report at certain doors of the east building at a fixed hour. The litter patients were all to be on their litters and the sitting patients ready to walk down stairs, with their ward surgeons and their sergeants to guide them to appointed places. The hour and the ambulances came, but not the patients. Every one in the hospital who could work, was working, but nothing happened. The patients had apparently taken root. Presently a few stragglers wandered into the halls, and after a great commotion most of the hundred and nineteen were sent away, only about two hours late.

The first great improvement in this work was the result of the crystallization of the thought that a number of patients who must travel as litter cases could walk from their wards to the first floor and get on their litters there, instead of being put on litters in the wards and carried downstairs. On the surface, it would seem absurd to send men on the

train on litters who could walk down three flights of steps, but it becomes entirely proper when one remembers that these men may be on the train for two or more days and are by no means well enough to travel as sitters for this length of time.

The two keys to an easily working evacuation are the ward surgeon's book and an immediately available detail of fifty or more men for stretcher bearers. This book should carry the exact name, number, company, etc., of each patient and up-to-date columns indicating his evacuable status. An admirable book of this type was devised by our staff and more particularly by Captains Fravel and Smith. Each morning and afternoon a classified report is prepared from these books by a dependable sergeant from the office of the medical chief. Calls for evacuations of, for example, one hundred and eighty litter cases and ninety-eight sitters come over the 'phone with an order to begin loading in fifteen minutes. Running rapidly over the reports from the ward surgeon's book, groups sufficiently large to make the total required are selected, choosing them chiefly with a view to relieving congested areas, or to getting some of the load off of an over-worked surgeon. An orderly is sent with memoranda to the various surgeons, the litter detail comes rapidly out, some litters being placed in wards where patients must be carried, others being spread on the ground, or, in bad weather, in halls, the walking patients start moving, trucks and ambulances drive up, are rapidly loaded and move off—and the job is done. Sometimes while an evacuation is going on a call will come in that some hospital has fallen down, increasing your number by one hundred or so—these trains must be filled—or notifying the office that another train is on the siding and ordering the loading of three hundred and forty-four new litter cases immediately. These changes and complications sound serious, but after we became bridlewise and every one knew his

job they gave us no trouble. Immediately after all evacuations, vacant-bed reports must be furnished the receiving ward, and in a few hours' time the hospital is full again.

We must not forget the nurses. Always on the job and doing their bit, they would find something to do and time to do it, tucking blankets around the patients, serving them cigarettes and hot chocolate, and sending them on their way cheered and much better off for this last little attention.

So much for a superficial sketch of the work done by the medical department when it constituted an important part of the hospital. Near the end of our career times changed. Base Hospital No. 45 was reserved for surgical cases only and the medical department gradually died a natural death.

JOHN GARNETT NELSON.

The Laboratory

OUR laboratory was established immediately after our arrival at Toul and quickly got under way. Captain E. G. Hopkins was sent to Dijon the first ten days in September for a course in wound bacteriology and returned just before the St. Mihiel drive, Lieutenant P. J. Manheims acting as chief of the laboratory during his absence.

The first base hospitals established at Toul were Nos. 45 and 51, which arrived August 21 and 27, 1918, respectively.

On September 3rd we were notified by the commanding officer that there would be a large center laboratory established at Base Hospital No. 45. The next day eight chests of transportable laboratory equipment arrived, which included supplies for making gum-salt and Dakin's solutions. Excellent quarters were assigned to the laboratory in the first floor of the officers' quarters of Base Hospital No. 45. These consisted of six rooms as follows:

(1) A supply room in which gum-salt, Dakin's solution, culture media and laboratory reagents were made; (2) a pathological laboratory; (3) a bacteriological laboratory; (4) a laboratory of clinical pathology and serology; (5) a storeroom; (6) an office. Besides this we were allowed the use of the cellar for the storage of sera and extra supplies.

The equipment had been rapidly unpacked and set up and a period of great activity in making gum-salt and Dakin's solutions ensued, just before and during the St. Mihiel drive of September 12, 1918. Just after this very

little laboratory work was done as every available man was busy in one way or another caring for the incoming patients. After this rush was over the facilities of the laboratory were increased by the arrival of the Red Cross supplies of Base Hospital No. 45, September 21, 1918. Between September 24th and 28th, inclusive, Base Hospitals Nos. 78, 82 and 55 were added to the group and subsidiary laboratories established in each one.

Base Hospital No. 87 was added to the group on October 10, 1918, but owing to the temporary lack of supplies, a subsidiary laboratory was not established until October 25th, the work of this hospital in the meantime being done by the center laboratory. Base Hospital No. 210 was added to the group on November 1st and a subsidiary laboratory immediately supplied; but owing to the class of patients, who were all convalescent, very little work was done.

The center laboratory staff consisted usually of five officers, thirteen men and two civilian employes. The officers were: a chief of the laboratory, a pathologist, a bacteriologist, a wound bacteriologist, a clinical pathologist and serologist.

The men were: a laboratory sergeant, a clerk, an assistant pathologist, two morgue assistants, two assistants to the bacteriologist, two men for making Dakin's and gum-salt solutions, three men for culture media and laboratory reagents, and an assistant to the clinical pathologist. The civilian employes were a French woman, a cleaner, and a French man who gave part of his time to caring for the animals.

Each subsidiary laboratory, as a rule, had two laboratory officers; a pathologist, and a clinical pathologist and bacteriologist; and two to four enlisted men.

The work of the group laboratory included the routine clinical and post-mortem pathology and bacteriology for Base Hospital No. 45, as well as the more comprehensive

laboratory work for the whole group and neighboring organizations. The latter consisted of special bacteriological examinations, Wassermann tests and colloidal gold tests, darkfield examinations, histo-pathology, sanitary examination of water and milk, cultures of contacts of meningitis and diphtheria cases, making Schick tests on contacts of diphtheria cases, making culture media, laboratory reagents and Dakin's solution for the other hospitals, keeping supply of therapeutic sera for the group, doing the wound bacteriology and pneumonia typing for the hospitals not completely equipped for this work. A special study of the respiratory infections occurring in the group was made.

Acting as the group laboratory our personnel was as follows:

Officers

Captain E. G. Hopkins, Chief of Laboratory Service.

Captain Jean Oliver, Pathologist.

Captain H. W. Jackson, Clinical and Wound Bacteriologist.

Lieutenant P. J. Manheims, Clinical Pathologist and Serologist.

Lieutenant R. W. Lamson, Bacteriologist.

Lieutenant Charles Phillips, Bacteriologist.

Enlisted Personnel

Sergeant First Class H. E. Schnakenberg, B. H. 45, Laboratory Sergeant.

Sergeant R. McG. Cabell, B. H. 45, Clerk.

Private Joseph Berte, B. H. 82, Assistant to Pathologist.

Private J. F. Rose, Morgue Assistant. Duty—Patients attached to B. H. 45.

Private Evan L. Jenkins, Morgue Assistant. Duty—Patients attached to B. H. 45.

Private Carl V. Hagen, Morgue Assistant. Duty—Patients attached to B. H. 45.

Sergeant J. H. Philips, B. H. 78, Assistant to Bacteriologist.

Private Ralph Sperry, B. H. 45, Assistant to Bacteriologist.

Private Harry E. Adams, B. H. 51, Dakin and Gum-Salt Solutions.

Private Jesse H. Boyer, B. H. 51, Dakin and Gum-Salt Solutions.

Sergeant L. C. Bird, B. H. 45, Culture Media and Laboratory Reagents.

Sergeant E. H. Cole, B. H. 55, Culture Media and Laboratory Reagents.

Private V. W. Myers, B. H. 87, Culture Media and Laboratory Reagents.

Private W. J. Mays, B. H. 45, Assistant to Clinical Pathologist and Serologist.

CIVILIAN EMPLOYES

Mme. M. Linote.

M. Joseph Denis.

Our records show the following with reference to the number of laboratory examinations of various sorts made in connection with the work done at Base Hospital No. 45:

September, 578; October, 957; November, 2,882; December, 2,173; January, 1,485. Total, 8,075.

E. G. HOPKINS.

In consideration for one who can no longer speak for himself, we have presented his contribution to this book as he wrote it at Toul—though it gives no intimation of the fact that his work was so distinguished as to be cited as a model for the entire surrounding area and to cause him

to be placed in general supervision of all the laboratories in the Justice Group.

That he has gone from us now it is difficult for those who knew him and loved him so well to realize. Gentle, modest, of great heart and splendid mind, he held among us a place and an estimation too intimately fine and personal to put into words. As a loyal friend, a tireless companion, and an exquisitely equipped workman, he influenced our lives deeply, and, through the memory and spirit of him, will always continue to do so.

The X-ray Department

THE X-ray department of "45" did not operate as a distinct unit until we reached Toul. Captains Hodges and Fickesson, Lieutenant McKinney, Sergeants Lee and Fisk and Corporals Stimson and Campbell were the original personnel. Captain Fickesson had pneumonia followed by empyema at Fort Oglethorpe and never got to France with the unit.

The X-ray department was completely and elaborately equipped, with the operating rooms on one side and the surgical wards on the other, making an ideal location. The apparatus consisted of two large machines, one army gasoline portable machine, and three bedside units.

After Captain Hodges was appointed director of the X-ray departments of all the hospitals in this area, all of their X-ray equipment was handled through "45." Through Lieutenant-Colonel McGuire's personal efforts "45" secured several very large illuminating boxes and a good French camera for lantern slides. Without this camera, Corporal Stimson could not have given "45" in this book its interesting collection of pictures of the hospital buildings and the surrounding country.

From September, 1918, to March, 1919, more than two thousand cases were handled where X-ray plates were required in the examination, and several thousand were fluoroscoped. The fluoroscope was used almost exclusively for the localization of foreign bodies. A great deal of valuable work was done on the wards with the bedside units. About three hundred pneumonias and chest injuries were X-rayed

in this way; also a large number of fractures where the cases could not be moved to the X-ray department.

The army allowed one portable machine to each hospital, but "45" had three. Major Shearer was sent from Chaumont to Toul to try to locate two extra portable machines that were missing and he found them at "45." He was, however, so much pleased with the amount of this work being done, that he advised they be left where they were. Lieutenant McKinney, in addition to his duties as a roentgenologist, was the official burglar for this department. The amount of equipment we had shows that he got results.

During the year several men from other organizations were assigned to the X-ray service and all did excellent work. If it were not for the lack of space it would be fitting to describe in detail the splendid service rendered by every man in this department, but only the very superior work of Sergeant Lee will be mentioned. He was offered a commission by the engineers, but remained with "45" through his loyalty to the organization. The department would have been very materially handicapped but for Sergeant Lee's unusual knowledge of electric motors, transformers, converters, etc.

FRED. M. HODGES.

The Eye, Ear and Throat Clinic

WHEN organized at Camp Lee in June, 1918, the eye, ear, nose and throat personnel of our base hospital consisted of the writer, Lieutenant W. B. Hopkins and Sergeant Cosby, who by virtue of his experience as an optician was assigned to this department. How we set forth separately and apparently without hope of reunion has been the subject of another story, so that the pilgrimage to France, and the trials and vicissitudes of a very much scattered unit do not come within the scope of this brief history of the eye, ear, nose and throat section.

After our final reunion at Toul, where we found an old barracks devoid of any equipment, partially filled with sick and wounded for whom we had very little food and only such medicines as were carried in our belts, it was not the matter of establishing our various departments that concerned us, but rather an emergency that had to be faced. It made no particular difference just what branch of medicine we specialized in so long as we were able to render medical service of any kind, consequently the personnel of the X-ray, dental, eye, ear, nose and throat departments were put in charge of a contagious hospital some distance down the road, while surgical and neurological men took over pneumonia wards.

Needless to say, when we had brought some sort of order out of this chaos, and our much looked for equipment arrived, we were able in large measure to put each man to the task for which he was originally intended. Just here it seems fitting that I should gratefully acknowledge the services of the Richmond Red Cross chapter in that our

equipment was complete in every detail, and the eye, ear, nose and throat department lacked very little, so that we were eventually able to open up a clinic better, in many respects, than the one at Camp Lee. There was never any scarcity of clinical material as we drew from the entire fighting sector ahead of us, but our experience was something very different from that in the usual civilian practice. We were unaccustomed to the utterly destructive type of injuries we were called upon to treat, never before having seen the ragged wounds caused by high explosives, and having only an army-circular acquaintance with the methods of treating mustard gas burns.

It will forever stand out in my memory, as well as in the memory of others, how, after the St. Mihiel drive and the Argonne battles, the ambulances came up in apparently endless lines for days and nights, filled with horribly wounded and terribly shocked men, a majority of whom had been gassed. I shall not attempt to describe the symptoms or treatment of mustard gas burns of the eyes and respiratory passages, since that is not within the scope of this article; but feel that I can never exaggerate the services rendered by our nurses in carrying out the treatment, with such fidelity that in over eleven hundred of such cases not a single man lost the useful vision of his eyes. I think this a remarkable record when one realizes the frequency and regularity with which the treatment had to be carried out.

We functioned as an evacuation rather than a base hospital, consequently our surgery in this special line was limited to acute conditions. We had established and operated a very complete optical department, the need of which had been greatly felt when we opened the clinic, and which rendered very efficient service until we left Toul. The ear, nose and throat service was exceedingly active, due to the fact that conditions at the front were such as to be con-

ducive to the involvement of the nose and throat, and the ever-prevalent grippe added to the long list of acute ear conditions with its accompanying involvement of the mastoid. Curiously enough eye injuries were more common after the armistice. Men had grown careless in the use of explosives and disobeyed orders cautioning them of the concealed traps left by the Germans in their retreat. I can recall several instances in which the pulling of an innocent-looking string found in the trenches caused an explosion resulting in severe injury to the man whose curiosity to see what would happen overcame his judgment.

In looking back over our experiences I cannot but feel that the efficient services rendered by Base Hospital No. 45 were due largely to the fact that we functioned as a unit, and that every man and woman in it was ready to render, not only the service for which he or she seemed fitted, but eager and willing to go to the aid of any department that stood in need of special assistance. Personally I can truthfully say that I never saw a group actuated by a better spirit of co-operation than the officers, nurses and enlisted men of Base Hospital No. 45.

R. H. WRIGHT.

The Dental Clinic

DURING its period of active service at Toul the dental clinic of Base Hospital No. 45 consisted of the following volunteer personnel:

Captain Guy R. Harrison, ordered to report for active duty, Surgical Division, School of Oral and Plastic Surgery, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa., February 2, 1918. Discharged at Camp Dix, N. J., April 25, 1919.

Captain John B. Williams, ordered to report for active duty, Camp Lee, Va., September 8, 1917. Discharged at Camp Lee, Va., April 29, 1919.

Sergeant, first class, James L. Sheppard, Jr. (senior dental student, Medical College of Virginia, 1918), ordered to Camp Lee, Va., February 28, 1918. Discharged at Camp Lee, Va., April 29, 1919.

Private, first class, Roy Booth, ordered to Camp Lee, Va., February 28, 1918. Evacuated from Toul, France, to Asheville, N. C., in October, 1918, as result of overwork in line of duty.

Sergeant Gardiner Brooks, ordered to Camp Lee, Va., February 28, 1918. Discharged at Camp Lee, Va., April 29, 1919.

Private, first class, Emmett Bartlett, ordered to Camp Lee, Va., February 28, 1918. Discharged at Camp Lee, Va., April 29, 1919.

Private Duke Osborne, of Cedar Bayou, Texas. All about Duke is unknown except he had never seen a train until the "draft-man kotched me." He knew "Uncle Sam" was President of the United States; he had been to the front and seen "them 'Bush'" Germans; he declared that

the luckiest day of his life was when they sent him to the "horse pitle" for the mumps. He came to us in compliance with the following request: "Sergeant, I need a nigger for police duty. Easy work, good pay, clothes and rations guaranteed. Send me the blackest, most ignorant nigger you have, from as far south as possible." Duke filled the bill one hundred per cent.

During the activities of our army in the field it was not always possible to install equipment and conduct dental professional service. During these times, and also during heavy drives, members of the dental staff filled the following positions: Evacuation officer, emergency treatment of gassed patients, receiving officer, post exchange council, supply officer, personnel officer, summary court officer and adjutant.

To meet one emergency, a member of the staff established a kitchen and cooked meals for 350 patients until cooks could be supplied. Another member of the staff directed the unloading of ambulances day and night while the patients were coming in from the field at the rate of six to eight hundred per day. One night this officer noticed a flashlight being focused around among the trees. As it was positively against orders to have any light whatever at night, he immediately yelled, "Put out that damn light—who the hell are you, anyway?" A soft and gentle voice replied, "General Gorgas."

When dental officers were urgently needed for greater duties, their assistants rendered such services for the relief of pain as their experience and army courses of training enabled them to do. They soon developed a treatment of their own, which consisted first of the application of eugenol or iodine; second, the application of psychology. This psychology amounted to one sentence—"Now, if this don't relieve you, Buddy, I'll have to get the Captain to pull that tooth out." The "psychology" proved most effective.

The enlisted personnel were also called upon to perform numerous other duties, such as platoon leaders, stretcher bearers, ward duty, and incidentally the drawing of extra rations which were served to members of the clinic and their friends by Private Duke, who rendered Southern melodies as only a Southern darkey can. It was while carrying the wounded that Private Booth continued at his post against orders, and thence through love and devotion to duty, became physically incapacitated.

Upon the arrival of our equipment, selected in Richmond by Dr. J. A. Cameron Hoggan and purchased by Mr. Richard Gwathmey, and the assignment of our staff to their professional duties, our clinic was given one large room in close proximity to the nose and throat clinic, the X-ray department and the general operating rooms. This space was divided into three operating rooms, a laboratory, and a waiting room. The lumber used for partitioning these rooms was from "salvaged" French beds. The walls and woodwork were painted, and our equipment was installed. This equipment was modern and complete in every respect; and consisted of S. S. white chairs, compressed air outfit, steel cabinets, Ritter electric engines, fountain cuspidors, electric sterilizers, pulp testers, mouth lamps, two complete sets of operating instruments per operator, vulcanizers, casting machines, blow pipes; in truth, everything found in a complete dental office in an American city. In the waiting room, a French desk, a typewriter, magazines and chairs added to the appearance of the clinic, which was never marked low on inspection. Our commanding officer often stated that this clinic was one of the "show" places of the organization.

Captain Harrison was appointed chief dental surgeon for the Justice Group of Hospitals; and also in charge of all maxillo-facial surgery of the group.

An order from general headquarters, A. E. F., em-

phasized the fact that soldiers were in France to bring the war to a successful conclusion; therefore, no unnecessary delay would be sanctioned. This order affected our treatment of cases, making it important to render the greatest number of men dentally fit for duty in the least possible time. Another order directed that in case a soldier refused to submit to necessary treatment, he would be subjected to trial by court-martial. There was no occasion in our experience to use this order.

The prime object of all treatment was to eliminate from each mouth all infection, leaving the soldier free from both acute and chronic mouth disease. This rendered mouth complications improbable in cases of lowered resistance from exposure, wounds, or disease.

The patients of the clinic came from all parts of the world, especially the allied armies, German prisoners of war, and French civilians. The French, Italian and English held American dentistry in high regard, though their ideas of dentistry are not far advanced.

The French civilians, principally women and children, were most grateful for any service rendered. The Russians, who had received the cruel treatment and undergone the sufferings of prisoners of war in Germany, were thoroughly amazed by our work, particularly by the anaesthesia in mouth operations. The Germans seemed to feel that if the Americans had any punishment for their prisoners of war, it would be administered in a dental clinic. They received the same consideration as any other patients.

A review of this clinic, or any other department of the hospital, would be incomplete without a word of praise for the sick or wounded American soldiers. Of the thousands seen, no matter how bad their condition, they presented two characteristics: First, "a smile"; second, "I am all right, help the other fellow first."

GUY R. HARRISON.

GLIMPSES OF FRANCE

All told, we saw, as individuals or a unit, a good deal of France. Paris, Havre, Brest, and similar points of general interest we leave to the picture books. Toul and Autun are covered elsewhere. Here and in the group of "views from the skies" we gather some of the scenes particularly well remembered—in the villages near our headquarters; among the silent ruined towns nearby; at St. Mihiel, from which our salient took its name; at Nancy where many of us spent pleasant days; at Rheims, that majestic spectre; at Mont Sec, the main objective of the September drive; especially at Domremy, the picturesque birthplace of Joan of Arc, which sooner or later nearly all of us visited. Etang, a quaint and straggling collection of houses, hangs in our memory because here the main body of the organization first ran upon the trail of the "wandering seventeen," who a few days before had stormed the place and eaten all of the seventeen pork-chops the village possessed.



Barbed Wire Entanglement Near St. Mihiel.



French Trench Near St. Mihiel.



Ruins of Beaumont.



Another View of Beaumont.



Ruins of Apremont.



Hill Near Mont Sec, Showing Dugouts.

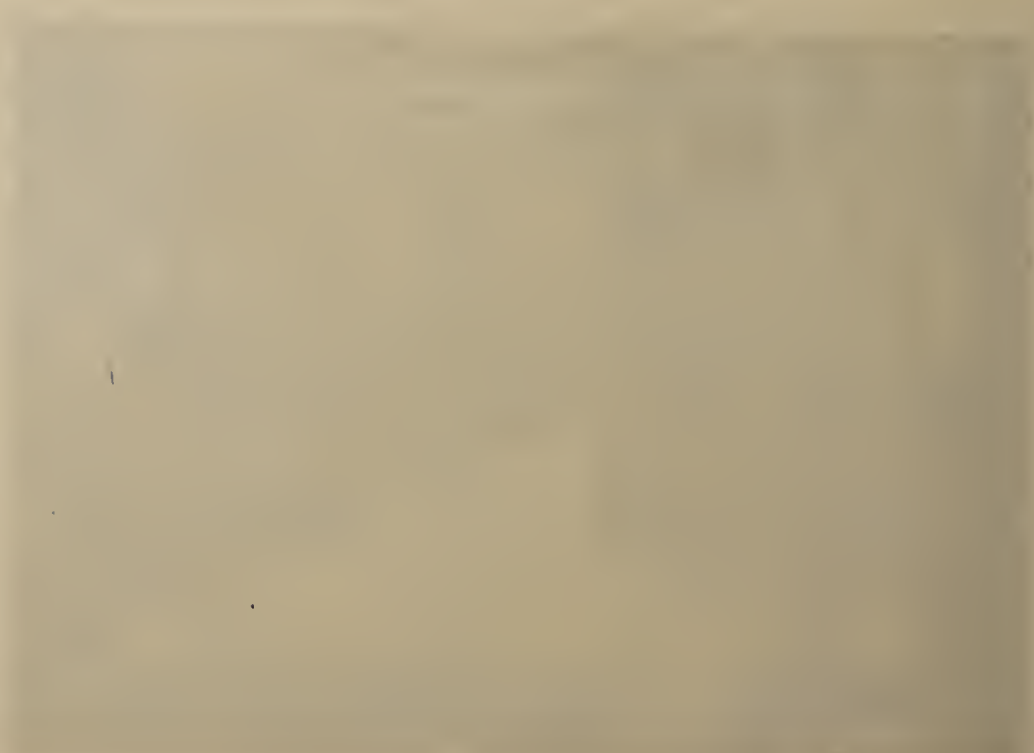


At Dugout Entrance on Mont Sec.



German Bowling Alley at Mont Sec.



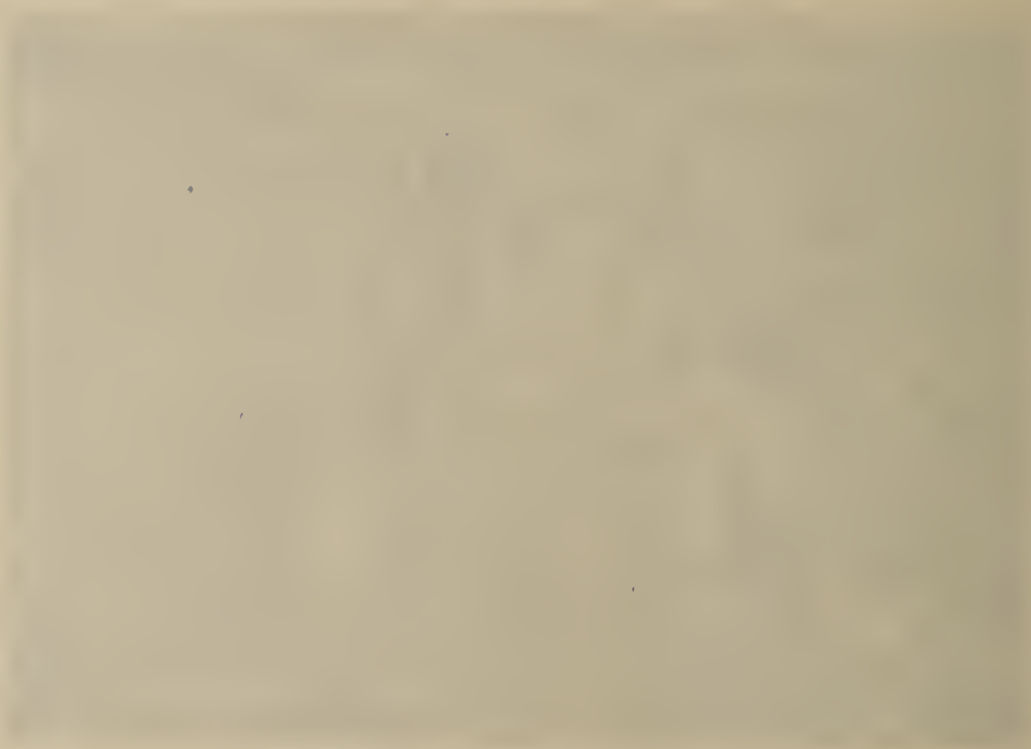




Peasant Children at Pont Rousseau.



At Pont Rousseau—Donkey Cart.







A Little Beggar at Pont Rousseau.



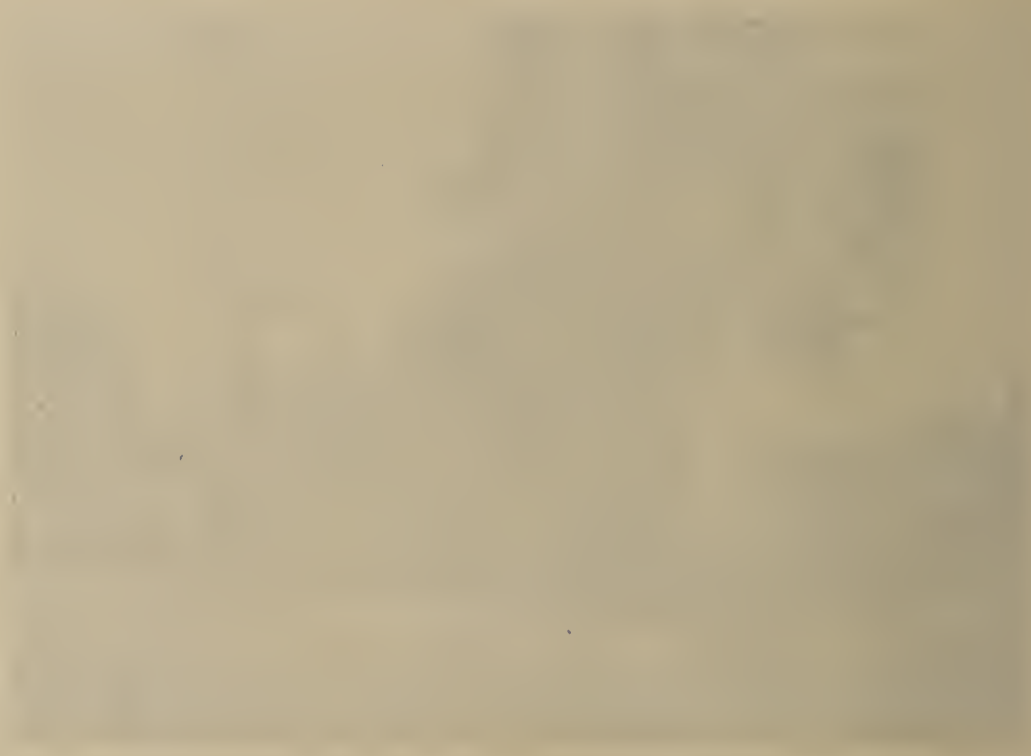
Street Scene in Pont Rousseau.



Domremy—House in Which Joan of Arc Was Born.



Domremy—Basilique Erected as Memorial to Joan of Arc.







Domremy—Basilique from Distance.



Domremy—Church of Joan of Arc.



Gate to Verdun.



No Man's Land Near Verdun.



Entrance to Underground Passageway at Fort Douaumont Near Verdun.



Disappearing Gun at Fort Douaumont Near Verdun.



Chagny, Where We Tarried En Route to Toul.



Etang, Where Main Body of Organization First Crossed Trail of "Wandering Seventeen."



Station at Dijon.



Street Scene in Dijon.



At St. Nazaire.



Village of Dommartin, Near Toul.

VI. Here and There—

The work was hard but that was a commonplace of the times. And wherever we could we lightened the overpowering seriousness of the days with other things. Out of our postoffice came a steady stream of encouragement from the homes we had left behind. There were rest and recreation rooms, a circulating library, weekly dances, meetings, little parties, religious services regularly, occasionally visits from expert entertainers. In the diversions the nurses and officers fared better than the detachment, but that was no fault of ours. Around us lay much ancient and recent history. Paris was not far away and even Nice was somewhere thereabouts. The birthplace of Joan of Arc; Rheims, shattered and empty, with its cathedral still exquisite in its ruins; Verdun, almost a level waste but now immortal; Metz, that luring objective of the American hope; a long sweep of the battle-torn front with its wrecked and silent towns, networks of trenches, and fields of barbed wire—all this and much besides lay about us within easy reach. After the armistice we visited many of these places. Transportation was difficult but ingenuity was cunning, and one got there somehow—often by setting out afoot and striding along, with expectation concealed beneath a forlorn exterior, until some truck or ambulance driver developed enough sympathy to come to the rescue. We became popular, also, with the birdmen and a number of us flew in the skies and looked about—if our backbones remained stiff enough to keep our heads erect. Of sports we had not much, but at all events a little. The Christmas, to which we had looked with homesick dread, brought us, instead of heartaches, a wonderful wave of hope and happiness—every patient had a full stocking at his bed and a grateful smile on his face, every ward was aglow with decoration, every man and women in the outfit enjoyed a dinner which stood out like a strange misplaced island in the ocean of gold-fish, corned willie and tapioca in which our appetites floundered. We lived under roofs, we slept in beds or bunks, we were often warm, sometimes chilly, never frozen—all of which is more than the doughboy had. And so, though we had our trials, we had also much for which we might be thankful—and were.

Other Sides of Our Life Over There

ALL is 'Fare' in love and war" may not be the historian's idea of a good beginning, but truth will out, so here goes the truth and nothing but the truth, so help Base Hospital No. 45. We were chafing under the inactivity of Autun and the fact that we were away from the "fireworks." So when our orders came on August 20th to move we rejoiced. We, who came across on the Aeolus, craved action.

Dope routed us to all parts of France, but finally Toul was agreed upon as our destination, and finding it to be up front we were just "tickled to death."

En route we laid over at Is Sur Tille where we were given our final gas-mask instruction. Long will we remember that large ring of us fellows receiving the final commands and here again that old, old truth was proven, that he who gasses last, gasses best. For our hero of gas mask drills in America, he who was first to grasp the intricacies of gas-mask instruction, Sergeant Paul McFall, was the one and only man of the detachment who received a call for failing to comply with instructions. Anyway, here we heard the first roar of cannon and in justice to the boys I must say they were not gun shy, but how quickly they became students of geography, locating with minute detail the exact site of Toul and inquiring how far Toul was from Is Sur Tille, 'cause we boys craved action.

The following morn we left, bound for Toul. About

midday somebody ruined a nice trip through France, for a French paper was purchased and "Wicked Eye" Kershaw read to himself and most anyone knew the news was not appealing. Finally, after several—WELLS! WELLS! says he (in a solemn voice), "Boys, there was an air raid on Toul last night. Bombs were dropped on Nancy about ten miles away. Just a few people were killed."

That was enough news. The scenery of France lost its beauty, the train seemed to just begin to pick up speed. We were certainly going down hill all the time. The chatter and argument was silenced; a word here and there as to what was done or should be done in air raids was the only conversation. But these boys, with spirits to spare (and nobody wanting a drink), craved action.

Well, in this hilarious condition, we arrived in Toul at 9 P. M., August 21, 1918. It was a night made light by a most brilliant moon, the kind aviators and submarines liked. We were in company front formation, awaiting a command to march off. A siren blew, or rather started to blow, and Base Hospital No. 45 complete, all present and accounted for, were in the shelters provided for air raids. We feel that at this point the high command of our organization should receive credit for the alertness of the detachment. The craving for action was satisfied, and a guide, who had been sent to us, remarked that this was the fastest company he had ever been in.

Finally they all came out and we hiked to what was to be our future home in Toul. Shall we ever forget passing on the roadside the hundreds of mules dragging machine guns with a soldier either sleeping on or beside his gun! For then we began to realize with Robert Lewis that—

Everywhere thrills the air
The maniac bells of war,

There will be little of sleeping tonight,
There will be wailing and weeping tonight,
Death's red sickle is reaping tonight.
WAR! WAR! WAR!

Our base of operations was to be the Toul garrison, four stories high, and on that moonlight night the buildings were most impressive. The sergeants in charge of the men were sent ahead to secure quarters. Ten beds and mattresses were found and as they were not enough for the men, the sergeants finally "accepted" them as their share, showing again their everlasting spirit of "Itruism." We slept in beds in which the cooties of France were holding their 1918 convention.

The morrow brought us our first view of conflict, for the Boche were flying over us, dodging first the fire from the anti-air craft guns, located on a hill a few miles distant, and then our own airplanes went up to give battle to the invaders. If ever thrills come to mankind, a battle above the clouds furnishes them.

Here now was our work, here now was the goal for which we had longed these many months and right willing was everyone in doing his part and more in policing the buildings, taking over a small French hospital, and in a few days preparing it to house from sixteen to eighteen hundred sick and disabled comrades.

Our work at the hospital is told elsewhere, but all work makes even a hospital a dull place, and many things were planned for the amusement of all. Unfortunately the hospital was not equipped so as to give the men all the good times that the officers and nurses enjoyed. Nearly every week these latter had a dance to which many outside officers were invited, and on occasions the officers gave parties of their own.

These were merely social affairs. The most interesting

portion of our stay at Toul (outside of our duties) were our trips to destroyed cities and to shrines made sacred by those who had gone before. Our leaves of absence were spent in visiting the cities of France, Germany, and Belgium, but most interesting of all were our days spent in riding a truck, wagon or what not, even on foot, to visit the towns of Bruley, Menil la Tour, Ansanville, Flirey, Essey, Thiaucourt, Montauville, Pont-a-Mousson, Verdun, Bar Le Duc, Epernay, and Rheims. We saw a bit of the destruction on our front; we saw small villages wiped from the face of the earth; we looked upon cities and towns battered and torn by the cannon's wrath. To Verdun, many of us had the opportunity of going and as told elsewhere, we, too, felt the sacrifice that the French made in defending this bulwark. For here still rung, as a clarion call, "They shall not pass."

To Thiaucourt we journeyed, and to Pont-a-Mousson, and here saw we the ever recurring evidence of war. Cemeteries and their dead were not permitted to rest in peace, for even God's sacred half acres were not free from the cannon's wrath. These were but a few, a very few of the many desolated spots we visited.

To cities which knew not of physical destruction, we went and took part in whatever of amusement they offered. Nice and Marseilles some of us were fortunate enough to visit and here we saw the real French life with its finer, more artistic sides, which so many others missed.

Paris, in its war-time paint, was interesting, instructive and amusing and with each twenty-four hours (the time we were permitted to remain there) sadder, but sometimes wiser soldiers left the city declaring that Gay Paree was no idle name and that the Follies was some show.

But, forsooth, on each trip we looked forward to coming back to Toul, for after all, even in war, even in France,

midst scenes and surroundings strange, that song of our childhood came to mind and we were glad to return to our hospital Quarante Cinque, for "be it ever so humble there is no place like Home, Sweet Home."

IRVING MAY.

Christmas at the Base Hospital

CHRISTMAS at Base Hospital No. 45 was an oasis in the desert as far as many of our boys are concerned. France, to most of them, has been little more than a sea of mud and rain. This beautiful country is in its winter garb now and she is naturally much sobered by the war and presents a very colorless outlook. The women are mostly in mourning, the men in faded blue uniforms, our own boys in khaki, mud-colored and mud-covered, and the Italian soldiers in worn gray. All tend to give a very monotonous aspect and Christmas with all our beautiful trees and bright colored decorations came like a rainbow after the storm. I am sure that in no other one community were there ever assembled so many and varied and beautiful Christmas trees and decorations.

Lieutenant-Colonel McGuire had announced that each ward was to have a tree and that the prettiest ward was to receive a prize. There are eighty-five wards and on Christmas Day there were about 1,900 patients, among whom were many convalescents, boys with troubles, which, while incapacitating them for field service, did not keep them in bed. To work up a Christmas spirit among these boys, some of whom had been away from home for sixteen or eighteen months, to interest them in planning to make their ward the most beautiful, to inspire them with the real spirit of Christmas was no easy task, but the nurses were more than equal to the occasion.

By degrees the talent, and there was a world of it, commenced to display itself, the bent of each mind worked itself out in one way or another and these boys, great big soldiers, artillerymen, machine gunners, all with hands hardened by

heavy guns, trench digging and the roughest kind of work, were soon cutting out delicate little designs with a skill marvelous to us all.

Our army, of course, commands every field of occupation; there are artists, actors, dancers, painters, electricians, plumbers, etc., so it was not so much a question of getting the decorations made, but of securing the materials. Toul offered little in this line and Nancy was soon exhausted. But with the aid of the Red Cross and quantities of brilliantly colored papers and evergreens the result was far better than our anticipations. One item alone which seemed very trifling but was in itself a tremendous task when it developed into thousands, was the making of holders for the innumerable candles which were used.

The evergreens of France are peculiarly rich and lovely and added much in beautifying the wards with their high-pitched ceilings and whitewashed walls. In one ward the greens were festooned around the walls in semi-circles meeting over each bed under an improvised bracket on which was a candle. The scheme of this ward was worked out mathematically with pencil and paper and developed in brilliant-colored papers interwoven with ropes of greens swung from the sides of the walls to the center of the ceiling where hung a huge design, symmetrically perfect, a rainbow of colors. Directly under was the tree with many candles, and hung in delicious abundance, with real fruit, tangerines and great bunches of luscious grapes. At the foot of each bed was an American flag and when the commanding officer, the chief nurse, the adjutant, the chiefs of the medical and surgical services and a few sergeants came through on inspection each boy stood at attention by his bed, the candles around the walls and on the tree were lighted and the soft lights, the dark greens and the vivid colors made a beautiful picture. But the nurse said that the last of the inspecting party hadn't quite gotten out of the door before the fruit on that tree just naturally faded away.

The ward where the patients were Italian and Russian ex-prisoners was typical of those beauty-loving people, rampant with color and bizarre in the extreme. Overhead ropes of flowers, exquisitely made of paper strung on wires, formed a lattice work. Evergreens were used here profusely, too, on the walls and were formed into a huge bell in the center of the room where the electric light, covered in red paper, made an effective clapper. There were many lights in this ward all camouflaged with the most fantastic designs, with reds and oranges prevailing. At the end of the room where the record table is kept was a little greenhouse large enough for the nurse to enter, and over it were her name and the word *nurse* in glittering white letters. The soldiers had done it all themselves, and there was much pathos in this silent tribute of the poor men, many of whom had been prisoners since 1914, and doubtless had endured suffering and want that is better left untold in a Christmas story. It was like a beautiful flower garden and each time I went into it I found something new and lovely which I had not seen before.

In decided contrast to this, yet lovely in its simplicity, was a ward decorated like a private home. At the windows were curtains (we don't have curtains in A. E. F. hospitals, but sheets did the work) looped back with bows of scarlet paper, with sprays of evergreens over the tops and wreaths hanging in the middle. Here was a mantle, a quaint old-fashioned mantle of red brick with candlesticks on either end and an open fire. Red paper marked off with white paint constituted the bricks, logs of wood under which was the omnipresent red paper over a light, made a cheery open fire and tangerines made excellent brass knobs on the improvised andirons. The beautiful black enamel clock on the mantle, with illuminated numerals and hands, was in real life the lid of a pasteboard box with a light behind to shine through the open hands and numerals, and the silvery chimes, which pealed the hour as the inspecting party ar-

rived, was the work of a convalescent patient in a bed in the corner with a brass shell and a nail. Evergreens were profusely used here and something which smelt suspiciously like egg-nog (for the very ill patients) gave the ward a decided homelike and charming appearance.

Black and white was the color scheme of another ward and the darkey patients helped carry out the design. Glorious bunches of mistletoe were placed around the walls at intervals, and in all my life I have never seen as much mistletoe as was in any one of the many bunches used. The beds were covered with white spreads and in the center of each was a Red Cross, this beautiful emblem being the only bit of color. The tree here was covered with snow—flour and raw cotton made beautiful snow—and at the bottom of the tree, leaning nonchalantly against it, was a colonel. He, too, was made of raw cotton, but he had on a real colonel's hat and silver leaf and a couple of service stripes to make him sufficiently hard-boiled to appeal to the boys. At the top of the tree, perched on a broom handle, was an owl, the wisest-looking old bird, and here I must state that a real artist made that owl out of a night-shirt. The white walls formed the proper background for the airy mistletoe and the candles, the Red Crosses and the snow-covered tree made this ward really impressive and beautiful.

Flags formed the chief decoration of another ward. There were hundreds of little flags waving overhead, flags of every nation (excepting Germany), some of them not more than 5 x 3, yet perfect in proportion and position. Until I felt them I thought they were printed silk flags. The United States flag, decidedly the most difficult to make with its forty-eight stars, was, of course, in preponderance, but each one was absolutely perfect. Here it might be added that it was quite a relief to see our flag properly made, as the French usually give it fifty-three or thirty-five or just any number of stars which seem to suit the size of the flag best. It was a matter of a week or ten days to do the work

for this ward, and it was quite a sight to see the sick boys, sitting up in bed, cutting and pasting and measuring and handling little pieces of paper—those boys who had dug trenches and scrambled into dugouts and handled shovels and picks and axes for months past. On the tree were all sorts of little gifts, tiny airplanes for the aviators, little dolls, Red Cross nurses, Alsatian peasants, flossy little mademoiselles for boys who boasted conquests along this line, French and Boche soldiers which would fly at each other if held a certain way. There were also many beautiful objects on the trees, such as birds exquisitely carved out of wood and painted, the work of a Russian.

On Christmas Eve each ward had its own little party. Where there was talent it was used. The boys sang and danced, beat the little drums, blew the mouth organs and made real music, too. A Russian, in spite of his hobnails and the limited space in the ward, danced a most beautiful ballet. The Italian boys sang. One imitated Caruso; he had all his little mannerisms and it was a most excellent impersonation. There was a lovely trio, a Scotchman, an Irishman and a doughboy with a ukulele. In every ward the patients got together in groups and sang. Each boy received a pair of hand-knit woolen socks, filled with good things—raisins, cookies, chocolate, oranges, nuts, cigars, cigarettes and a toy. On Christmas Day there was a wonderful dinner of real turkey from home, fresh cauliflower, fruits and candy.

Altogether, it was a Christmas that will live in the memory of every one of us and certainly though we often thought of the people at home there was no time or inclination to be homesick. No ward received the prize. The inspecting party found it impossible to decide which ward was the prettiest and everyone appreciated the justice of the conclusion.

Anne Lewis Jones.

SANTA CLAUS AT TOUL

"Christmas brought a welcome break of the monotony. We had all been secretly dreading it. The thoughts it would bring of the fireside scenes dear to our hearts on this day—of the wives, children and mothers over yonder, waiting and praying—were rather terrifying to the homesick band. But a miracle occurred. Some genius proposed the decoration of the entire hospital, and a full stocking at the bedside of each patient. The idea spread like wildfire. Soon we were in a delightful maze of work from which the hospital emerged a rare and beautiful picture, which visitors came many miles to see. Incidentally the edge wore off the wretched longing for home and, in the wave of activity to produce something like a real Christmas for the sick boys in the hospital, the organization found a real Christmas for itself. To all of us the day will remain a glowing spot in our memory, with a strange sort of peace and happiness all over the place, reflected in the thankful smiles of a thousand men chained to their beds."



Christmas Ward With Patients Assembled.



Santa Claus Here, Too.







Ward E 140.



Ward W 160.



Ward E 120.



Ward E 130.



Ward E 360.



A Negro Ward.







Ward E 122.



Filling Christmas Stockings the Night Before.

Toul and the Armistice

WE were fortunate in our outlook from Base 45—when the fogs and rains of this gray climate would lift enough to let us see abroad and the fugitive sunlight would add its rare beauty to our world. The French regimental barracks in which the hospital was installed stands on the edge of a plateau that rises from the valley of the Moselle. To the south—though hidden from the hospital—flows the river; to the north, below the slope of the hill and beyond a meadow which the rains keep green even in winter, is the silver ribbon of the Rhine-Marne canal, with its graceful border of trees through which one may catch glimpses of the slow canal boats going by. Across the canal and over the railroad the land slopes upward again, until it rises sharply in the two bold and dominating hills which are crowned by the modern fortifications which defend Toul. To the west lies the level extent of the plateau, with more high hills cut against the skyline some miles away. To the east, in the valley, is Toul itself, a wide cluster of tree-tops with red roofs showing through them here and there, and soaring above all the two fine towers of the beautiful old cathedral. On clear days the view sweeps away beyond the town across long swells of undulating country, dotted with the close-clustered roofs of villages, and melting into the distant blue where faint hills fade into the horizon.

The life of Toul goes back to ancient years, and he would be ambitious indeed who should try to write all its history. It was a settlement in the far-off days when the Romans were in Gaul—Tullum Leucorum, they called it.

The first stones in its cathedral were laid in the tenth century, nearly a thousand years ago; and the smaller church of St. Gengoult, which stands with its moss-grown cloisters next the quaint and ancient market square, was built only two centuries later. The massive fortifications, high stone walls and sloping earthen ramparts turfed and green, which, with their elaborate system of scarp and counterscarp, of moat and gates and drawbridges, entirely surround the heart of the city, were built by Vauban, the great engineer of Louis XIV, back in the days when Virginia had seen only two generations come in her life as a colony, and the Puritans had but recently landed in New England. The fortifications are of no value any more in these days of long-range guns, but they are immensely picturesque, and it is upon their wide slopes that the tall trees have grown which from the distance hide all of Toul except the up-soaring cathedral.

The most interesting and beautiful single thing in Toul is the cathedral—though in strict accuracy it is no longer a cathedral, since the seat of the bishopric which for twelve hundred years was established at Toul has been moved to the more modern but more flourishing Nancy. The facade, with its twin towers and its high sculptured portal, brings a certain poignant suggestion of likeness to the ruined glory of Rheims.

In the old streets of the town one can come across carved facades and quaint gateways and ancient-looking houses which have come down to our modern times from their mediaeval years, and it is pleasant to walk there on days when the sun shines on the peaked roofs and the mellow buff and saffron walls. But aside from its general aspect, Toul does not hold a great deal of specific attraction now. The theatre was closed long ago, early in the war; there does not seem to be any library nor other special place of interest; and probably the normal life of its people is a good deal shrunken because many have moved away from a place

which was so near the front, and the French officers who were here in the days when French troops were being trained in the barracks are gone.

Doubtless to all of us the most vivid single day in our recollections of Toul will be the day of the signing of the armistice. I look among some memoranda and find what I wrote down the next day as the record of my impressions, and perhaps it will be worth while to incorporate this just as I wrote it then. Here it is:

This afternoon Baughman and Boushall and I walked down into Toul. Where the road from Nancy comes in we met a squad of German prisoners plodding dejectedly along under the guard of two French poilus. They had evidently come right from the front, for some of them still had their field packs slung across their shoulders. All of them wore the muffin caps and the ugly short German boots; their uniforms were a heterogeneous lot from many regiments. One man had on a dark blue coat; most of them had the field gray; and two or three had on overcoats about the color of green leaves. They slogged along in dejected files of twos, and struck off into the path that leads under the trees by the edge of the walls, obeying the gestures of the important little poilu who went beside them, very businesslike in his blue steel helmet and long blue French overcoat with the flaps turned back at the knees, and over his shoulder his rifle with its wicked looking bayonet inspiring wholesome respect.

It is hard yet to grasp all the amazing facts which that procession typified. Four months ago the poilu belonged to a nation which was gasping and almost beaten, and these same Germans were a part of the terrific driving force of the Prussian juggernaut which routed the British fifth army, overran the Chemin des Dames, and for the second time carried its deadly threat almost to the very gates of Paris. A major on Lieutenant-Colonel Maddux's staff told me that he was in Epernay when a British division was falling back

through there at the height of the German drive, and wounded men, with their nerves absolutely gone from terror, fell down on their kness and cried and seized hold of the skirts of women Red Cross workers and begged them for protection. A chaplain who was with one of the regiments of American infantry which fought with the marines west of Chateau Thierry on the day in June when those American troops stopped the gap and unquestionably saved Paris, told me that the Germans came down the road with their rifles slung over their shoulders, singing—singing with the insolent confidence of the victory that was going to end the war.

And now the war *is* ended, and ended with tens of thousands of that German army herded today into the prison camps, and the rest of the living part of it retreating into its own country where the flags of the allied armies of occupation follow to make the humiliation complete. It is something too great and marvelous to be merely exultant over. I felt as I watched those Germans going by, and tried to imagine what was going on in their minds, a sense of the vast tragedy of the sin of that brutal pride which made Germany launch this war, and an awed consciousness of the inexorable retribution of the justice of God. "The Lord is known to execute judgment: the ungodly is trapped in the work of his own hands. Thy righteousness standeth like the strong mountains: thy judgments are like the great deep."

In Toul all the old, crooked streets with their ancient houses had broken into color. It seemed incredible that so many flags could suddenly have been produced—unless they had been kept somehow ready—like the hopes of France, covered but never lost, through all the weary, disastrous days, against the day of victory forever invincibly believed in. Over all, of course, was the French tri-color, but almost always by its side were the Stars and Stripes. The British flag, too, and the Italian, and the Belgian were flying in some

of the clusters. It was a brave show everywhere, and set the pulses throbbing at the sight.

In the square an American band was playing, and the crowd stood at salute for the Marseillaise and then for the Star-Spangled Banner.

We went into a store for Boushall to buy some shoestrings, and the French girl who waited on him was as delightful a dramatization of the spirit of France today as you could have wished to find. Did she know English? Oh, "un peu, un tres peu." She stopped in the midst of her search for strings that might be of a better color, and swung herself debonairly onto the edge of the counter, where with eyes and gestures and shrugs of the shoulders quite as eloquent as words she talked. What was the use of her learning English now; were not the Americans going home? "Ah, the Americans! It is not we who are the victors today; it is you. France was vanquished, and then the Americans came. The Boche was winning, but from the Americans, oh, la, la!—he runs 'tres vite,' and pouf!—he is gone." She said she had two brothers in the army; the first had been killed, and the second is a prisoner in Germany; "but one can be content, now that victory has come." Bush thought she said "mari" instead of "frere," and asked her in tones of appropriate compassion when she thought her second husband would be back; at which she was most eloquently disgusted. As we went out it was growing dusk, and she and the other two women—all of them in black—who kept the store were rejoicing that tonight there would be no need of darkening the windows. No camouflage, no blinds, "lumiere"! And they clapped their hands, "Vive les Americaines!"

It was all very pretty, and very pleasant, too, because at heart it was sincere, even if in their grateful enthusiasm and courtesy they said a little more than was true. America had nothing to show quite like the magnificent, patient endurance of France through the unspeakable drag of the four years. But it is a fact that the coming in of the United States made

possible a victory which otherwise could never have been achieved; and that afternoon as I watched the boys of our army in the square of Toul, so young and strong and spirited, and thought of the almost incredible miracle of the shaping of that army and its transport overseas and its hardening into the unsurpassed force which blotted out the St. Mihiel salient and cleared the Argonne forests, I was proud all through for the glory and greatness of the nation and for the manhood which in the supreme test has been revealed.

I came back into Toul again after supper. Compared with all the other nights when I have been there, it was as though the place had come back to life, waking, like the palaces in the fairy tales, from some ugly spell of sleep and silence with the evil enchantment broken and the magic moment of deliverance come! There were still no street lamps. I suppose in the four years of war and danger and darkness they have so fallen into oblivion that people had almost forgotten there could be such things. But all the shop windows which heretofore at dusk have been heavily shuttered were wide open, and every light that could be put into them was ablaze. The radiance poured out and filled the narrow streets, and glowed in the air above on the bright array of flags. Everything was astir. The cafes were full, and the streets thronged. In one cafe a middle-aged French poilu—it looks sometimes as though all the French army that is left is middle-aged—was standing up and leading a highly appreciative chorus of American and French soldiers in a vociferous if unmelodious "Marseillaise." In the square a band was playing again, a negro band this time, and the crowd shouted and squealed when it struck into "Dixie." French soldiers and officers were there by the score, our own men in equal proportion, and some Italian troops. I thought of Paris and of the rejoicing that must be going on in the Place de la Concorde and in its other glorious, great squares; but I was gladder to be here to

see the war end in this queer, narrow-streeted old town which has been on the front line of France's fortifications, and has lain so close under the shadow of danger that it knows the better what it means to have that shadow pass.

One thing that struck me very particularly, and struck Baughman, too, and all of us in fact, was that most of the jubilation came from our own men. When a yell went up from the crowd in the square to welcome some particular piece of music, it was an unmistakably American noise. It was American voices that one heard mostly in the streets. For the most part, the enthusiasm of the French themselves was like a kind of glow that did not leap into any demonstrative expression, a fire that burned but did not blaze. Perhaps the strain of war and loss has been so long that it is impossible to change in an hour the grave temper of these disciplining years. Doubtless too the thought of victory brings an uprush of recollection of the sacrifices which it has cost, and though the sunrise of a new day for France is on the mountain tops, the mist of tears is in the valley of many a silent heart.

One vivid picture of the day will stand out in my memory as a symbol of that holy mingling of triumph and of sorrow. Walking across the city in the afternoon, we went into the cathedral, passing through the gray and ancient cloisters under the towers which lift their double crown against the sky, up an arched stone stairway through dim doors and into the beautiful, lofty nave lit still by some of the old, old glass. The flags of France were by the altar, and at the altar rail a woman in black knelt by herself and prayed.

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Since the armistice, Toul has not been very much changed from what it was before. Often one will find its streets filled with little groups and files of French soldiers with their equipment on their backs, coming back I hope to be demobilized, for most of them are pathetically old look-

ing, as though they had borne the burden of a war too long for its beginning to be really remembered. The headquarters of our own "Second Army" has continued to be there, although if fervent wishes could have sped them on their way, we should have long sent them and their stream of patients up to the somewhere where they were constantly reported as being about to move to—and then perhaps we should stop getting patients, and the powers-that-be would think they had as well send us home. We go down to Toul of course now and then to shop, to buy post cards and souvenirs and to look up the poilu in the French barracks who hammers brass shells into vases; and once in a while an enterprising group goes down to the Y. M. C. A. for breakfast, or to the "Comedie" or the "Bosket" for dinner in the evening. But mostly Toul is a place that we look at from the top of our hill, not without benefit. For the towers of the cathedral looming through the gray of the morning or soft in the lovely light of some rare sunny day are very beautiful in their still suggestion of realities that are greater than war and change and time.

Such then is Toul. But it is more than a place. For us it is a name and a symbol for a very vivid chapter in our living. It will be the key-word to memories and associations which no single one of us can describe, and the totality of which is the life and service of Base Hospital No. 45.

W. R. Bowie.

Our Equipment

ELSEWHERE in this volume will be found the story of the assembling of that equipment which came to us at Toul and transformed our hard-pressed barracks into one of the best appointed hospitals in the zone of the advance.

The huge task of acquiring this equipment fell upon the shoulders of Mr. Richard Gwathmey, of Richmond, whose self-sacrificing and splendidly successful work constitutes a fine chapter in the history of this unit.

The money represented by the equipment was provided by the Richmond chapter of the Red Cross, which acted as sponsor for the unit. The total sum expended was $137,-909.62. It may be interesting to note how this was distributed. The following figures are from the inventory of the purchasing agent:

Instruments Surgical	$ 4,292.59
Instruments G. U.	527.96
Instruments Medical	231.76
Instruments Orthopaedic	1,220.85
Instruments Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat	923.04
Dental Equipment	3,609.79
Laboratory	1,707.32
X-Ray	5,263.01
Drugs	2,370.02
Drug Room Apparatus	469.65
Operating Room Furniture	7,286.40
Operating Room Accessories	2,028.80
Nursing Supplies	5,216.21

Ward Furniture No. 1	9,936.45
Ward Furniture No. 2	30,014.53
Optician	399.40
Physiopsychic	509.50
Medical Library	355.66
Office Equipment	1,756.96
Kitchen Equipment	13,361.98
Miscellaneous	2,042.43
Motor Equipment	16,551.90
Barber	219.51
Shoemaker	1.75
Painter	10.60
Carpenter	224.06
Electrician	163.03
Plumber	116.31
Tailor	176.42
Embalming	8.76
Post Exchange	309.18
Chaplain	723.40
Surgical Dressings, Patients' Clothing and Bed Linen	25,880.39
	$137,909.62

In accomplishing this big undertaking, Mr. Gwathmey had the whole-hearted co-operation of his associates in the Red Cross chapter and of various prominent Richmond business men who gave liberally of their time and convenience to the work. The clerical detail associated with the task was immense. The financial statement and inventory in detail covered 132 pages, 11 by 13 inches, with single-spaced typewriting. In all there were 4,824 entries, consisting of many thousands of items, for every purpose consistent with the operation of a first-class 500-bed hospital

located away from sources of supply of any kind except food, fuel and water.

The equipment was packed in 2,432 cases, weighing 420,000 pounds. It required fourteen full-sized American railroad cars for transportation. The packing and marking of cases were done at the State fair grounds in Richmond by a detail of men, under Mr. Gwathmey and Captain Baughman, consisting of R. C. Wight, P. S. Burbank, E. A. Barlow, F. R. Kimbrough, F. H. Pease, W. P. Maynard, M. L. Horner, Robert Whittet, Jr., Ralph Hoar, E. Sherlock Bronson and Robert L. Forstmann. The remarkably efficient manner in which they did their work won official commendation from several quarters.

After it was transferred to the war department the equipment was shipped from Richmond to Newport News and from there went across. It did not reach us in time for the strenuous days following the St. Mihiel drive and subsequently nearly became lost to us completely. By prompt action, aided by some clever bits of diplomacy, it was rescued at a French port and triumphantly brought to Toul by Lieutenant Charles Phillips, whose account of this notable exploit too modestly describes his own part in a job requiring great tact and resourcefulness.

Active Service at Coulommiers

IN response to an order from G. H. Q., Major McGuire and I, laden with clothing rolls and cumbered with bedding rolls, started at 7 P. M., July 31, 1918, from Autun, where there was peace and plenty, for Coulommiers, somewhere the other side of Paris near the firing line. At Etang we spent most of our time in detraining and entraining our bedding rolls. By midnight we had reached Nevers, where we were to spend the night. After seeing that our bedding rolls were safe in the baggage room, we went in search of a hotel with our clothing rolls in our hands and chaperoned by a very obliging M. P. Every room was full, but not as full as our hands and backs were of clothing. In desperation we stumbled into the courtyard of the Red Cross rest house, there to be greeted by the shaded electric lights, clean tables, and cheerful Red Cross workers.

In addition to a hearty welcome they gave us a mug of coffee, two fried eggs, bread and butter for the ridiculous sum of one franc apiece. They told us there were only two beds left in the officers' quarters. Needing but two, we tiptoed into the little room where three men were snoring away. It took but a moment to take off boots, breeches, coats and get under. The fact that the beds were already inhabited made but little difference. In the morning we discovered, much to our surprise, that the other three beds were occupied by an entirely different set of officers.

Nevers had little in it of French except the houses. The people on the street were Americans, the trains, the railroad shops, the engines, the hospitals were all run by the

M. P.'s. The statue of Jean d'Arc in the cathedral with the moderately good stained glass windows, had before it French and American flags.

About midday, having seen our bedding rolls loaded, we were off for Paris. The train was not overcrowded and the luncheon was excellent. It seemed more like France before the war.

Landing in Paris we gave a very cursory search for our bedding rolls. We did not find them. Armed with our checks and believing that the portier of the hotel with a good tip could be induced to get them in the morning we secured a taxi and rode in style to the Grand Hotel.

After a splendid dinner with all the trimmings we sauntered forth to find Paris subdued. The streets were crowded, but the men were in uniform and many of the women were in black, but a jaunty mourning it was, as if they had been overwhelmed with a great sorrow, but did not want the world to know about it. As darkness came on the fact that France was at war was more apparent. The avenues instantly became blind alleys lighted knee-high with small green-colored electric light bulbs, that gave just enough light to confuse. Lights in houses, stores, hotels and theaters were allowed only if the curtains were pulled tightly over the windows so that no ray could come through.

Next morning, by the advice of the portier, we decided to start early enough and get our bedding rolls ourselves. It is well that we did. They spoke very poor French at the stations. We tried singly and in duet to get our baggage. They would not understand. Finally in desperation we climbed the counter and went in search. Just as we were about to leave we stumbled upon them. Throwing them into the waiting taxi we rushed to the station, boarded a train and were off for Evacuation Hospital No. 7 at Coulommiers. Here we understood we would see active service as this evacuation hospital was receiving wounded straight from the battlefield of Chateau-Thierry.

Trains were operated only as far as Coulommiers on this line, so we had no difficulty in getting our bedding rolls. By this time it had begun to rain very hard. We did not know exactly where Evacuation No. 7 was. The station-master was again ignorant of the French language. As we were giving up hope of ever getting to the hospital, a French non-com. offered to take us in his ramshackle car. There was scarce room for us, so we left our baggage. This speed-demon burnt the road to the hospital. To our delight we found Major Don Peters in the adjutant's office. Had he been a mere acquaintance, we would have been pleased, but Don was on old friend, a fellow-student at the University of Virginia, where his father had taught us Latin.

Turning our checks over to the adjutant we followed Major Peters, who was clad in rubber boots, on an inspection of the hospital. The mud was only ankle deep, so we made good progress. Headquarters, the X-ray apparatus, laboratory and the operating rooms were situated in a chateau. Arranged in two rows, located in a beautiful grove of poplar trees, were the tents that sheltered the wounded. These tents were of the French Bastenow type that would hold fifty cots. Light was admitted through windows of isinglass that could be raised and lowered. In spite of the fact that the tents were invisible from the air, an anti-air craft battery was stationed just down the road.

We had been sent as observers, but hardly had we finished supper when we were put to work on the night operating shift. Major McGuire and Major Nichols, of Boston, operated and assisted alternately, while I gave the anaesthetic.

The operating room was a tent of the Bastenow type, with a plank floor. The eight operating tables were presided over by four operating teams, each team using two tables. A bench running the length of the tent held the sterile materials and instruments, while the scrubbing of

hands was done at a similar bench on the other side of the tent; between operations the surgeons changed gloves. When the sewing up began, the anaesthetist moved to the next table and started the anaesthetic upon the boy who had been placed there and prepared for operation by the orderly. As soon as the operation was over the surgeon called for the scribe, who took down the details of the operation, and the patient was moved by the stretcher bearers through the mud and slush to a ward. This routine continued the whole night long without a break. When day came the day shift took charge.

The patients were tired, hungry and silent and seemed to be indifferent as to what work would be done upon them. Many were asleep before the anaesthetic was started. After recovering from the anaesthetic the first thing they wanted was a cigarette, then food. Often they were asleep before they finished their cigarettes.

It rained continuously and the muddy pathways between chateau and tents became quagmires, the hillsides toboggan slides. Still the stretcher bearers, slipping and sliding, carried the wounded with very few accidents.

As fast as trains could be procured the operated cases were evacuated to the rear. There was an endless chain of wounded from ambulance to receiving ward, to X-ray, to operating room, to ward, to train.

We slept in the daytime, when we could forget the noise of the engine that worked continuously to run the X-ray and the electric lights. Our bedding rolls had not yet arrived and we seemed unable to find any one who could tell us anything about them. After a few days we were as sloppy looking as the rest of the officers and the nurses. Our recreation consisted of a hand-out of lemonade, candy and cigarettes by the Red Cross workers, who seemed never to sleep.

We could hear the steady boom of guns during the night, but there was no direct attack upon the hospital. Our

planes were constantly over us and we took great comfort from the nearness of the French anti-air craft guns. Coulommiers had been badly shot up the week before we arrived.

The night before we were to leave Colonel W. L. Keller paid us a visit and ordered us to inspect the hospitals in Paris on our way to Autun. He also promised to try to have Base Hospital No. 45 moved from Autun to a more active sector. As we were leaving the hospital we found our precious bedding rolls in an outhouse.

On the train to Paris we met Colonel W. H. Goodwin, Major Lomax Gwathmey, and Major Charles Venable, of the staff of Base Hospital No. 41. They had been sent upon a tour of observation just a few miles from Coulommiers.

A Red Cross truck at the station kindly took all of us with our bedding rolls to the Hotel Continental.

We noticed a few more scars made upon beautiful Paris during the week of absence. Hotel Calais, just around the corner from the Place Vendome, had been caved in by a Big Bertha.

We visited Ambulance Company No. 1 situated at Nuilly and found a very perfect unit situated in what was built as a high school for French children. The head work and mouth surgery at this hospital was particularly up to date.

Dr. Doyen's private hospital was now being used as a fracture hospital under the direction of Dr. Blake.

Among many things that we learned from our trip of observation was, that baggage in wartime is an abomination, that America was doing her share in trying to make the wounded soldier comfortable, but that at best war is pretty rough on surgeons, nurses, and hospital corps men as well as on the poor doughboy with G. S. W. "S," "LA."

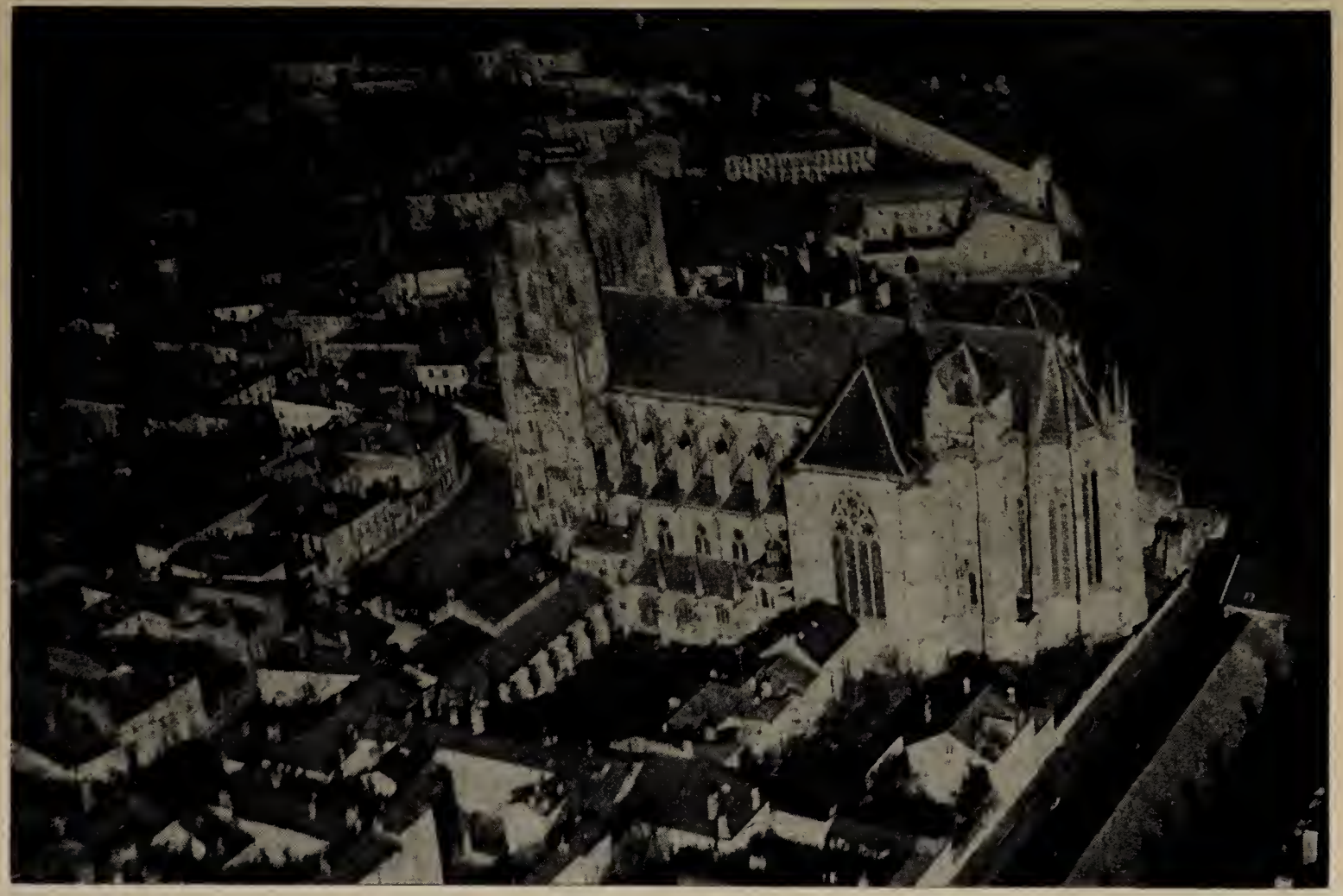
Greer Baughman.

VIEWS FROM THE SKIES

The skies of Toul were full of clouds, rain and airplanes. The birdmen, in large numbers, came to us as patients or visitors. After the armistice various members of our unit sailed aloft with them but it cannot be said that they were able to record much of value in the way of observation or anything else, except a determination to stay on the ground thereafter. A number of the pictures in this section were made expressly for this book by these visiting aviators and the rest were contributed by them from collections they personally took during the war. It has been necessary to omit some of the best in this unusual series because of the difficulty of reduction to a scale suitable for reproduction in this book.



Base Hospital No. 45 at Toul as It Appeared from An Airplane.



Overhead View of Toul Showing Cathedral.



Section of Nancy, Showing Public Square.



Fort on Hilltop Near Toul.



Rheims and Its Shattered Cathedral.



Metz, With Wing of Airplane from Which Picture Was Taken.



Thiaucourt, One of Main Objectives in St. Mihiel Drive.



Rembercourt, Showing Woods, Roads, and Highway Lined by Trees.



Limey, Destroyed Town, With Outlying Trenches.



Battlefront and No Man's Land—Note Destroyed Town in Center, Surrounded by Networks of Trenches, Fields of Barbed Wire, and Hundreds of Shell Holes (Small Dots).

Verdun

TO the north of Verdun Fort Vaux and Fort Douaumont lie within sight of each other. Both forts were captured by the Germans in the early summer of 1916, but beyond them, as Petain had sworn, they did not pass. Five months later the French retook these strongholds. At the end of the war, in the earth squarely on top of Fort Vaux, was a wooden cross scribbled with a Teuton name, and on it hung a German helmet. This grave marked the rock on which the supreme German effort broke.

On November 18, 1918, Verdun itself, while terribly battered, was not in ruins. It was possible to tell the direction from which shell fire had come by the relative damage to the two sides of a street. The injury, therefore, was slight as compared with villages between Toul and Verdun in which not a wall stood five feet high.

The citadel in Verdun was seen as an immense underground place with winding passages and mediaeval darkness, out of date as a fort, but useful as a military headquarters. It was peopled by a curious mixture of French and American soldiers. The cathedral nearby had suffered severely. Great holes gaped in the roof and pigeons flew in and out, resting at will on the altar or on the figures of saints. One old man was pottering about, gathering up such fragments of destruction as he could lift.

On the road to the north, thickets of French crosses told of closer contact with the enemy. Three or four miles out, Fort Vaux could be seen as the slightest rise on the horizon. South of the fort the ground was never wrested from the French. Beyond was No-Man's Land, nor would

one think it had ever been God's either. The country, as far as the eye could reach, was one drab yellow, overhung by a leaden sky. The whole scene was void of any sign of human habitation or vegetable life, not a blade of grass nor a leaf; only a few spectral tree trunks, burnt black, with one or two shattered stumps of limbs. The soil was rocky and the terrain rough. Shell holes merged into one another and lost their contour, as if some huge drunken force had plowed the ground. Dense copses of barbed wire strung on stakes, and loose wire with a devilish knack of hanging the legs and flinging one to the ground, made progress slow and hard even in the awful stillness of the armistice. Miles of trenches and dugouts seemed to have been cut with no plan whatever. Now and then, by the edge of a trench, was a separate grave, where poilus had taken a chance in the night in order to cover over decently the form of a comrade. But the fighting had gone on, and the great slugs of shells had sometimes undone their work, and the bleached bones had no identification other than The Unknown Dead.

Approaching Fort Vaux, the side towards Verdun presents a vertical wall with a door opening like the mouth of a cave. In a cage over the entrance were three or four carrier pigeons: the last calls for help in June, 1916, were carried by these messengers. The way leads down into narrow, tortuous corridors, and the air was heavy. French soldiers garrisoned the place, occupying tiers of bunks in chambers abutting the corridors. There were ammunition, small arms, much machinery of war compactly stored in very limited space. Passing a little slit of a door, a niche brilliantly lit by electricity held the tricolor and an altar.

The French N. C. O. led the way out through another small opening reached by a stiff climb. The north side of the fort slopes like a shed roof. It is concrete covered with dirt. Much of it had been blasted away, and pieces of shell, probably sixteen-inch, lay about. Great twisted ropes of steel that reinforced the concrete were denuded of

both earth and cement, and hung at loose ends. Here was the German grave, and French and German trappings were strewn around, intermingled.

In the trenches radiating out from the fort there were signs of the more recent American occupation. A map of the terrain and orders for machine-gun fire were posted at intervals. Rats were plentiful. We threaded through these trenches for a while. But why go farther? They stretched from the English Channel to the Swiss border in parallel lines, and were only one of many such systems. We knew nothing then of the now famous "Trench of Bayonets" nearby.

We went over toward the German trenches. The American army was busy remaking roads torn to pieces by shells. One of the most lasting memories of the whole war is a long line of prisoners coming out of Germany—a nondescript crew, more Russians than others, but plenty of Italians, too. They presented an infinite variety of raiment, all bearing the common stamp of the vagabond. Each had a pack or some makeshift carry-all. A thing everyone must have seen in the war was a change in the sense of values. The sum total of these packs, in peace times, probably would be scorned by the junk man. Yet they were personal and were carried by hand many weary miles. The men were mostly silent, some limped, a few smiled. There was almost a universal look of dazed incomprehension. Why not? A Russian captured on the Eastern front, returned through France under an armistice forswearing the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which, in turn, forswore the cause for which he suffered capture. The truth should be told: they did not look hungry.

On reaching the German lines, we came upon something which I think represented one of the latest developments in a war that continuously developed new methods. The British tank made its appearance in 1916 on the Somme. By 1918 it was a serious menace to German safety. This

is what they evolved to meet it: Spaced at intervals of about fifty yards were huge piers of concrete about eight feet high and five by five feet square. Swung between each two successive piers, apparently running through and through, about five feet above the ground, sagging a little in the middle, a great steel cable at least one and a half inches thick, all pretty well camouflaged. How many miles of this there were we did not know. We could see one end, but not the other. To look at it, it might easily have given a sapper a tough half-hour, working under enemy fire. Even a heavy tank, it would seem, would be tackling a doubtful job to try to ride it down.

The German trenches and dugouts were quite like those of the Allies except for freer use of camouflage and overhead protection. There was more litter—guns, helmets, bayonets, canteens, bottles, all the rubbish of a hastily retreating army. Four German dead had not been removed from one dugout. There had been fighting on the tenth.

It was now getting late. We decided we had made a day of it. So off we rode in our ambulance through the gathering dusk and a light fall of snow, the scene lit by the flare of rockets, red, green and white, as if in celebration of the new peace. There was a rapid explosion of mines all about. According to contract, their location had been reported by the Germans, and this methodical setting off by the Americans of these traps was making that immediate part of the world a little safer for the democracy of the A. E. F.

James H. Smith.

A Trip to Metz

ON the memorable day of the armistice I was sent on detached service to Champignuelles, six kilometers the other side of Nancy, to look after the buildings formerly occupied by Evacuation Hospital No. 13.

There was little work to do so the days were spent in hiking with the men and sightseeing. The second day after my arrival, accompanied by two enlisted men, I walked to the top of a mountain upon which we found a large French fort, Fort de Frouard, built in 1882 and forming one of the many outer defences of Nancy. After considerable persuasion on my part, we were admitted by the guard and finding that there was also a large French hospital run in connection with the fort, I asked to see the medicin chef. We were shown to his bureau and found him a most agreeable and pleasant French physician who spoke broken English. He was very courteous, taking us all over the hospital and to several of the clinics.

It was most interesting to see the French methods of examining and treating cases. Through him we were able to get the permission of the fort commandant and were furnished with a guide and shown over the entire place, including the anti-air craft, large disappearing turret guns, and many others of large and small calibre. The whole fort, an immense place, including the hospital, was underground, the top being covered with dirt and grass and being practically invisible. We were invited to dinner and as the invitation was such a cordial one, accepted. A delightful five-course dinner was served and I found all the other French officers present most agreeable.

I had several other very pleasant visits and meals at the fort and the medicin chef hearing me express a great desire to go to Metz, arranged for me to go up with a French general of the Tenth Army Corps.

I met the general at the fort on November 15th and we left for Metz at 8 A. M. in his large touring car, I being his only companion. He could speak no English nor I any French, but by the aid of a dictionary, a very vivid imagination and signs we made out very well. At that time the roads were still lined with camouflage on one side, and frequently both sides.

Upon reaching Pont-a-Mousson one was fully aware that this had been a hotly contested point as there were so many evidences of recent fighting and destruction to be seen everywhere. Passing through the town we crossed the Moselle, past Mousson Hill, on which was an American signal station. Here, only a few weeks before the armistice, more than fourteen hundred shells were dropped in twenty-four hours. Crowning the top of the hill, and to be seen for miles around, was a beautiful statue of Joan of Arc. The tower upon which the statue was mounted had been struck by many shells, but the statue itself was unscathed, standing forth majestic and resplendent in its surroundings of ruins.

Just beyond Mousson Hill mile after mile of barbed-wire entanglements, trenches of all types, and many kinds of camouflage concealing guns, dugouts and trenches, came into view. The ground on both sides of the road, as well as many places in the road, was torn up by enormous shell holes. At several of the villages the Germans had built solid concrete walls, reinforced with steel, across the road, and these had only been partially cleared away as we passed by.

The whole road from Pont-a-Mousson to Metz on that day was filled with French troops, cavalry, infantry, artillery, and large motor wagon trains, going forward to be

in Metz on November 19th, the day set for the triumphal entrance of Marshal Petain.

A few tense moments came at our entrance into Metz when the general's car was held up by a French guard for passports. I, of course, had no pass. In fact, I was absent from Champignuelles without leave. Upon suddenly being confronted by an American soldier at the car door, thinking that he was there to demand my pass, what was my great relief when he only wanted to know if I could tell him where his division was as he had lost his way. We then proceeded into Metz to one of the large casernes where the French headquarters were located. At that time no American was allowed inside these gates to the barracks so I left my good friend the general here, as he explained that he was on his way to Luxembourg, the headquarters at that time of Marshal Foch.

I wandered around the city taking in the sights, into the cathedral, the hotel de ville, the park where the statue of the Kaiser had been pulled down only two days before, and into many of the shops. While in one little shop buying some post cards I asked the proprietor if he could tell me where I could get a German officer's helmet. A by-stander, whom I afterward found out was a former French civilian, told me to follow him, and after walking about eight blocks he took me to his home and gave me a helmet which he said he had been compelled to wear when he was forced to fight for Germany. Upon the withdrawal of the Huns from Metz he had deserted and it was most evident how happy he was to be delivered and returned to France. He seemed very grateful to the Americans for the things we had accomplished.

The town was decorated profusely in all the allied flags and a number of the women were in national costume. I was particularly struck by the atmosphere of festivity and rejoicing among the people; also by the well stocked shops and the quantities of food seen in the markets. This indeed

was in marked contrast to what we were accustomed to see in France.

My thoughts began to turn to the serious difficulty of getting back to Champignuelles. I was more than sixty kilometers from my station, in a half-German, half-French city, with no orders to be there, no British or American troops there, or any one to speak a language I could understand, and no train running toward home. Finally, after much difficulty, I found the road leading to Pont-a-Mousson and after standing there for over half an hour with many a thought of home and how I was to get there, a large French truck came along. Fortunately the driver was going to Toul and agreed to take me within ten kilometers of Champignuelles. The ride home was uneventful, the truck leaving me at Pompey, where I jumped another and finally reached Champignuelles about 7 o'clock that night.

Joseph T. McKinney.

VII. Home Again—

The wayward leaning of many an immature imagination was unexpectedly straightened by this war. To the average American youth, Europe, with its civilization and culture rooted deep in the past, had always loomed through a haloed distance with a lofty superiority that seemed impregnable. Rather suddenly the perspective was reversed, and from the turbulent center of that Europe which most of them had never hoped to see but into which they had been thrust so hastily, the same eyes now looked back through the same distance toward America—and saw it as they had never seen it before. Most of the heart-tugs that made lonely days and nights wretched came, of course, from the fireside and would have been as strong from any other land the homefolk occupied. But a surprising—and rapidly growing—amount of the homesickness which, after the armistice, swept the A. E. F., had its foundation in a new and deeper comprehension of what our own country meant to us, and the world. While the war lasted, the days' stern and crowding duties left no room for any other impulse than a grim determination to see it through to a good finish. But once the job was done a restless desire to be gone seized those millions of expatriated sons of Uncle Sam. Europe was Europe—but for us at Toul (and all the rest of France) America was America, and of the earth we would ask no more and be content with no less. So back to America we came, all too slowly, counting hours and minutes, and finally, with a great wave of thanksgiving, greeting the familiar sky-lines with a fervor, the real depth of which can be known only to those who thronged the decks of the transports and watched the Statue of Liberty slowly rise up out of the mists.

The armies are no more. The khaki soldier is a mere citizen again—but a better citizen. If he put much into the Great War, now but a memory, he got much out of it that is imperishable—things of the spirit, and not the least of them a fine militant patriotism.

The Journey Back

THE longest and hardest part of the war was waiting to come home. After November 11th, the high tension that had kept us going for so many months gave way. The most important question at training camp had been "When do we eat?" During hostilities, with thousands of casualties pouring in from the front, our highest ideal was to get along without stopping to eat. After the armistice followed a long period of "watchful waiting," during which we could think of nothing but "When do we leave?"

Each day brought forth more new prophets, who knew the exact day, the exact hour, and the very minute that Base Hospital No. 45 would proceed to the port of embarkation, "the travel being necessary in the military service." Every new event gave rise to an imaginary passage on "hommes 40 or cheveaux 8." Our commander and four officers received orders to proceed to Brest. Captain Anderson left to join the 40th division, Lieutenant Van Camp joined the First division in Germany. Base Hospital No. 82 moved in and took over our patients. Following upon these changes, a detachment of our men were quartered at Base Hospital No. 210, the remainder being assigned to tents at the triage.

To the American mind a great deal of the romance of war is associated with tents, and some of our most sentimental songs smack of canvas, but a tent in "sunny" Toul, and a French tent at that, is a most miserable domicile. The officers fared a little better than the tent dwellers, having been moved from their quarters to the second floor of the central building. Upon these upheavals, Private Getty

thought we would soon receive our orders, Sergeant Shepherd knew so and Sergeant Burnette hoped so. Finally, after much wagging of heads by the wiseacres, orders came to entrain on February 16th.

Our progress from Toul was mainly a process of elimination, having lost our commanding officer, our chaplain and six other officers. We were taken through Paris, Eroxeux, and Le Mans, detouring at Nantes, a circuitous route. Wandering around like Theseus in the Labyrinth, we came near losing Charley Jones and we did lose Lieutenant Boushall, who was allowed his discharge in France to take charge of an American bank in Belgium. At Nantes we lost the nurses, who, after traveling two days in fourth-class coaches, were ordered to the port of Brest.

A troop train in France carries with it all the discomforts that the most patriotic recruit could long for, since his idea of duty is to make himself as cold, tired, wet and wretched as possible. Wedged against one another in box cars, the eyes of a few, fortunate enough to occupy the doors, might have gone out to feast with pleasure on the beautiful landscape of France, but on all sides the view was marred by heaps of corned willy and bean cans which followed the tracks in an inevitable trail. Therefore, it was with physical relief, if mental anguish, that we detrained at Nantes.

The dream of proceeding to St. Nazaire for transportation to the United States had vanished when our organization was ordered to proceed by foot across the Loire to the village of St. Sebastian. Headquarters were established near the University of Virginia unit with Mobile Hospital No. 1, an organization which had a most enviable record. The enlisted personnel were divided into detachments and billeted in outhouses, glass houses, stables and quondam cafes which had an air of having seen better days. One ill-fated detachment was hard put to it, installed between a live cafe on one side and a house full of sparkling

mademoiselles on the other. When in the course of social uplift they were given a rousing lecture on morals, one private is reported to have remarked that anyway he was as near heaven as he ever expected to be.

The ladies of Nantes gave a most delightful dance to the American officers stationed in the city. French dancing and dance etiquette were quite novel to us, but like aeroplaning, were worth trying once. One of the main attractions was an old-time American bar which had been installed for the entertainment of the guests. A detachment of American military police in charge of a sergeant was placed around the bar to maintain sobriety. In the midst of the dance, an ambulance rushed up and stretcher bearers hurried to the bar. The dance came to a halt and all eyes turned to see the rank of the indiscreet officer who could so disgrace himself. In peering over the heads of the crowd one saw stretched on the litter an unconscious American sergeant, M. P.

In spite of a standing order that no officer could allow a man a pass beyond the Nantes area, Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson, on learning that our nurses were alone in Brest, ordered Captain Charles Phillips to proceed to that port for the purpose of accompanying them to America. This order was executed. After Captain Phillips' departure our roster was greatly reduced by the arrival of orders for all officers save three to proceed to Brest. The organization now consisted of Lieutenant-Colonel John G. Nelson, commander; Major John B. Williams, adjutant; Captain William B. Hopkins, detachment commander, and 348 noncommissioned officers and men.

Now the generals in this army were a foxy lot, and a pet idea of theirs, to keep a soldier's hopes up, was suddenly and frequently to order an inspection for *anything* and *everything* from highly prized souvenirs to lice; all of which were confiscated by the government. During these weary times, which truly tried men's souls, restrictions were

numerous, drills frequent and home sickness prevalent. Regulated diversions consisted mainly of A. E. F. vaudeville, competitive drills, band concerts, baseball. Irregular diversion consisted of various and sundry games and track meets held with other outfits within the Nantes area. Chaplain Tucker, of the University of Virginia unit, held religious services which were always well attended.

When orders came to entrain for St. Nazaire the sick were made well and the cripple did walk. The organization detrained at dusk and passed hastily through delousers, examinations, and baths. The personnel detachment worked through the entire night endeavoring to comply with Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson's idea that not a single man be left in France. This ideal was realized, though it necessitated Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson's driving to the dock at 2 A. M. to awaken the ship's captain in the most casual manner and to obtain from him permission to bring his entire organization aboard the following morning at 9 o'clock.

It is with great pleasure that we remember the clock-like precision with which every detail necessary to our departure was planned and executed at St. Nazaire. The manner in which the commanding general and his personnel managed the port was a masterpiece of efficiency.

The Walter A. Luckenbach seemed the best ship in the world, one time rough but at all times rideable. On April 14th, the mercury dropped 40° in an hour, and there were naturally visions of an iceberg as this was the anniversary of the Titanic disaster.

On the slow jog-trot of every-day life, moments of exaltation are few and epochal. From the first moment of enlistment emotional crises came so fast that it would have been difficult indeed to marshal them into orderly ranks and to say which moment most completely swept one off one's feet. Looking back now, three great moments stand out most clearly in my mind. The first, on our voyage over, upon nearing the other side, was the memor-

able sight of the American flag on our destroyers! Never before had I seen the stars and stripes with the same surging thrill of patriotism. It made many of us realize for the first time the meaning of "My own, my native land." The second great moment was when the earth began to tremble during the first American drive. A feeling of helplessness came over me—helplessness to do anything but wait for the streams of wounded; realization that ours was but a secondary part compared to the boys who were bleeding for our country. It made us feel for the first time the real love of our fellow-man. The third great moment was at the majestic sight of the Statue of Liberty as we rode into New York harbor, and with it came thankfulness and reverence and a feeling of unworthiness that we should have the joy of coming back when so many valiant men slept in France. Silently, almost unconsciously, hats were removed and heads were bowed.

Upon debarkation at Hoboken, Base Hospital No. 45 was transported immediately to Camp Merritt, Delaware, where a division was made by states. We now consisted of only those men who were to receive their discharge in Virginia. The remnant of our organization was mustered out at Camp Lee on April 29th. A few hours before the necessary papers were executed we received a voluble lecture on "Why You Should Re-Enlist in the Army." None responded. In case of another war, all will respond willingly.

JOHN BELL WILLIAMS.

WITH THE NURSES

When orders were received for the nurses to leave Toul it was stated that fifty were to remain in France and fifty to return to the United States. Consideration was first given to those who had been ill, and after that, as nearly as possible, the choice was left to the individuals as to whether or not they would remain.

On the morning of February 16, 1919, our unit, numbering fifty-three nurses and civilians, boarded a troop train en route to LaBaule, a temporary rest camp for the army nurse corps of the A. E. F. Our officers and men of the detachment traveled on the same train with us as far as Nantes, where they detrained for a near-by rest camp to await further orders.

As we left our hospital (which had been taken over by Base Hospital No. 82) and the Justice Group and were being driven down the hill leading into Toul, on through its narrow, muddy streets to the station, no doubt many of our hearts were filled with thankfulness that we had been permitted to play a part in the great drama which redeemed this people from the dominion of the Prussian war lord; and the ringing of the church bells on that Sabbath morn no longer filled our hearts with anguish that a "Boche might be near," but instead a prayer of gratitude that we were returning to our own country with an understanding which we could not have had otherwise.

Our accommodations on the troop train were not the famous parlor cars of the A. E. F. "40 hommes or 8 cheveaux," but instead compartments, with two seats facing, with space for four passengers each, where we cooked, ate, slept, and lived. After hours and hours of such travel one grew weary of it, I can assure you, but there, as elsewhere, a wonderful spirit was shown by all of making the best of things in a cheerful and seemingly lighthearted way.

On the night of February 18th we arrived at LaBaule in a drizzling rain, stiff, cold and uncomfortable, but not hungry, as we had been well supplied with rations. As night came on our train was in darkness with the exception of a few flickering candles which some thoughtful person had brought. You can picture our scramble in getting off that train. In fact, some of the group were taken on to the next station. After the usual "waiting in line" we were assigned to quarters. And what joy to get into a bed once more, even though the sheets were cold and damp!

LaBaule is a summer resort in the southern part of France on the coast of Brittany near St. Nazaire, and a most beautiful spot with the native Bretons in their picturesque costumes, their boats with parti-colored sails, the rough coast and lovely seashells, which we gathered by the hour to bring home. Many of us made visits to the quaint near-by towns, where antique shops were numerous and beautiful things were bought at a very low cost.

We remained at LaBaule until February 26th, when we entrained for Brest (our port of embarkation). After a long day's journey we reached Brest to find that we were to be quartered at Camp Kerhuan, some miles out from the city. So about midnight we landed there to find awaiting us nice warm quarters with delicious hot chocolate and doughnuts served by the boys. We were royally treated while there by Colonel Hayes and his personnel. The camp seemed to have been built in a mudhole connected up by duckboard walks. But the surrounding country-side was beautiful.

When we left LaBaule we were under the impression that we would return home on the Leviathan, but instead we embarked March 3rd on the Agamemnon, which at that time was the second largest boat afloat, being previously known as the Kaiser Wilhelm II, which had been converted into a transport. As we were taken over to our boat, beautiful strains of music floated across the harbor from majestic ships anchored there, bedecked in many colored flags and the regalia of peace.

Every available space on the Agamemnon was filled with troops returning to the United States. Our only diversion was walking on deck (there being no deck chairs) or assembling in the dining-room after the evening meal to chat for a while. Every one was so tired there seemed little or no enthusiasm over anything, so after a rather uneventful trip, excepting a very high sea, we landed in Hoboken on March 11th. Glad to be home!

Upon our arrival, 'mid cheers from even the housetops, we were greeted by a delegation from Red Cross headquarters of New York city, and the motor corps took us to a hospital where we were inspected by the chief nurse and given our liberty from quarantine. As there was not room for all of us at the Albert Hotel (demobilization headquarters) we were sent in groups to various other hotels in the city. Each day we met at the Albert and wondered (those who did not sign up for further service) how many more days there would be until we could go home. However, by the 20th of March, all of us had returned to our homes with the exception of Miss Ivy Thomasson. Miss Thomasson's untiring and self-sacrificing work in France had brought on an attack of pneumonia, and though she appeared to stand the voyage well, she became ill upon arrival and was taken to a hospital, then later was removed to Walter Reed Hospital, where she still remains patient and brave.

To some of our members their return home meant "wedding bells," to others rest—Oh, nothing but rest—and then to others the gathering up of the ends of a partly finished work.

Home! Back to the peace and quiet of our own firesides with our souls and minds filled with memories of the past. Possibly the tone of a bell would bring back to us those moonlight nights, which we dreaded to see, for it was at that time "Mr. Fritz" played so much disaster from overhead. Or at the glimpse of a khaki-clad form came memories of those brave boys who were brought back from the front lines to our hospital. There was a greenhouse not far from our entrance gates where we could get beautiful flowers which they loved, and more often than not we would find blooming plants in the wards which they cared for, Oh, so tenderly! One night in passing through a ward with some flowers a feeble hand reached out for one and a wan smile spread over the soldier's face. He was desperately ill with pneumonia. The next morning his bed was

empty, and I was told the faded flower had been packed in his comfort kit with his few personal belongings to be sent home. Such memories as these are so sacred that I hardly dare write about them, but those were the things that helped us carry on the great work which had been entrusted to us.

JULIET MONTGOMERY.
(Mrs. H. J. Winans.)

FACING TOWARD AMERICA

The journey back was as huddled and uncomfortable as the journey over, but it differed in the point of view, which was everything.

About six of the officers were detached and sent ahead. The main body of the organization followed several weeks later. At Nantes the nurses were separated and ordered to Brest where they embarked on the steamer Agamemnon. The remainder of the unit, after a halt at Nantes left St. Nazaire aboard the Walter A. Luckenbach. There were no submarines now and the Statue of Liberty was advancing and not receding in the distance. Nothing else was worth considering. Everybody landed at Hoboken and, either there or in gaunt and vacant cantonments, the last reels of red tape were unrolled. Then—Home again!



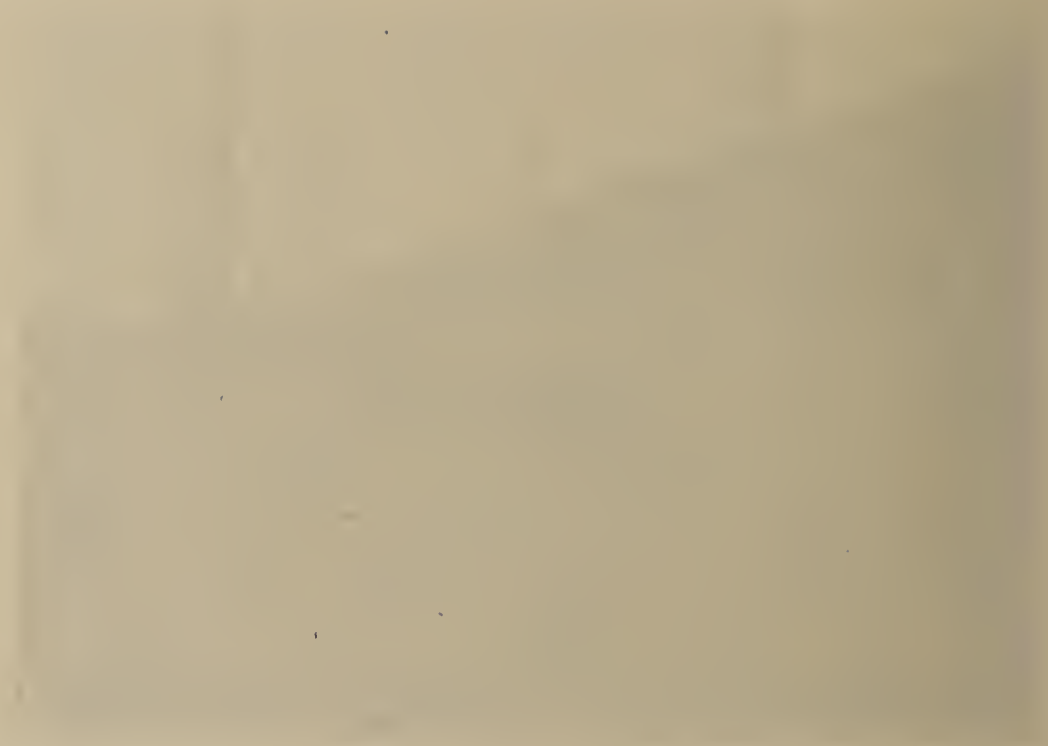
Farewell Dance for Officers and Nurses at Toul.



Base Hospital No. 45 "Special."



Stretching Their Legs.







40 Hommes.



Interior of Box Car.





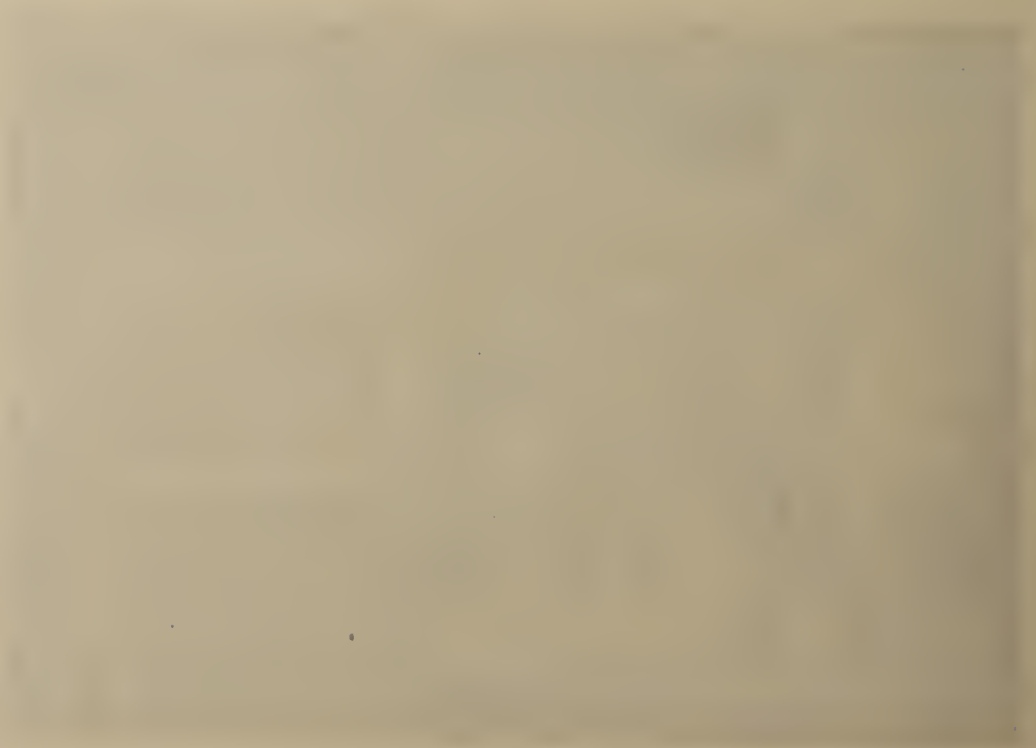


Glass House Billet at Nantes.



Men's Kitchen at Nantes.







Billet No. 1 at Nantes.



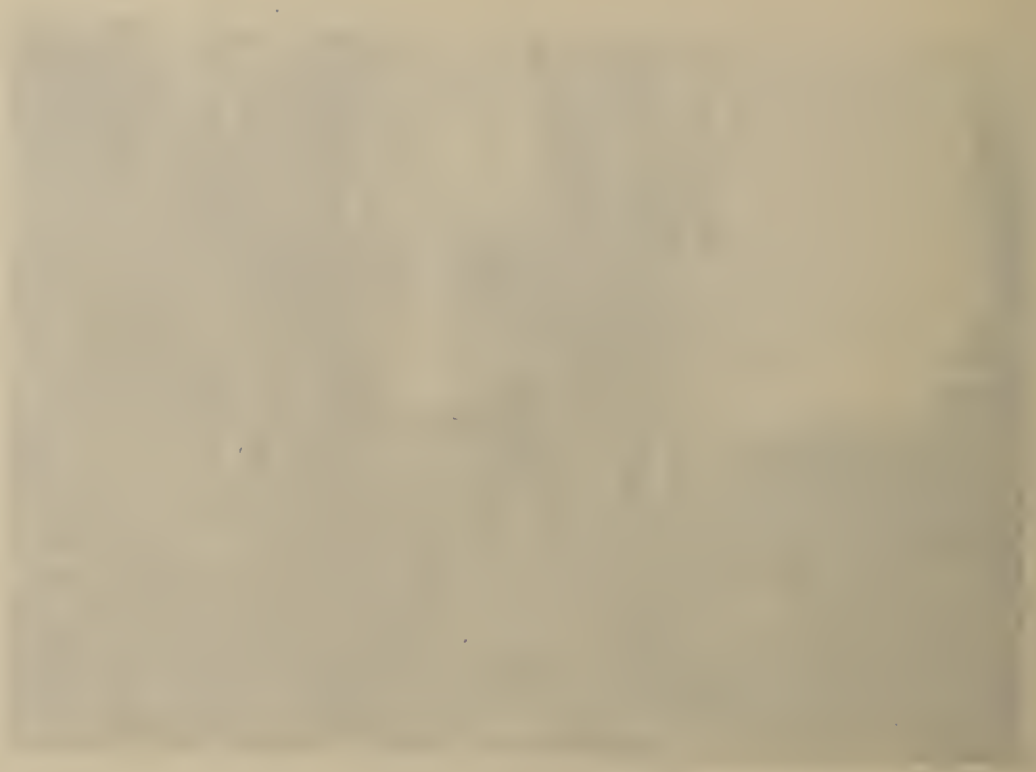
Another Billet at Nantes.



Officers' Billet at Nantes.



"Oscar" and Companions at Nantes.







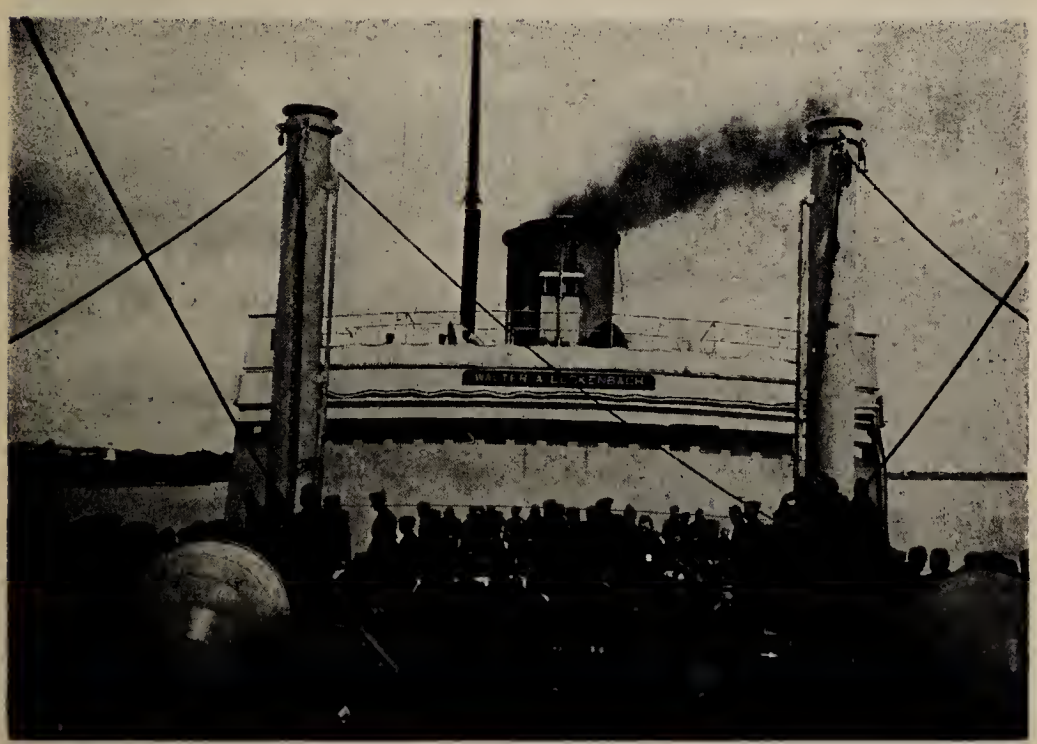
Laundry at Nantes.



Pack Inspection at Nantes.



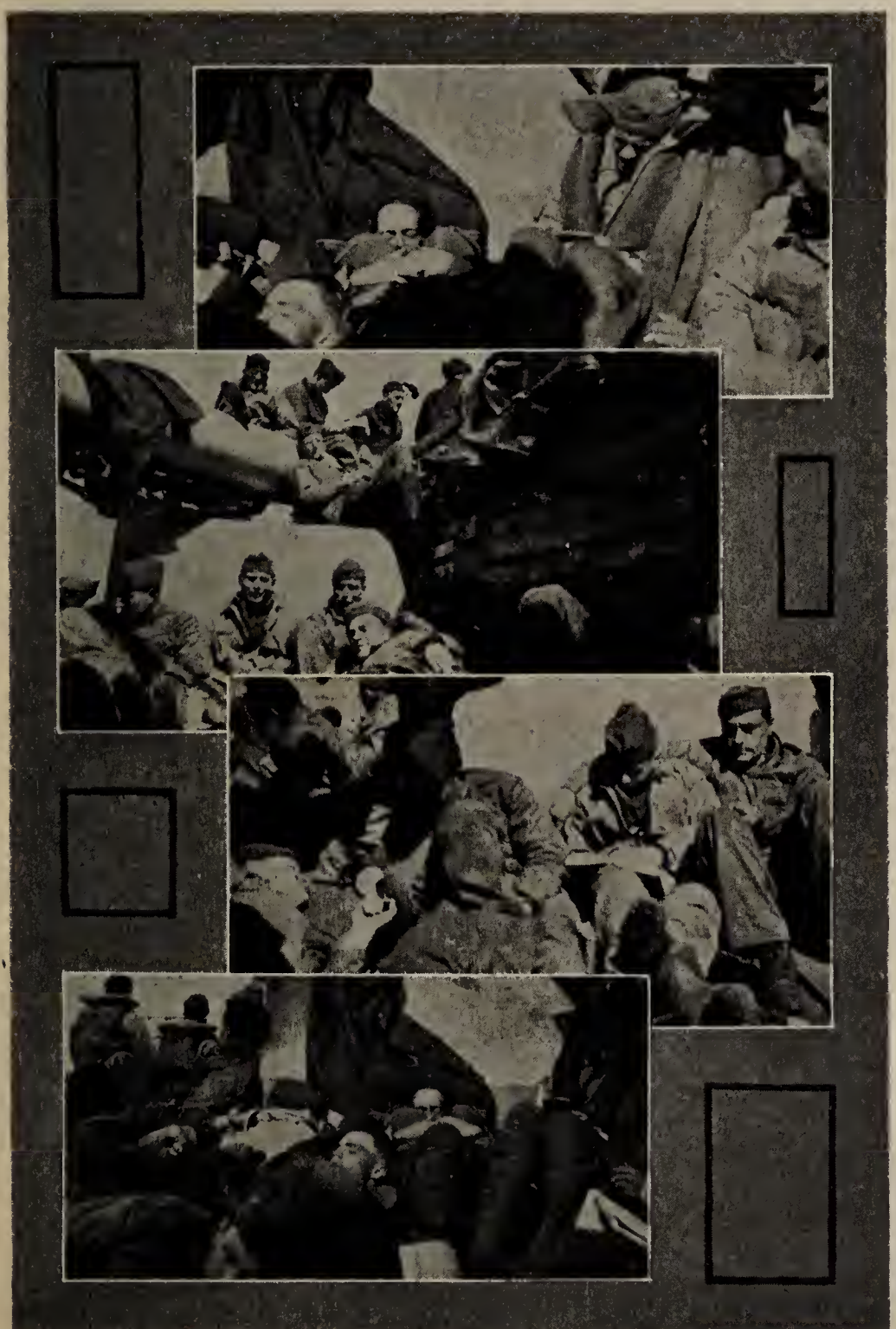
Base Hospital No. 45 Crossing Loire to Entrain for St. Nazaire.



Pulling Away from St. Nazaire.







"Comforts" Aboard Ship.



On the Ocean.



Pulling Into New York.



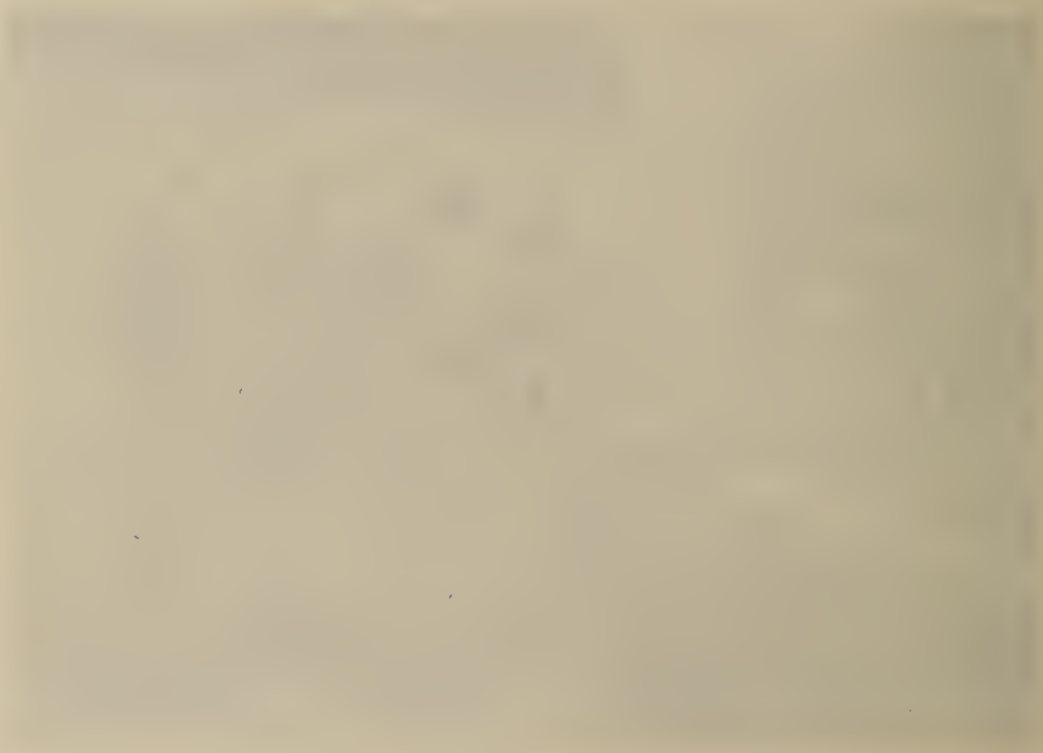


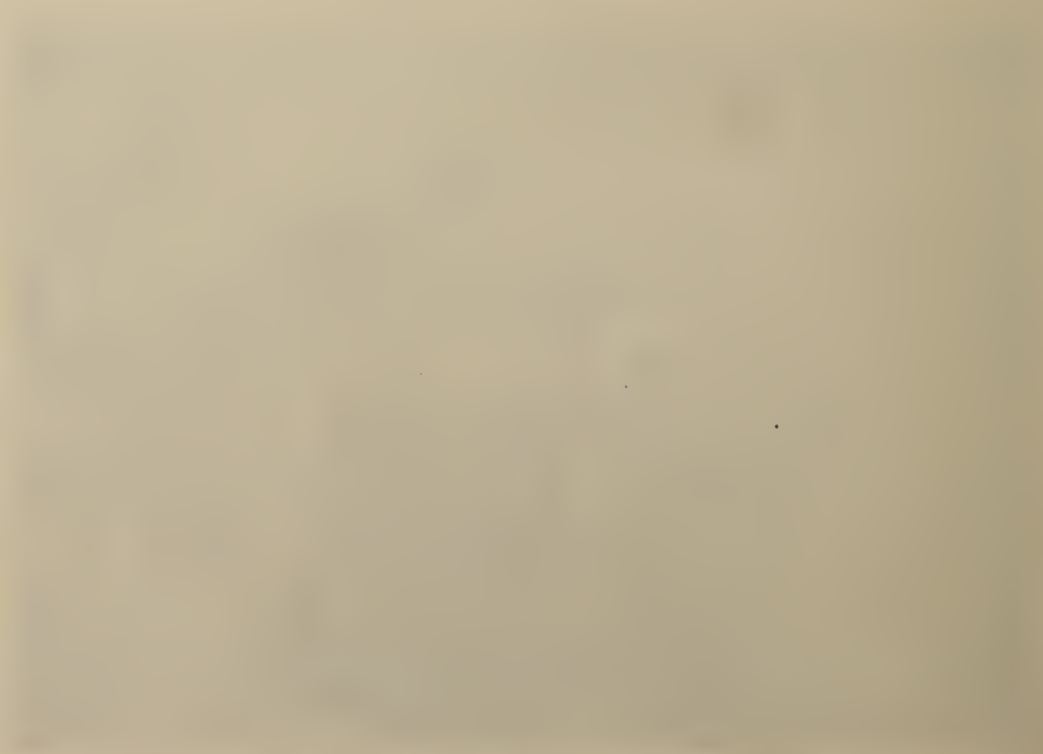


Nurses at Palace of Prince of Monaco.



Nurses Entertained on Battleship "Oklahoma."







Nurses Aboard "Agamemnon."



The Fairest Sight of All.

Reception in Richmond

WITH a profound sense of gratitude for the return of Base Hospital No. 45, the equipment of which was assembled by the Richmond chapter of the American Red Cross, the chairman of the chapter called a mass meeting of the citizens of Richmond in the city auditorium on May 22, 1919.

The purpose of the meeting was to give the citizens of the city who had supplied the equipment and most of the personnel an opportunity to hear just what had been accomplished by Base Hospital No. 45, to express the thanks of the whole city that so many of the unit had been privileged to serve and to return home safely, and to share in the memorialization of those of the unit who had sacrificed their lives on the altar of duty.

On the night of May 22nd the auditorium was crowded with men and women eager to welcome home Base Hospital No. 45 and to do honor to its splendid achievements. The stage was filled with members of the Richmond chapter dressed in uniforms representing the various branches of Red Cross service.

As the members of Base Hospital No. 45 marched down the aisle in their overseas uniforms, following the flag which had been presented to them upon the departure of the nursing corps and had been with them in France, the whole audience arose and gave a mighty cheer.

The meeting was formally opened by Mr. Coleman Wortham, chairman of the local Red Cross. He made an address of welcome, expressing the pride that the Richmond chapter felt in the accomplishments of Base Hospital

No. 45, whose splendid record of service would add prestige to the Richmond chapter, to the Medical College of Virginia, from which institution most of the medical, dental and pharmaceutical staff had been selected, and to the State of Virginia.

Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart McGuire, commanding officer of Base Hospital No. 45, replying to the address of Mr. Wortham, told of the organization of the unit and of how impossible its formation would have been without the enthusiastic support of the Richmond chapter. He mentioned how many members of the local Red Cross had dropped their business entirely and devoted their whole time to the forming of the unit. He then spoke briefly of the work in France. The base hospital, he said, was very fortunate in being placed near the front lines so that the service was a very active one. In conclusion, he expressed his thankfulness that so few of the unit were crippled by disease or met death.

On behalf of Base Hospital No. 45, Lieutenant-Colonel John Garnett Nelson presented the United States flag which had been with the hospital throughout the war to the Richmond chapter. Mr. H. G. Boykin received the flag for the Red Cross and made suitable acknowledgment for the gift.

Coleman Wortham.

The Veterans' Association

THE spirit that united us during the receding days of war lives on through these days of peace in the form of Base Hospital No. 45 Veterans' Association.

The idea of such an association was first conceived during the early part of 1921. A reunion of the membership of the unit was arranged for February 28th, of that year, this being the third anniversary of the call which mustered the base hospital into active service. A banquet was held at the Hotel Richmond, and at the conclusion of a program which took the crowd vividly back to the eventful months spent in France, it was unanimously decided to organize a permanent association designed to perpetuate the vows and spirit of the organization.

Dr. Stuart McGuire, former commanding officer, was made honorary commander for life, and the following active officers were elected: Commander, William B. Elwang; vice-commander, Dr. Joseph F. Geisinger; adjutant and finance officer, Edgar A. Barlow. Members of staff: Dr. John Bell Williams, Lloyd C. Bird, Dr. J. Garnett Nelson, Frank Levy, Dr. James H. Smith, Waller G. Burnette and John Harkess. An honorary member was elected, Mr. Richard Gwathmey, who performed the heroic service of purchasing and assembling our equipment at an expense of nearly $140,000 raised by the Richmond Red Cross.

During the year the details of the organization were worked out by the officers and staff. A complete roster of the unit was compiled, a constitution and by-laws were prepared and adopted and a successful membership campaign was conducted.

The second annual reunion of the association was held at the Commonwealth Club, Richmond, on February 28, 1922. Following a banquet, business session and a program filled with reminiscence, the following officers were elected: Commander, Irving May; vice-commander, Dr. Carrington Williams; adjutant and finance officer, Frank Levy; chaplain, Dr. W. Russell Bowie; staff, Mrs. Stuart McGuire, Dr. Greer Baughman, Dr. Fred M. Hodges, Lee S. Liggan, Walter Moore, George Geddy, Frank Kimbrough.

Much constructive work was done during the second year of the organization, the most notable feature being the emergency benefit fund. This excellent plan, designed to help the sick and disabled in the organization as well as those in need of assistance of any kind, was worked out by the officers and staff and a resolution suggesting its adoption was prepared for presentation at the next meeting of the association.

On December 19, 1922, the organization suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Dr. E. Guy Hopkins. His warm-hearted, genial personality endeared him to all, and the association mourns the loss of a true friend and a loyal comrade.

On February 28, 1923, the regular annual meeting was held at the Commonwealth Club with a record attendance, more out-of-town members being present than on any previous occasion. Following the banquet a brief but impressive memorial service was held. With every one standing at attention the names of departed comrades were read and taps was sounded. After a short business session, in which a review of the year's work was made by the retiring commander, the evening was devoted to a program of frolic and fun. The following officers were elected for the new year: Commander, Dr. Greer Baughman; vice-commander, Mrs. Howard Winans; adjutant and finance officer, Frank Levy; members of staff: Miss Emma C. Breckinridge, Miss

Emily Gordon Friend, Dr. Paul V. Anderson, Dr. R. C. Fravel, James Albert Hill, Charles H. Schaaf and Dave Wolf. The emergency relief fund plan was enthusiastically received and adopted and the committee for its supervision was appointed by the commander.

Base Hospital No. 45 Veterans' Association has enjoyed a healthy growth since its organization. Its future is assured. The interest displayed by the members promises a steadily growing influence for good. The membership is united in an enduring association of friendship and helpfulness to one another and, to quote from the constitution, it is "an organization to which any member in time of distress or misfortune may confidently and unshrinkingly look for sympathy and assistance." As the years go by the association will mean more and more to each of its members, for in it are friendships, formed during the stress of war, which can never be replaced.

WILLIAM B. ELWANG.

Recognitions

IN addition to official commendations from various quarters at various times, Base Hospital No. 45, through its commanding officer, received several more formal recognitions.

The Distinguished Service Medal, awarded by the United States government, was bestowed upon Lieutenant-Colonel McGuire with full military ceremonies at Fort Monroe on January 12, 1922, by Major-General C. J. Bailey, commanding officer of the Third corps area. The citation reads as follows:

"Stuart McGuire, Lieutenant-Colonel Medical Corps, United States Army. For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services in a position of great responsibility. As Commanding Officer of Base Hospital No. 45, he received and cared for a very large number of wounded, evacuated in that hospital during the battle of the Argonne, in September and October, 1918. By his administrative and professional skill he has reflected credit upon the Medical Department of the Army."

* * *

A medal of honor for distinguished service was presented by the French government to Lieutenant-Colonel McGuire in March, 1919, accompanied by a certificate which, with a liberal translation, follows:

REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE
MINISTERE DE LA GUERRE
Recompense pour Belles Actions
Medaille D'Honneur
Au nom du President de la Republique

Le Ministre de la Guerre a decerne une Medaille d'honneur en Argent au Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart McGuire, M. C., Base Hospital No. 45, at Toul.

A prodigue aux malades et blesse's francais les soins les plus ulaires et les plus devoue's.

Le Lieutenant-Colonel McGuire est autorise a porter cette Medaille suspendue a la boutonniere par un ruban tricolore egalement divise'.

Ce diplome lui a ete delivre afin de perpetuer dans sa famille et au milieu de ses concitoyens le souvenir de son honorable et courageuse conduite.

Paris, le 18 Mars 1919
P. Le Ministre de la Guerre,
Le sous secretaire d'Etat du Service de Sante' Militaire.
LOUIS MEAURER.

REPUBLIC OF FRANCE
MINISTER OF WAR
A reward for excellent service
Medal of Honor
In the name of the President of the Republic

The Minister of War has awarded a Silver Medal of Honor to Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart McGuire, M. C., Base Hospital No. 45, at Toul.

To those of the French who were seriously ill and wounded the most devoted and best of attention was given them.

The Lieutenant-Colonel McGuire is authorized to wear this medal suspended from his lapel by a three-colored ribbon equally divided.

This diploma has been given to perpetuate in his family

and all citizens the reward of his honorable and courageous conduct.

At Paris March 18, 1919.
By the Minister of War,
The Secretary of State of Military Health Service,
Louis Meaurer.

* * *

The French medaille des epidemies was also awarded to Lieutenant-Colonel McGuire, Mrs. McGuire, Miss Emma Broaddus, Miss Dora Carothers, Miss A. Madge Driver, and Miss Lucy Jeffrey, all members of Base Hospital No. 45. Each of the recipients received a copy of the presentation address by M. d'Ambert, chief of cabinet of the Second Secretary of State of the Health Service.

* * *

A meritorious service certificate was awarded on May 5, 1919, to Miss Ivy Thomasson, who contracted pneumonia while on duty in France and who is still a patient at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. The certificate contained the following citation:

"For exceptionally meritorious and conspicuous services during St. Mihiel Offensive, American Expeditionary Forces, in testimony thereof and as an expression of appreciation of those services, I award her this citation. John J. Pershing, Commander-in-Chief."

J'Accuse La Guerre—A Retrospect

WHEN I bade good-bye to Toul on January 21, 1919, I thought that of all the places on the earth's surface this was the very last spot I ever wished to set eyes upon again.

But what a leveler is Time! How he smooths off the rough corners, fills in, and rounds out, until we would scarcely recognize the thing at all!

The hardships are forgotten; the mists of misunderstanding dissolve; the little petty things disappear, and only the really big ones that count remain. The happier instances grow more vivid and remain to gladden and cheer us as the years go by.

And so after a year, Toul the aged city with its embattled walls and moat about it—Toul with its mountains, plains and river—Toul, the great strategic gateway of France, began pulling at me like a lodestone until finally this summer, after just four years, it drew me overseas again and claimed me utterly.

No troop trains this time; but with my wife and two dear friends we pulled into the station one Saturday in August, and, securing an aged garcon with a push-cart to trundle our baggage, we followed him afoot over the canal, up the street, over the great drawbridge, under the portcullis and into Toul again.

How changed it is, and yet how unchanged! The same little news-stand; the same little shops—only all is now dull and dead—asleep.

Toul is essentially a military city and the soldiers of

France are in the Ruhr; and now no boys in khaki swarm its time-worn streets.

I saw no familiar faces. The Comedie, where we stopped, has changed hands. The Bosket is not the same; "Mamselle" is not there. Kindly old Madame of the Lace Shop has gone to her reward.

But the sun was shining brightly, so after lunch we took the old familiar road to the barracks over the hill. By 45, by 53, on past 87, until we saw the long low outline of the old shooting gallery in the field beyond.

I was looking for English's grave, and memories of the day we buried him came back with poignant vividness.

The French cemetery to the right is there; neat, well-kept, with all its real and artificial flowers; with the little tri-colored rosettes upon its wooden crosses making a brave appearance in the sun. But on the left beside the old gallery there are only some long sunken trenches where our boys were buried. They have all been removed. Some have come home, others have gone to that beautiful resting place at Romagne which our government has provided.

On our way back we stopped and turned in the old familiar gateway of Caserne LaMarche. Past the guard-house; on across the drill ground of the compound. How changed! The triage tents are gone; our wonderful porte cochere which we built over the recovery ward has vanished. They have even blotted out the huge cross in the compound that told the airmen to hold their bombs. The place is all but deserted, for only a half dozen men are left as care-takers; the rest are in the Ruhr.

I found a sergeant and in my best French I made him understand that this was my old home during the war, and then he was eager to take me everywhere.

We visited the rooms where we worked and ate and slept; clattered up the iron-ribbed stairs, through ward after ward. How familiar it all was, and yet how changed since

Forty-five had its being there. The operating room has become an armory again, with gun-racks all down the center; but the wonderful picture of the kitchen is still there on the wall and the old fellow peeling the potatoes is still squinting to keep the cigarette smoke out of his eyes. As we went from building to building, from ward to corridor, many were the scenes that came crowding back upon my memory. At last we climbed to the top story of the central building, and going to the window in its east end we looked out upon Toul, with the sunshine on the turrets of the old cathedral.

I saw the canal gleaming like a silver ribbon between green banks. I saw the valley of the Moselle. I saw the shoulder of Mount Saint Michael with its gun-crested heights, around which swept the road that leads to the old battle line before Saint Mihiel. I looked toward Nancy, toward Pont-a-Mousson, and toward Verdun, and I thought of the glories of war.

Again the roads were choked with masses of moving men; the railroads blocked with troop trains. I saw long lines of the big blue camions of the French, the great spotted howitzers and siege guns, and then battery after battery there swung by the beloved soixante quinze. And then came our boys in khaki, light of step, light of heart; wave on wave they came, rising to a veritable flood. I saw France prostrate, devastated; her towns and villages but heaps of rubble; her fields laid waste, serried with maze of trench and network of tangled wire, pock-marked with shell holes, blighted with poisonous gas.

I saw her today with new villages, towns, and cities rising from the ashes of the old. I saw her wrecked fields leveled, bearing upon their bosoms once again great waving crops of yellow ripening grain.

I saw all France at work; blotting out, covering up, rebuilding, tilling the soil. And I thought of the blessings of peace.

And I wondered what it all meant? What was it for? What had been accomplished? How was such a stupendous thing, such a monstrous thing, allowed to happen? Was it really the premeditated act of a crazy king? Was it ambition, greed, lust of power of certain coteries of men about him that set in motion forces that broke bounds and could not be stayed nor stopped? Is there such a thing as a pressure of peoples culminating in social chaos; like the great cataclysms of nature, when room must be had by vast unknown forces, even though the very surface of the earth is rent and cracked and broken, blotting out nations or sinking countries into the sea? Are such things willed or fore-ordained? Are we really free agents? Or are we after all just puppets in one grand show; each nation, each individual playing his own allotted part as the Master directs, until the curtain is rung down? Why did we of Forty-five come overseas to witness and have part in such a horror? Was it really to help make the world safe for democracy? Have we done this thing? Is it safer? Have we ourselves gained morally or spiritually by such a sacrifice? In one fleeting instant I seemed to visualize it all—the whole scheme of war—clearly, intimately, even as one sees the littlest twigs of a tree by the lightning's flash—I saw it all!

I heard the shot at Sarajevo; saw the Prince fall. I heard the crackling of the message as it sped through the air over wire and under sea to the uttermost quarters of the globe. I saw the seething turmoil in the capitals, the hurrying of statesmen, the summoning of councils; saw the messengers go forth and the mobilizations begin.

Everywhere I saw armed men marching. I saw the mobilization of all the resources of all the nations of the earth; the financiers gathering gold, floating bonds, strengthening the sinews of war. I saw the windows of all the factories of the world aglow with light, their

chimneys belching forth black smoke, and men and women pouring in, to work. There was no night and no day. Guns and more guns—ammunition—fabrics—food! Shipyards sprang into being as if by magic, and down the ways new fleets of vessels slipped into the sea. I saw such traffic by road and rail as has not been before; until great masses of goods, mountains of supplies, stood ready. And then the great movement began.

From every corner of the earth, men, guns, ammunition, food, supplies were being moved and concentrated along a ragged line that stretched from the English channel through Belgium and northern France to Switzerland. There were other lines in Russia, Italy, Servia, and even in the Holy Land. But the great struggle for world mastery was here. Here the sum of all human hope and fear was concentrated. Here all the shipping of all the seven seas was pointed. I saw great fleets of huge steel ships crowded to the guards with men, zig-zagging their way across the ocean. I saw the keen, trim destroyers—before, behind, on either side; watchful like shepherd dogs guarding their flocks; sleepless; tireless; alert. The fleets of England, France, and America on guard; the deadly U-boats fending them off. Overhead I heard the drone of hostile fleets, while the airmen fought and watched lest that ragged line should break.

Men spread huge nets of steel in the sea; laid barriers of sunken mines; marked and plotted the sea like the streets of a town and filled them with patrols. In the uttermost oceans fleet met fleet and battled to the end. Brave merchantmen fell prey to hidden foes that lurked beneath the waves, till the ocean's bottom became a veritable graveyard of sunken hulls. And this was all to hold or break that fateful ragged line.

Here men fought hand to hand with all the primeval instincts of the beasts; with all the subtle skill and cun-

ning with which centuries of schooling have endowed them. They fought with all the hellish weapons of all the ages, with every engine and appliance known to art and science.

I saw men lying submerged in muck; wallowing in mud; impaled on sharpened stakes; wrapped and entangled in barbed wire; torn with shell fragments; raked with withering sheets of machine-gun bullets that drove like sleet across the open spaces. Locked in the ground waist deep in polluted water, they seared one another with sheets of flame. The earth meanwhile was plowed and churned with shell and bomb; and now and again there drifted down the wind a deadly yellow pestilence of poisonous gas that burned and seared and choked and made men blind. Yet on they came, more and more men from either side into this hell, this ragged line that bent and swayed and stretched and broke and then reformed—always reformed.

The scene changed. I was looking down into our barrack yard. It was night! not a ray of light from anywhere. The yard was filled with litters, while the ambulances were ever bringing more and more. Over toward Saint Mihiel I heard the crash and roar of guns; saw their long continuous flash upon the sky line; and then looked down upon their dread product in the yard. I heard the measured shuffling tread of the litter-bearers. I saw the operating rooms; every table full; every team at work; caring for those silent, mutilated men; and I knew that this was just one little spot on one side of that ragged, bending line. I knew that for miles and miles on either side of it, other hospital yards were deluged with mangled men.

I knew that at every rail-head trains were ready, waiting to bear them away to give their beds to others that were to come. I knew that along that line on either side the graveyards were spreading—ever spreading. I saw them like great crimson blots of blood on the green bosom of

Europe and even as I watched they seemed to grow and grow, marking the mortal wounds in her breast beneath.

And then came day, and with it a lull between battles. The sun shone beautifully, and I thought what a good place this world was to be in, after all. Suddenly I heard a piercing cry; and, looking down into the compound, I saw one of the French women who waited on our table. Her shawl was thrown about her head, but her sobbing fairly shook her poor frail body. Two others rushed out and threw their arms about her and hurried her away. I knew what she had gotten. It was the message saying how her Pierre had given his life for France; how bravely he had fought; how valiantly he had died. The compound vanished, and I saw the mortal anguish of the women at the foot of the Cross.

I saw a titled lady of England receive the message in silence. I saw it come to a shrieking Yiddish woman on the Bowery, who raved and screamed, and fought with those who tried to comfort her. I saw it come to a log cabin far up in the mountains of British Columbia, and I saw the passionate weeping of the mother. I saw it come to a sheep farm in Australia. She sat before the door of her humble home, carding wool and singing at her work. I saw her stiffen as the dull horror drove home, and I knew that she too had been crucified. I saw a black woman before her thatched hut in Africa, searing her breasts with live coals. I saw a woman in Indo-China—copper colored, slant-eyed—begging mercy of a strangely immobile idol, and I knew that word had come to her. I saw an Indian scout riding across the plains of Idaho. I saw him come to a group of his people sitting about a fire in the center of their village, and give his message. I saw a woman leave the group in silence. Pulling her shawl more closely about her shoulders, she slowly went into her tepee. Black Otter had fought bravely for his country; had upheld the best tradi-

tions of his tribe; but he would return no more from France when the other braves came back to their people.

Oh, Mary! Mother of Christ! the extremity of suffering your sisters have endured!

Oh, God! Father of us all! the untold agony of it—this monstrous thing that has turned all Belgium's gardens into Gethsemanes and made of every hilltop in France a Calvary!

What does it mean? What is it for? Is there really no other way?

Tell us! Give us a sign!

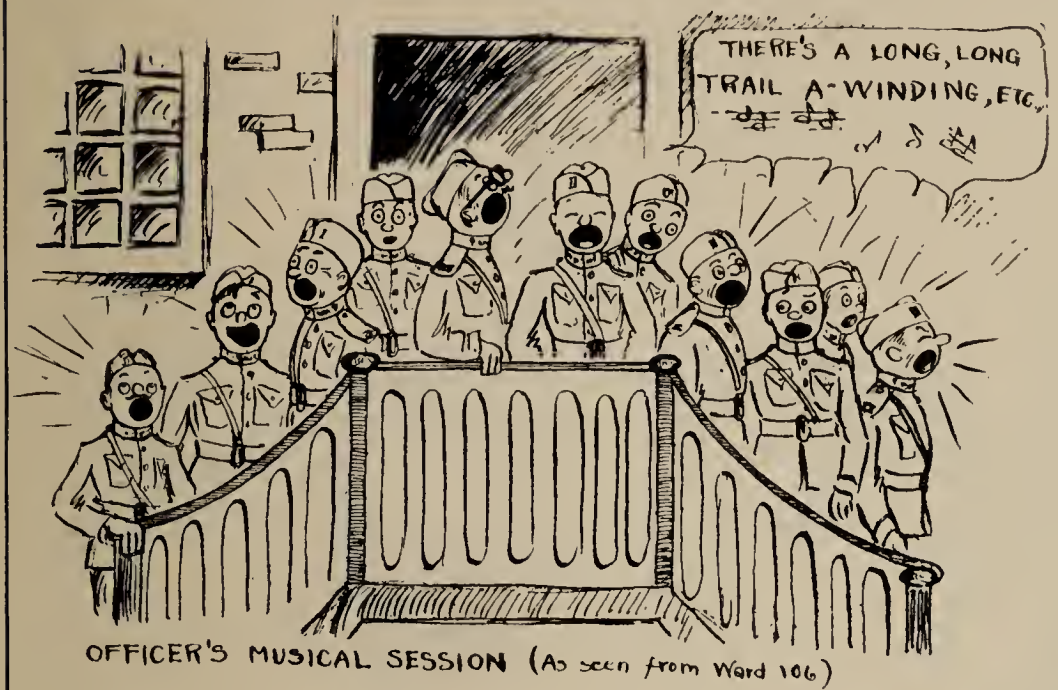
Can it be possible that this thing, this Armageddon, is the only way?

Oh, God! is war indeed the only price of Peace?

William Lowndes Peple.

THE LIGHTER SIDE

In our unit were one real artist and numerous psuedo-artists. The real artist appears elsewhere. The psuedos revel here and mostly Dick Rauh who was no mean caricaturist. We were laden with a sheaf of cartoons, sketches, etc., from various ambitious sources, but the humor (or whatever it was supposed to be) was so skilfully concealed in many of them that we felt it would be too serious an intellectual tax upon our readers to display them. What we have included in this section is perhaps less artistic but more pointed. At all events the members of Base Hospital No. 45 will have no difficulty placing the events and the people.



OFFICER'S MUSICAL SESSION (As seen from Ward 106)



INDOOR SPORTS

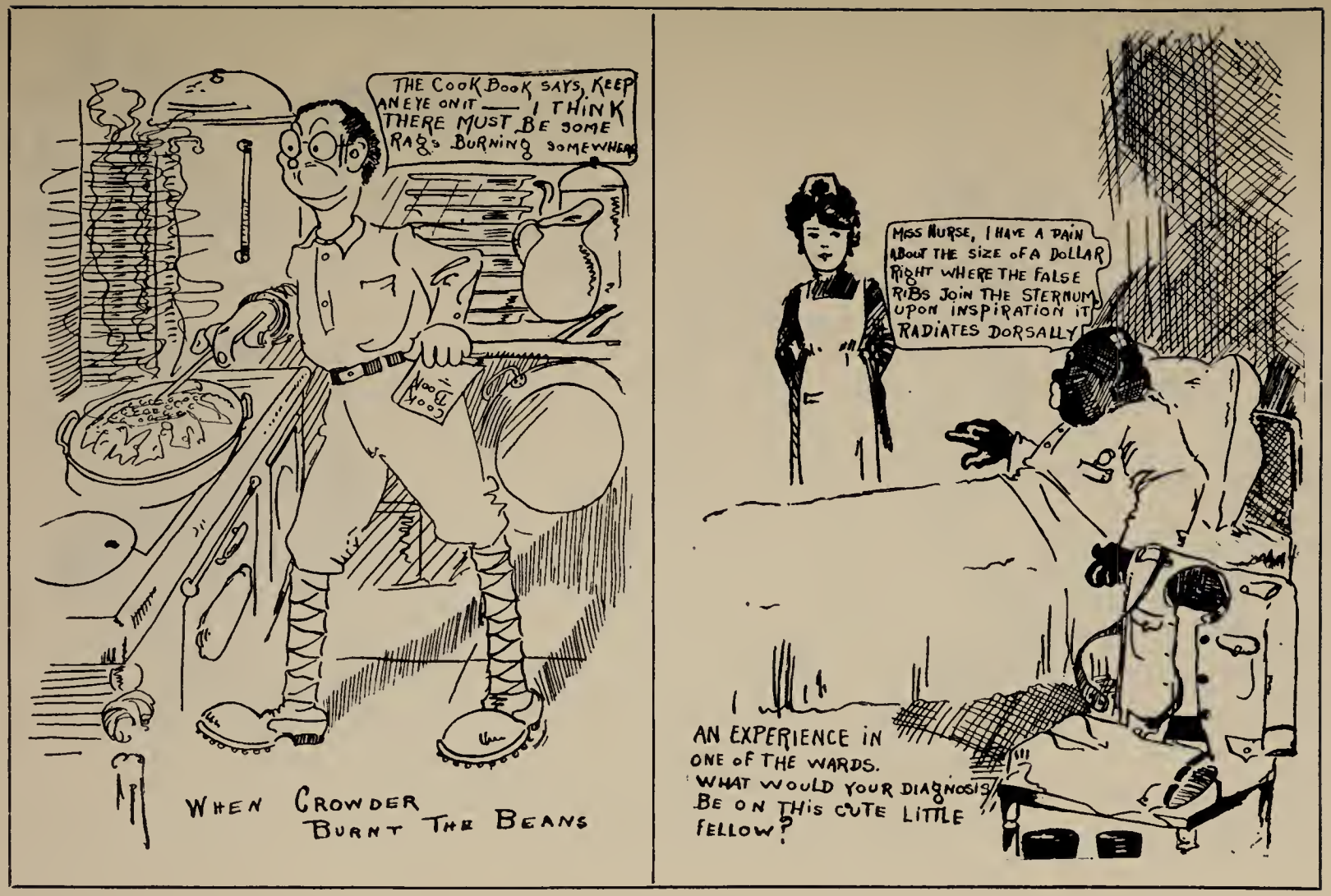
EXAMINING BROTHER ERICKSON'S TROUBLESOME LIMB


NO MAN'S LAND
I WONDER IF I WILL EVER BE A DOCTOR.
DOPE
HE IS SAID TO BE A MODEL WARDMASTER. YES! REALLY
BISSET, THE AMBITIOUS


RAW RAW! I THINK I HAVE FOUND THE RING LEADER OF THE CCOTIE ARMY
How RIDICULOUS
LT. LAMPSON AND PVT. RALPH SHERRY MAKING A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.
CAPT. JAMES LOOKING FOR GOLDFISH IN THE CANAL



Scene in Colored Ward.


THE COOK BOOK SAYS, KEEP AN EYE ON IT — I THINK THERE MUST BE SOME RAGS BURNING SOMEWHERE
MISS NURSE, I HAVE A PAIN ABOUT THE SIZE OF A DOLLAR RIGHT WHERE THE FALSE RIBS JOIN THE STERNUM UPON INSPIRATION IT RADIATES DORSALLY
WHEN CROWDER BURNT THE BEANS
AN EXPERIENCE IN ONE OF THE WARDS. WHAT WOULD YOUR DIAGNOSIS BE ON THIS CUTE LITTLE FELLOW?



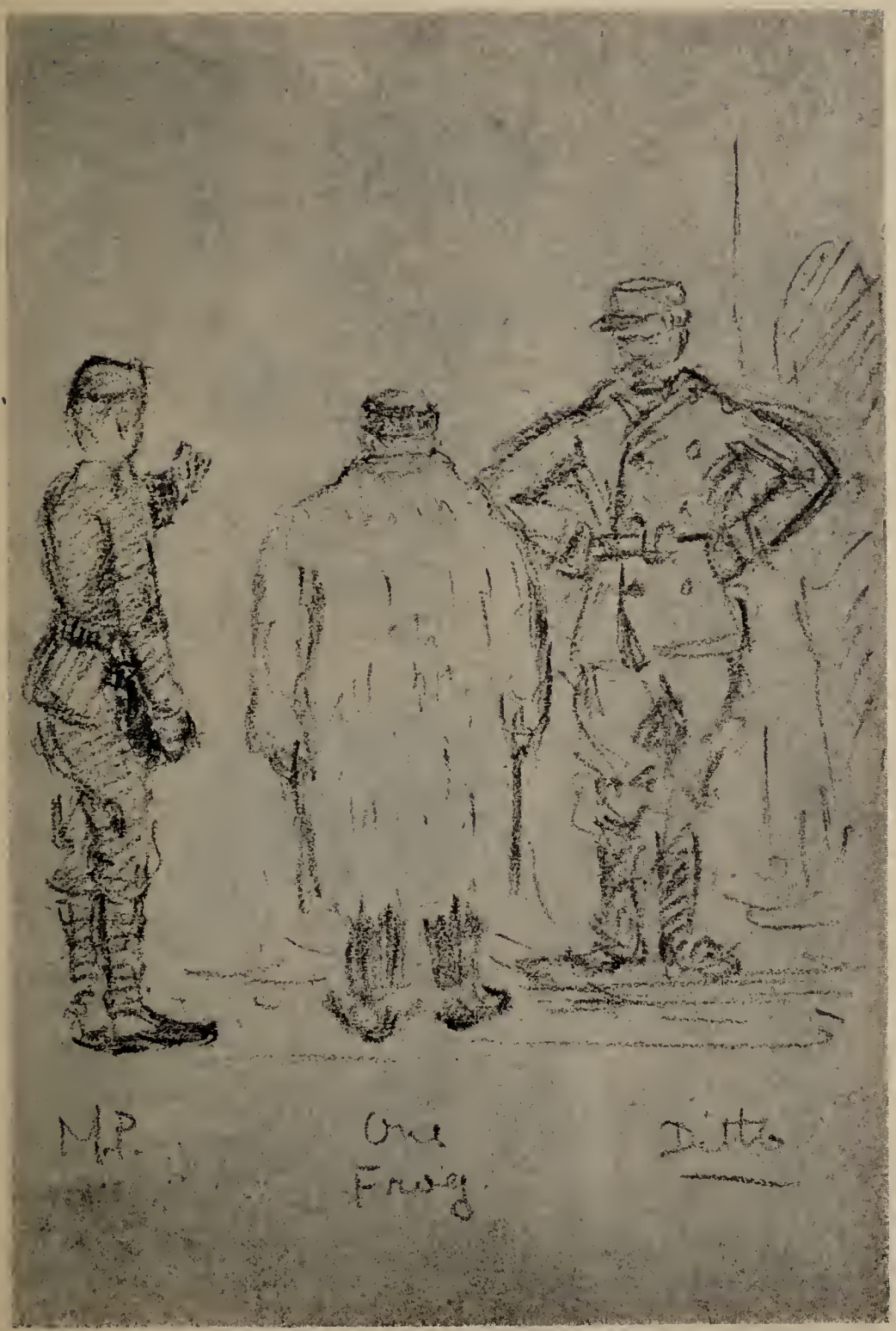
PVT. MAYS HAS BEEN WORKING RATHER HARD IN LABORATORY FOR THE PAST WEEK

WHAT A MAN WITH MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE GENERALLY HAS TO DO IN THE MEDICAL CORPS.

FOR THERE THE MEN BEHIND THE SCISSORS AND THE COMB.



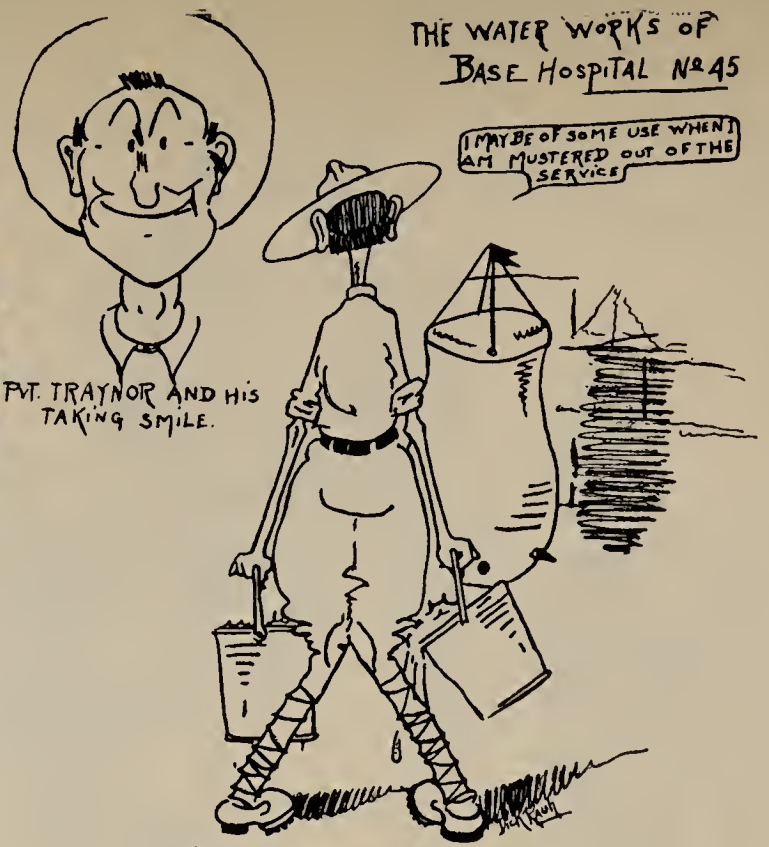
THE BARBER-SHOP TRIO.



Familiar Scene in Toul.



FRED BRAUER ANNOUNCING SEATS IN THE MESS HALL.



PVT. TRAYNOR AND HIS TAKING SMILE.

PVT. TRAYNOR ONCE SAID, THAT BEFORE HE JOINED THIS MAN'S ARMY — HE WAS A HALF-BACK ON THE YALE FOOTBALL TEAM. ——— WAS HE ?



Inspection Day
at
"Base — 45."

The Roster

This roster is compiled as of Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, at which time the whole unit was functioning with the hospital working at full capacity.

ADMINISTRATIVE

COMMANDING OFFICER

Stuart McGuire.....Lieut. Col., M. C.....Richmond, Va.

ADJUTANT

Thomas C. Boushall.....1st Lieut., San. C.....Raleigh, N. C.

REGISTRAR

**Greer Baughman.....Captain, M. C.....Richmond, Va.

MEDICAL SUPPLY AND PERSONNEL

**Charles Phillips.....1st Lieut., M. C.....Richmond, Va.

QUARTERMASTER

C. Olaf Jenson.....2nd Lieut., Q. M. C....Edgerton, Wis.

MESS OFFICER

Willis W. James.....Captain, San. C.....San Antonio, Tex.

DETACHMENT COMMANDER

†William B. Hopkins.....Captain, M. C.....Richmond, Va.

RECEIVING WARD

*Quintus H. Barney.....1st Lieut., M. C.....Wardensville, W. Va.
*Thomas H. Van Camp.....1st Lieut., M. C.....Greenfield, Iowa.

CHAPLAIN

Walter Russell Bowie, D. D.....Richmond, Va.

MEDICAL SERVICE

*John Garnett Nelson	Major, M. C., Chief of Service	Richmond, Va.
**James H. Smith	Captain, M. C.	Richmond, Va.
*William B. Porter	Captain, M. C.	Richmond, Va.
**Cornelius J. Corcoran	1st Lieut., M. C.	Milwaukee, Wis.
*Robert Grant Willis	1st Lieut., M. C.	Richmond, Va.
*Frank G. Scharmann	1st Lieut., M. C.	Johnstown, Pa.
*Thomas H. Van Camp	1st Lieut., M. C.	Greenfield, Iowa
**Paul V. Anderson	Captain, M. C., Neurologist	Richmond, Va.

SURGICAL SERVICE

**William Lowndes Peple	Major, M. C., Chief of Service	Richmond, Va.
**Joseph F. Geisinger	Captain, M. C.	Richmond, Va.
*Alvah L. Herring	Captain, M. C.	Richmond, Va.
**Roy C. Fravel	Captain, M. C.	Richmond, Va.
**Beverley F. Eckles	1st Lieut., M. C.	Richmond, Va.
*Quintus H. Barney	1st Lieut., M. C.	Wardensville, W. Va.
*Carrington Williams	1st Lieut., M. C.	Richmond, Va.
*Frank C. Pratt	1st Lieut., M. C.	Fredericksburg, Va.
*Raymond A. Voisinet	Captain, M. C., Orthopædics	Union City, Ia.

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT SERVICE

**Robert H. Wright	Captain, M. C.	Richmond, Va.
†William B. Hopkins	Captain, M. C.	Richmond, Va.

DENTAL SERVICE

*Guy R. Harrison	Captain, D. C.	Richmond, Va.
*John Bell Williams	Captain, D. C.	Richmond, Va.

LABORATORY

*Erasmus Guy Hopkins	Captain, M. C., Chief of Service	Richmond, Va.
*Perry Jefferson Manheims	1st Lieut., M. C.	New York City
**Charles Phillips	1st Lieut., M. C.	Richmond, Va.

X-RAY

*Frederick M. Hodges	Captain, M. C.	Richmond, Va.
*Joseph Thompson McKinney	1st Lieut., M. C.	Roanoke, Va.

CONTAGIOUS HOSPITAL

Leonidas F. Barrier, Captain, M. C., Commanding

CIVILIAN EMPLOYES

Chappell, Edna L. (now Mrs. John H. Lindsey) ..... Fall River, Mass.
Dietitian.
Gray, Hattie W. ..... Richmond, Va.
Supervisor and Hostess of Nurses' Quarters.
Hobson, Bland (now Mrs. Alfred P. Goddin) ..... Richmond, Va.
Administrative Office.
Jones, Anne Lewis ..... Alexandria, Va.
Clerk to Chief Medical Service.
Scorgie, Rose ..... Richmond, Va.
Clerk to Chief Nurse.
Watkins, Kathleen R. (now Mrs. Ben Brockenbrough) .... Richmond, Va.
Administrative Office.

NURSES

Robertson, Ruth I. (now Mrs. Stuart McGuire) ..... Richmond, Va.
Chief Nurse.
Brian, Celia E. ..... Danville, Va.
Asst. to Chief Nurse.
Montgomery, Juliet (now Mrs. Howard Winans) ..... Richmond, Va.
Asst. to Chief Nurse.
Allen, Annie R. B. ..... Richmond, Va.
Ashton, Margaret Virginia ..... Craddock, Va.
Atkins, Camilla Ruth ..... Blackstone, Va.
Barnes, Wilhelmina Prince ..... New York City
(Now Mrs. H. G. Flanagan).
Barton, Mrs. Ida C. ..... Kansas City, Mo.
Bell, Corinne M. ..... Goshen, Va.
Bell, Hattie Eunice ..... Courtland, Va.
Bennett, Anne Virginia ..... Richmond, Va.
Bishop, Edna B. ..... Fredericksburg, Va.
Boyd, Frances F. ..... Richmond, Va.
Breckinridge, E. Cary ..... Fincastle, Va.
Broaddus, Emma M. ..... Newtown, Va.
Broaddus, Mary M. ..... Bowling Green, Va.
Campbell, Mabel J. (now Mrs. T. E. Burns) ..... Charleston, S. C.
Cameron, Ethel M. ..... Graham, Va.

Carothers, Dora C. ..... Cutler, Ohio
Chapman, Bessie May ..... Greenbackville, Va.
Coleman, Sarah Lee ..... Richmond, Va.
Copenhaven, Carrie Mae ..... Marion, Va.
Corpening, Adah ..... Morganton, N. C.
Cropper, Annie Roonie ..... Richmond, Va.
Curtis, Elizabeth Marie ..... Richmond, Va.
Day, Helen M. ..... Winchester, Va.
Dennen, Josephine G. (now Mrs. J. C. Payne) ..... Sawtelle, Cal.
Dougher, Julia L. ..... Archbald, Pa.
Driver, A. Madge ..... Beaver Dam, Va.
Eckles, Jane Ann ..... Black Mountain, N. C.
Edwards, Bertha L. ..... Rocky Mount, N. C.
Ellis, Pearl Tyler ..... Shawsville, Va.
Fortune, Irma ..... Scottsville, Va.
Frank, Mattie ..... Rice, Va.
Friend, Emily Gordon ..... Dumbarton, Va.
Gaffney, Josephine M. ..... Washington, D. C.
Gwynn, Anne Yancey ..... Yanceyville, N. C.
Hargrave, Pattie (now Mrs. Harvey M. Goldbarth) .. Richmond, Va.
Hays, Frances Duty (now Mrs. H. H. Wilkinson) .... Oxford, N. C.
Hickman, Mary Elizabeth ..... Roanoke, Va.
Hiller, Anna Patterson (now Mrs. Chas. M. Jones) .. Philadelphia, Pa.
Howland, Grace Edna ..... Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Huffman, Leona Josephine ..... Madison Heights, Va.
Hughes, Janet C. ..... Staunton, Va.
Inge, Hallie Virginia (now Mrs. L. J. Koch) ..... Richmond, Va.
Jeffrey, Lucy W. ..... Arvonia, Va.
Jerdone, Anna L. ..... Richmond, Va.
Johnson, Werta T. ..... Richmond, Va.
King, Mary H. ..... Richmond, Va.
Lebby, Marie M. (now Mrs. Thos. C. Boushall) ..... Richmond, Va.
Leech, Garfield ..... Clifton Forge, Va.
Levi, Adelaide M. ..... New York City
Lynch, Agnes T. McD. ..... Bluefield, W. Va.
Magness, Hattie Jane ..... Chase City, Va.
Martin, Louisa K. (now Mrs. Wm. B. Horne) ..... Glade Springs, Va.
Middlebrooks, Ruth (now Mrs. Andrew Hogue) ..... Export, W. Va.
Martine, Flora E. ..... Washington, D. C.
Moore, Helen Gibbs (now Mrs. Benj. S. Beecher) .... Fairfield, Va.
Masser, Geraldine Houtz ..... Sunbury, Penn.
Means, Josephine Duval ..... Hedgesville, W. Va.

Memory, Fay ..... Whiteville, N. C.
Miller, Katherine ..... New Windsor, Md.
Miller, Mabel S. ..... Richmond, Va.
Morrison, Erma Grace ..... Fredericksburg, Va.
McLucas, May D. ..... Richmond, Va.
Nelson, Ellie C. ..... Charleston, W. Va.
Newman, Martha C. ..... Milton, N. C.
Oakley, Virginia Early ..... Richmond, Va.
Pannal, Ruby Catherine ..... Savannah, Ga.
Parker, Minnie B. ..... Alaska, W. Va.
Pugh, Eva Allen ..... Danville, Va.
Pollard, Lelia (now Mrs. Henry Phillips) ..... Richmond, Va.
Pigg, Martha S. (now Mrs. W. A. Broyles) ..... Eckman, W. Va.
Pope, Anna T. ..... Richmond, Va.
Quarles, Nan (now Mrs. Robt. P. Gibson) ..... Richmond, Va.
Reed, Alberta ..... Richmond, Va.
Reinhardt, Hettie M. ..... Black Mountain, N. C.
Reinhardt, Louise ..... Black Mountain, N. C.
Robinson, Betty McDowell ..... Nace, Va.
Robinson, Frances (now Mrs. Charles Phillips) ..... Richmond, Va.
Robinson, Maria B. (now Mrs. R. Hugh Wood) ..... Richmond, Va.
Rothgeb, Edith ..... Harrisonburg, Va.
Sandford, Nora B. ..... Lexington, Va.
Smith, Ethlynde Emma ..... Richmond, Va.
Smith, Polly W. (now Mrs. B. L. Mastin) ..... Bluefield, W. Va.
Spencer, Mary F. ..... Newport News, Va.
Stone, Powhatan ..... Wytheville, Va.
Taylor, Ruth L. (now Mrs. G. L. Cristy) ..... Norfolk, Va.
Tilton, Sara M. ..... Savannah, Ga.
Thomasson, Ivy L. ..... Richmond, Va.
Tutwiler, Argyle (now Mrs. J. H. Wright) ..... Blacksburg, Va.
Vaughan, Mabel Lee ..... Richmond, Va.
West, Lula ..... Mount Airy, N. C.
Wilkinson, Jean Lucile ..... Newport News, Va.
Williams, Jessie E. ..... Hot Springs, Va.
Williamson, Marian E. (now Mrs. Basil M. Jones) ..... Richmond, Va.
Wilkinson, Anne (now Mrs. Thos. Gray) ..... Newport News, Va.
Wingfield, Bettie Jane ..... Bristol, Tenn.
Wood, Lurie E. (now Mrs. Harper Davis) ..... Charlotte C. H., Va.
Young, Wilhelmina C. (now Mrs. J. R. Henley) ..... Richmond, Va.

DETACHMENT

Ames, Sheppard K.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Guard	Pungoteague, Va.
Angle, Lewis W.	Corporal	Rec. Ward	Rocky Mount, Va.
Bane, Edward	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Q. M.	Roanoke, Va.
Barbuscak, Mike	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Contagious	Sanor, Penn.
Bartlett, Emmett G.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Dental	Roanoke, Va.
Barlow, Edgar A.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Admin.	Richmond, Va.
Bendheim, Adrian L.	Sergeant	Rec. Ward	Richmond, Va.
Bernstein, Harry	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Group H. Q.	Richmond, Va.
Bernstein, Manuel	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Post Excg.	Richmond, Va.
Bird, Lloyd Campbell	Sergeant	Laboratory	Richmond, Va.
Bissett, Lawrence	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	Richmond, Va.
Boisseau, Laurie S.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	M. Trans.	Richmond, Va.
Booth, Roy P.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Dental	Lynchburg, Va.
Bowie, Allen H.	Sergeant	Med. Ser.	Covington, Va.
Brauer, Fred. W., Jr.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Mess	Richmond, Va.
Brittle, Boykin	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Q. M.	Richmond, Va.
Brooks, Gardiner T.	Sergeant	Dental	Williamsburg, Va.
Brown, William H.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Guard	Narrows, Va.
Bucceroni, Louis P.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Post Excg.	Richmond, Va.
Buckley, T. F.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Detachment	Richmond, Va.
Burnette, Waller G.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Contagious	Richmond, Va.
Burns, Wm. F.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Contagious	Chester, Penn.
Cabell, Randolph McG.	Sergeant	Laboratory	Waynesboro, Va.
Carson, Felix E.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Mess	Richmond, Va.
Campbell, Walter D.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	X-Ray	Lead, So. Dak.
Chittenden, Ray T.	Sergeant	Mess	Victoria, Va.
Coleman, Mark R.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Detachment	Dewitt, Va.
Cosby, W. C.	Sergeant	Eye, Ear, etc.	Richmond, Va.
Cooney, Bernard	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Contagious	Wilmington, Del.
Crossley, Noble T.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Surg. Ser.	Richmond, Va.
Crowder, Frank T.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Q. M.	Richmond, Va.
Culver, Robert T.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Q. M.	Meltons, Va.
Dance, Charles O.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Surg. Ser.	Hallsboro, Va.
Davis, Leroy R.	Private		Richmond, Va.
Demarco, Samuel F.	Sergeant	Contagious	Baltimore, Md.
Diamond, Raymond J.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Mess	Philadelphia, Penn.
Dowlin, Joseph N.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Detachment	North Wales, Penn.
Eggleston, D. Q.	Corporal	Registrar	Charlotte C. H., Va.
Ellington, Geo. R.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Q. M.	Reidsville, N. C.
Ellis, Robt. Spencer	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Registrar	Richmond, Va.

Elwang, Wm. Braxton	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Surg. Ser.	Richmond, Va.
Fanton, Jos. L.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Guard	Bellehaven, Va.
Fisk, Russell T.	Sergeant	Laboratory	Prince, Utah
Forstmann, R. L.	Sergeant	Q. M.	Richmond, Va.
Fullager, Raymond	Sergeant	Contagious	Philadelphia, Penn.
Galligher, Ezekiel	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Post Office	Lynchburg, Va.
Gangway, John	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Mess	Pennsylvania
Geddy, Geo. R.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Q. M.	Toano, Va.
Geddy, Thos. H., Jr.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Registrar	Williamsburg, Va.
Geiger, Jno. M.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Mess	Trumbauersville, Penn.
Gentile, Dominico	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Contagious	Pennsylvania
Gibson, Edward L.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Q. M.	Richmond, Va.
Gilbert, Joy B.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Mess	Richmond, Va.
Goewey, J. Herbert	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Group H. Q.	New York City
Goldbarth, Harvey M.	Sergeant	Detachment	Richmond, Va.
Gooch, Roland L.	Sergeant	Dispensary	Henderson, N. C.
Goode, Ralph L.	Sergeant	Med. Ser.	Richmond, Va.
Green, Frederick	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Griffin, Maurice E.	Private	Q. M.	Richmond, Va.
Guibault, Arthur A.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Contagious	Boston, Mass.
Haeser, Jos. G.	Corporal	Contagious	West Chester, N. Y.
Hale, Daniel	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	Narrows, Va.
Hale, Percy Herbert	Sergeant	Registrar	Narrows, Va.
Halter, Elgin G.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	Caledonia, Wis.
Hamner, Jno. E.	Sergeant	Med. Ser.	Petersburg, Va.
Hargrave, Alfred E., Jr.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Guard	West Point, Va.
Harkess, Jno. B.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Post Excg.	Richmond, Va.
Hartjen, Walter	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hawthorne, Richard M.	Sergeant	Dispensary	Victoria, Va.
Herold, Roy P.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Mess	Richmond, Va.
Hester, George F.	Corporal	Guard	Richmond, Va.
Hill, Jas. Albert	Corporal	Post Office	Richmond, Va.
Hoagland, Lincoln R.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Surg. Ser.	Catawissa, Pa.
Hoar, Ralph T.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Q. M.	Richmond, Va.
Hodgin, Orien R.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Surg. Ser.	Stoneville, N. C.
Horner, Maurice L.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Supply	Richmond, Va.
Huffman, Wm. H.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Dispensary	Luray, Va.
Hunt, John	Private	Sanitary	Philadelphia, Penn.
Husted, Eric C.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Contagious	Endicott, N. Y.
Johnston, Andrew Logan	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Guard	Lexington, Va.
Jolliff, James T.	Sergeant	Q. M.	Richmond, Va.
Jones, Benj. S.	Sergeant	Rec. Ward	Leaksville, N. C.

Jones, Chas. B.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Mess	Washington, D. C.
Jones, J. Harold	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Surg. Ser.	Richmond, Va.
Joyce, Clayton H.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	Kings Park, L. I., N. Y.
Karaffo, John	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	North Catasqua, Penn.
Karem, Sam	Private	Post Exeg.	Wilkesbarre, Penn.
Keenan, Jno. Edward	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Contagious	
Kenney, Frank M.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Mess	New York City
Kershaw, Arthur R.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	Richmond, Va.
Kidd, Willard C.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Surg. Ser.	Petersburg, Va.
Kimbrough, Frank R.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Med. Supply	Richmond, Va.
Kosofsky, Frank	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	New York City
Kosofsky, Mooney X.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	New York City
Kulp, Wm. B.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Contagious	Birdsboro, Penn.
Layton, Sam'l G.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Ambulance	Union, S. C.
LeCuyer, James A.	Corporal	Mess	Baltimore, Md.
Lee, John P. J.	Sergeant	X-Ray	Charlestown, W. Va.
Levy, Abraham H.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Contagious	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Levy, Frank	Hosp. Sgt.	Mess	Richmond, Va.
Lewis, Magnus M., Jr.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Guard	Fredericksburg, Va.
Lewis, Matthew H.	Private	Q. M.	Richmond, Va.
Liggan, Lee S.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Surg. Ser.	Richmond, Va.
Lindsey, John Wilbur	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Rec. Ward	Roanoke, Va.
Line, Paul B.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Personnel	Myerstown, Penn.
Long, Harry	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Sanitary	Fort Wayne, Ind.
Luck, A. B.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Surg. Ser.	Richmond, Va.
McFall, Paul R.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Surg. Ser.	Newport News, Va.
McNiel, Guy E.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Post Exeg.	Jonesville, Va.
McNutt, Chas. H.	Sergeant	Contagious	Vanceboro, Maine
Magee, Howard W.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Contagious	Chester, Penn.
Mantakos, Wm.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	Norristown, Penn.
Maslin, Walter A.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Detachment	Port Chester, N. Y.
May, Irving	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Registrar	Richmond, Va.
Maynard, Walter P.	Sergeant	Med. Supply	Richmond, Va.
Mayo, Nicholas J.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	Philadelphia, Penn.
Mays, William J.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Laboratory	Richmond, Va.
Michael, Jos. E.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Supply	Greensboro, N. C.
Milbourne, Harry Lee	Sgt. 1st Cl.	M. Trans.	Richmond, Va.
Miller, Raymond	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Guard	Upper Blacks Eddy, Penn.
Moore, Walter V.	Sergeant	Guard	Richmond, Va.
Moser, Emil	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	Philadelphia, Penn.
Nichols, Joseph M.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	Harpers Ferry, W. Va.
Okelski, John	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	Chester, Penn.

Payne, Carle B.	Sergeant	Contagious	Hampton, Va.
Pease, Fred. H.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Supply	Richmond, Va.
Pennypacker, Augustus J.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Mess	Pennsburg, Pa.
Peyser, Jos. H.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	Boston, Mass.
Phelan, Frank	Pvt. 1st Cl.	M. Trans.	New York City
Pitts, Gilbert H.	Private	Q. M.	Richmond, Va.
Poindexter, Emmett H.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Surg. Ser.	Fredericks Hall, Va.
Poulson, Edward T.	Sergeant	Surg. Ser.	Richmond, Va.
Quarles, Robert P.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Guard	Richmond, Va.
Radford, Richard C. W., III.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Guard	Forest Depot, Va.
Rauh, Richard R.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	M. Trans.	New York City
Reid, Beverley Munford	Sergeant	Surg. Ser.	Chatham, Va.
Resnick, Bernard	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Admin.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Richardson, Herbert E., Jr.	Corporal	Q. M.	Richmond, Va.
Rose, Arthur F.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Contagious	New York City
Rosenbaum, Carl D.	Sergeant	Contagious	Tarboro, N. C.
St. Germain, Geo. F.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Mess	W. Springfield, Mass.
Saunders, A. Harrison	Hosp. Sgt.	Detachment	Richmond, Va.
Scanland, Horace M.	Corporal	Post Excg.	Elliston, Va.
Schaaf, Charles H.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Post Excg.	Richmond, Va.
Schnakenberg, Henry E.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Laboratory	New York City
Schifferli, Francis X.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Mess	New York City
Seip, Harry W.	Private	Q. M.	Hancock, Penn.
Shears, Wm. H.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Mess	Richmond, Va.
Shields, Wm. J.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	Wappinger Falls, N. Y.
Shepherd, Jas. L.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Dental	Richmond, Va.
Siebenborn, Fred. C.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Detachment	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Siegelman, Harry	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Registrar	New York City
Smith, George M.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	Stuart, Va.
Smith, Harry P.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Guard	Newport News, Va.
Smith, Herbert Grooms	Sergeant	Surg. Ser.	Newport News, Va.
Smith, Sam'l H.	Pvt. 1st Cl.		Philadelphia, Penn.
Smith, Stuart H.	Sergeant	Q. M.	Union, S. C.
Smith, Winfield R.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Q. M.	Baltimore, Md.
Snedden, Robt. H.	Private		Seward, Penn.
Sperry, Ralph M.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Laboratory	Philadelphia, Penn.
Stainback, Theo. Edgar	Sergeant	Med. Supply	Kinston, N. C.
Stimson, Ben A.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	X-Ray	Statesville, N. C.
Strieby, Oscar N.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Detachment	Cumberland, Md.
Styne, Louis E.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Q. M.	Buchanan, Va.
Taliaferro, Harry G.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Admin.	Richmond, Va.
Tappan, Frank E.	Sergeant	X-Ray	Berryville, Va.

Thomas, Ralph C.	Sergeant		Blacksburg, Va.
Thorpe, Thomas	Sergeant	Contagious	Mays Landing, N. J.
Tiller, Percy D.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Mess	Richmond, Va.
Traynor, Owen J.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Q. M.	Cumberland, Md.
Van Derhoef, Newell	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	New York City
VanLandingham, Harry S.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Group Hq.	Richmond, Va.
Von Deitsch, Wm. M.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Q. M.	Bridgeport, Conn.
Walker, Gilbert C., Jr.	Sergeant	Med. Ser.	Covington, Va.
Walthal, Henry F.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Mess	Charlotte, N. C.
Warinner, Henry G.	Sergeant	Sanitary	Richmond, Va.
Watlington, Oscar B.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	Midlothian, Va.
Watts, Jos. D.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Supply	Newport News, Va.
Wegefarth, C. L.	Sergeant	Contagious	Philadelphia, Penn.
Wells, Fletcher G.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Post Exeg.	Richmond, Va.
Wheeler, Allen R.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Guard	Narrows, Va.
White, B. G.	Sergeant	Surg. Ser.	Madison C. H., Va.
White, Owen P.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Personnel	Ysleta, Texas
Whitaker, Wm. F.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	Norfolk, Va.
Whittet, Robt., Jr.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	M. Trans.	Richmond, Va.
Whiteway, ——. ——	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Contagious	
Weed, Arthur S.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Contagious	Bethlehem, Penn.
Williams, James N.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Guard	McConnellsville, S. C.
Willis, Chas. K., Jr.	Sergeant	Detachment	Richmond, Va.
Wolf, Dave	Corporal	Contagious	Richmond, Va.
Wolfe, Ralph E.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Post Exeg.	Mt. Jackson, Va.
Wood, Herbert E.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Med. Ser.	Richmond, Va.
Young, Harry K.	Sgt. 1st Cl.	Q. M.	Helena, Ark.
Ziemann, Louis C.	Sergeant	Med. Ser.	Rome, N. Y.

The following were attached to Base Hospital No. 45, but detached before the organization left for France:

Boyd, John O., Dr.	Roanoke, Va.
Bronson, Sherlock	Richmond, Va.
Burbank, Parker S.	Richmond, Va.
Calisch, Harold E.	Richmond, Va.
Carothers, Rezin J.	Cutler, Ohio
Chappell, Hugh W.	Dendron, Va.
Davis, Walter J.	Richmond, Va.
Girton, Frank M.	
Gravatt, V. A.	Richmond, Va.

Gray, Randall Lockhart	Staunton, Va.
Harris, Sam'l	Union, S. C.
Horner, James M.	Midlothian, Va.
Hotchkiss, Elmore D	Richmond, Va.
Lincoln, Abraham B	Richmond, Va.
Mauck, Page, Dr	Richmond, Va.
McCartney, Summerfield	Washington, D. C.
Mitchell, George C	Roanoke, Va.
Rennolds, Robert G	Richmond, Va.
Scott, Robert Howard	Petersburg, Va.
Tignor, James A	Richmond, Va.
Warinner, J. E., Jr., Dr	Richmond, Va.

Lieut. Frank A. Sullivan, S. C., of Springfield, Mass., was attached to Base Hospital No. 45 at Autun and became detachment commander. He continued in this position until October 18th, when he was transferred from our organization to Base Hospital No. 210 at Toul.

ABBREVIATIONS

Admin	Administrative Dept.
Surg. Ser	Surgical Service.
Med. Ser	Medical Service.
Med. Supply	Medical Supply.
Contagious	Contagious Hospital.
Q. M	Quartermaster Dept.
Rec. Ward	Receiving Ward.
M. Trans	Motor Transport.
Group Hq	Headquarters Justice Hospital Group.
Post Excg	Post Exchange.

Shortly before the unit returned to the United States, practically all its medical officers were advanced one grade in rank with the exception of Captain W. B. Hopkins (†) who had already been advanced a short time previously. The names marked single asterisk (*) are of those who received and accepted the new commissions. The double asterisk (**) indicates those who were traveling in advance of the main body of the unit, and whose new commissions, consequently, did not reach them until after their discharge from the service.

Chronology

July, 1917—Dr. Stuart McGuire directed by surgeon-general of U. S. Army to take over Hospital Unit E and expand it into a base hospital.

Dr. Robert C. Bryan, organizer of Hospital Unit E, appointed on Red Cross commission to Roumania and ordered abroad.

Public meeting at Chamber of Commerce at which Dr. Bryan bade farewell to his organization and Dr. McGuire took charge of it.

Dr. McGuire (now major) summoned to Washington as aide to surgeon-general, leaving Dr. Joseph F. Geisinger as acting adjutant in charge of work of organization of new base hospital.

Return of Dr. McGuire to Richmond and continuation of work during July, August and September.

Active support of Richmond chapter of Red Cross, including contribution of nearly $140,000.

Appointment of Mr. Richard Gwathmey as purchasing agent in expending this sum for equipment.

Organization of ambulance company by Dr. C. Howard Lewis, detached from original unit staff for this purpose.

Appointment of Miss Ruth I. Robertson as chief nurse.

Work of assembling nurses.

Members of hospital staff ordered to various camps and cantonments for training.

September 15, 1917—Personnel enlisted, 513 East Grace Street, Richmond, Va., by Major John Garnett Nelson.

October 22, 1917—Dr. Geisinger (now lieutenant) ordered to Philadelphia and Dr. Carrington Williams appointed acting adjutant.

February 28, 1918—Enlisted personnel assembled, Richmond, Va.

Services St. Paul's Church by Rev. W. Russell Bowie.

March 1, 1918—Enlisted personnel under command of Captain Jas. H. Smith and First Lieutenant J. E. Warinner, Jr., move to Camp Lee and become attached to camp base hospital.

March 4, 1918—Members of detachment take up various duties at base hospital Camp Lee.

April 1, 1918—Major (later Lieutenant-Colonel) Alexander W. Williams arrives at Camp Lee as commanding officer of Base Hospital No. 45.

May 20, 1918—Members of Base Hospital No. 45 detached from service base hospital Camp Lee and quartered in woods beyond hospital.

May 27, 1918—Overseas equipment issued.

July 1, 1918—Orders detaching seventeen officers for "extended field service."

July 2, 1918—Seventeen officers leave Camp Lee for port of embarkation.

July 3, 1918—Detached officers board freighter Hwah Jah at Newport News, sail for New York and there join convoy to Europe.

July 3, 1918—Main body of unit ordered to move.

July 3, 1918—3 A. M. Packs rolled, bedding carried to field beyond barracks and burned.

July 3, 1918—8 A. M. Officers and detachment of 197 men, leave for Camp Hill, Newport News, Va.

July 10, 1918—Reveille 2 A. M.

July 10, 1918—9:30 A. M. Officers and detachment of 200 men sail from Newport News for France aboard U. S. S. Aeolus.

July 19-21, 1918—Nurses mobilize in New York city, Holley Hotel.

July 21, 1918—Detached officers land at Havre and proceed via Paris to Autun, reaching there on July 28th.

July 21, 1918—3 P. M. Aeolus arrives Brest, France. Officers and detachment quartered in tents outside Pontanazen barracks.

July 28, 1918—5:30 A. M. Officers and detachment entrain for Autun.

July 30, 1918—8 P. M. Arrive Autun, quartered at Caserne Billard.

July 31, 1918—Buildings, grounds and equipment of Camp Hospital No. 47 taken over.

July 31, 1918—Major McGuire and Captain Baughman ordered to Coulommiers for temporary duty.

August 12, 1918—Lieutenant McKinney and Lieutenant Sullivan report for duty.

August 15, 1918—Receive first patients from accident army motor transport.

August 16, 1918—Base Hospital No. 45 ordered to proceed to Toul and take over Justice hospital.

August 17, 1918—Lieutenant-Colonel Williams relieved of command and Major Stuart McGuire becomes temporary commanding officer.

Inspection and approval of Base Hospital No. 45 by Colonel Hansell, from office of chief surgeon, A. E. F.

August 20, 1918—Entrain for Toul.

August 20, 1918—Arrive Is-Sur-Tille. Gas masks and drill.

August 21, 1918—9 P. M. Arrive Toul. Air raid. Quartered Caserne LaMarche.

August 24, 1918—Relieve Field Hospital No. 355 and Evacuation Hospital No. 14 at Toul and take over hospital.

August 24, 1918—Nurses sail from New York aboard S. S. Adriatic.

August 29, 1918—Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Maddux assumes command of Justice Group and establishes headquarters at Base Hospital No. 45.

September 5, 1918—Nurses arrive Liverpool. Lunch at Northwestern Hotel by invitation from the King. Leave same day for Southampton.

September 6, 1918—Nurses sail in three detachments from Southampton for France.

September 7, 1918—Nurses arrive Havre, France, 8 A. M. Leave 8 P. M.

September 8, 1918—Nurses arrive Paris, Petrograd Hotel, Y. W. C. A. headquarters.

September 9, 1918—Nurses arrive at Toul.

September 12, 1918—St. Mihiel drive begins. Three operating teams ordered to adjacent evacuation hospital.

September 15, 1918—Major McGuire receives notice of appointment as permanent commanding officer.

September 21, 1918—Major McGuire notified of promotion to lieutenant-colonelcy; commission received and accepted October 1st.

September 21, 1918—Lieutenant Charles Phillips brings Richmond equipment from St. Nazaire to Toul.

September 25, 1918—Various members of staff attached to headquarters staff in charge of work of corresponding departments in entire Justice Group of hospitals.

October 1, 1918—Contagious annex set up as independent hospital under Captain L. F. Barrier.

October 10, 1918—Announcement of death of Lieutenant-Colonel Williams.

October 28, 1918—Justice Group Medical Society organized with Lieutenant-Colonel McGuire as first president.

November 10, 1918—German airplane shot down over Toul.

November 11, 1918—Armistice celebration.

November 14, 1918—Lieutenant-Colonel Maddux relieved of command of Justice Group and succeeded by Colonel R. M. Thornburgh.

December 1, 1918—Base Hospital No. 45 designated as "clean surgical" hospital and medical service suspended. Group triage established in court of Base Hospital No. 45.

December 2, 1918—Major Nelson sent on detached duty to Base Hospital No. 51, as chief of medical service, returning on December 30th.

December 17, 1918—Bed capacity reduced by orders from headquarters from 2,300 to 1,400.

December 24, 1918—Formal inspection of Christmas decorations and order of appreciation by C. O.

December 25, 1918—Christmas celebration.

January 1, 1919—Instructions from office of chief surgeon, A. E. F., to prepare to return to United States and be relieved by Evacuation Hospital No. 20.

January 3, 1919—Orders changed to be relieved by Evacuation Hospital No. 34.

January 13, 1919—Orders changed to be relieved by Base Hospital No. 82.

January 18, 1919—Group of officers, including Lieutenant-Colonel McGuire, detached and ordered to leave Toul for port of embarkation to return to United States.

January 29, 1919—Relieved by Base Hospital No. 82.

February 9, 1919—Detachment transferred to Base Hospital No. 210.

February 16, 1919—Nurses, officers and detachment leave Toul, 2:45 P. M., under command of Major Nelson.

February 18, 1919—Nurses arrive LaBaule, quartered Hotel Splendid, meals at Hotel Royal.

February 18, 1919—Officers and detachment arrive Nantes, billeted St. Sebastian.

February 24, 1919—Inspection of detachment by port inspector, Nantes.

February 26, 1919—Nurses move from LaBaule to Brest, quartered at Camp Kerhuan.

March 3, 1919—Nurses sail from Brest for New York on U. S. S. Agamemnon.

March 11, 1919—Nurses arrive Hoboken.
Nurses discharged Albert Hotel, New York.

April 3, 1919—Detachment field day, Petit Park Nantes.
Results: B. H. No. 32, first; B. H. No. 41, second; B. H. No. 45, third.
Competitive drill won by B. H. 45.
Baseball game: B. H. 45, 7; B. H. 32, 4.

April 7, 1919—Physical inspection of detachment.

April 8, 1919—Leave 2:30 P. M. for St. Nazaire, arrive 5 P. M.

April 8, 1919—Arrive Camp No. 2 St. Nazaire for inspection 7:00 P. M. Inspection complete at 7:20. Move to Camp No. 1 through delousing plant at 10:30 P. M.

April 9, 1919—Fall in at 8 A. M., in line until 9, hike to dock, board U. S. S. Walter A. Luckenbach at 11 A. M., sail at 12:30 P. M.

April 16, 1919—In trough at sea; ship listed to 35°.

April 18, 1919—Sight lights of Long Island 8:30 P. M.

April 19, 1919—Landed Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, 12 noon, ferry to Weehawken, train to Dumont, quartered Camp Merritt, 6 P. M., delousing plant, 11:30 P. M. to 2:30 A. M. 20th.

April 26, 1919—Leave Merritt for Camp Lee, arrive Richmond 9 P. M., arrive Camp Lee midnight.

April 29, 1919—Detachment discharged.

FINIS

December 7-1941
Sunday.

Japan attacked Manalia Hawaii
Also a number of other American
possessions. They killed quiet
a number of people also several
ships.

Dec. 8-1941 monday.

The United States of
America Declared a state of
War with Japan 12 10 P.M noon.
Time 12 10. War was
declared 2nd by the United States
Congress against Japan.
Presidento signed the
Declaration of War with Japan
at 4 10 PM Mondayafternoon.

Dec 7 - 1941 Sunday.

Canada & England
Declared War on Japan
on Sunday

The Yellow Dogs
attacked First beyond
a question or doughit.

December 8 - 1941
War was afficialy declared
by The President name
Franklin Delano Rozevelt
at 4 10 PM Monday.

August 14 - 1945
The end of Japan
V. J. Day September 2 - 1945
Declared By Harry S Truman
President of the U.S.A.

December 7 - 1941

Japan attacked Pearl Harbor in Hawaii at Manaila On Sunday killed a large number of people also sunk or damaged many ships. Also attacked a number of other islands which belong to the U.S.A.

War was declared at 12 10 PM on Dec 8 by Congress. Canada & England declared war on Japan Dec 7 the day of attack by Japan on Pearl Harbor in Hawaii.

{ Japan was absolutely to blame they attacked first the yellow Dogs. }

War was declared at 4 10 Eastern Time by President Roosevelt.

Started to draft men for World War (No. 3) 7-9-1950